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A HISTORY OF THE LAST QUARTER-CENTURY IN THE UNITED STATES

BY E. BENJAMIN ANDREWS

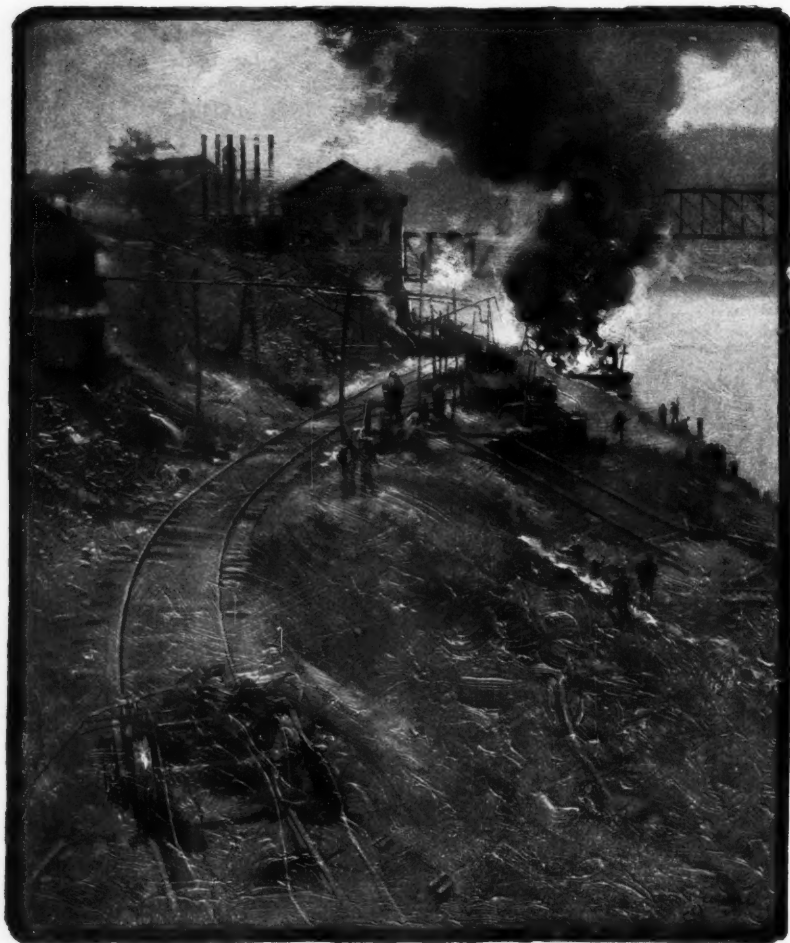
COLUMBUS'S DEED AFTER FOUR CENTURIES

THE ELEVENTH CENSUS
CHICAGO FAIR PROJECTED
COLUMBUS DAY
THE HOMESTEAD RIOTS
CLEVELAND'S SUCCESS

THE WHITE CITY
THE FERRIS WHEEL
THE AGE OF INVENTION
EDISON AND TESLA
NIAGARA HARNESSSED

THE years of President Harrison's administration were bright with foregleams of two coming events, the Eleventh Census, to be begun in 1890, and the celebration of the four-hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America by Columbus. That these two subjects awakened public attention together was fortunate, as each made more impressive the other's testimony to our unparalleled national growth. The Census of 1790 had been a mere count of the people, quickly and easily despatched. Five years after the enumeration for the Eleventh Census, the returns, destined to fill twenty-five volumes and to cost \$11,000,000, were not fully compiled. In 1790 the population of the United States numbered 3,929,214. In 1890 there were 62,622,250, nearly sixteen times the earlier sum. The relatively

small percentage of increase from 1880 to 1890, when the count footed up but 50,155,783, disappointed even conservative estimates. It was exceeded by that of every decade down to 1860, and rose above that of the war decade by a little over two per cent. Increase in the proportion of city population, observable in 1880, was more so now. Only in the West had rural development stood comparison with urban. In 1880 our cities contained 22.57 per cent. of the population; in 1890, 29.20 per cent. New York still held her primacy, containing 1,515,301 souls. Chicago had grown to be the second city of the Union, with a population of 1,099,850. Philadelphia, Brooklyn, and St. Louis followed, in this order. St. Paul, Omaha, and Denver had tripled or quadrupled their size since 1880. Kansas no longer possessed any unoccupied land.



The Strikers Burning the Barges from which the Pinkerton Men had been Taken.

Drawn by Orson Lowell from photographs taken during and just after the trouble.

Nebraska owned scarcely any. Among Western States Nevada alone languished. The State of Washington had nearly quintupled her citizens. Though only a few counties in the whole country absolutely lost in population, many parts of the East and South had grown little. The 1890 census revealed the centre of population twenty miles east of Columbus, Ind., it having, since 1880, moved forty miles west and nine miles north. In

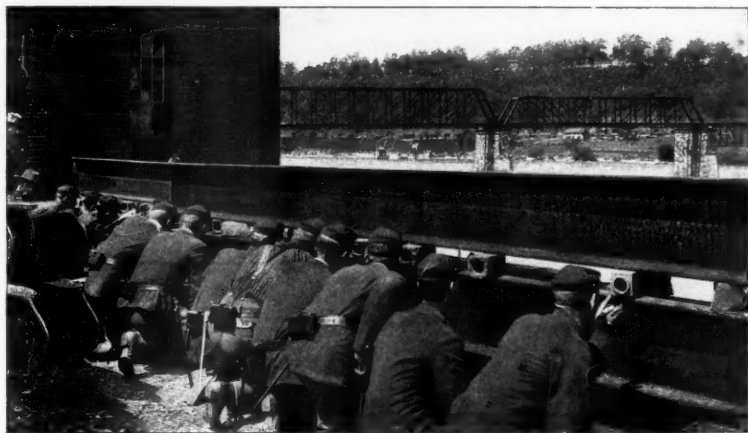
1890 the country had 163,000 miles of railroad, nearly double that in existence ten years before. Our national wealth in 1890 was valued at \$65,037,091,197, an increase, for the decade, of \$21,395,091,197. The per capita wealth had multiplied from \$870 to \$1,039, an increase of 49.02 per cent. The output of minerals had gone up more than half. Farming alone seemed to have lagged. The improved acreage of the country had increased less than a third,



THE CARNEGIE STEEL WORKS.

(Showing the shield used by the strikers when firing the cannon, and when watching the Pinkerton men; also the chain by which the cannon was anchored, and a wheelbarrow full of bolts and nuts used as ammunition.)

Drawn by G. W. Peters from photographs made after the militia had taken possession of the works.



The Militia Behind the Barricade Inside the Carnegie Works.

From a photograph.

the number of farms a little over an eighth. The proportion of school enrollment to total population had advanced from twelve per cent. in 1840, to twenty-three per cent. in 1890. Between 1880 and 1890 public school expenditures rose from \$88,990,466 to \$155,980,800. The religious bodies of the United States embraced 20,612,806 communicants, not far from a third of the population. One-tenth of the population, 6,231,417, were Catholics.

THE CHICAGO FAIR

THE leaps and bounds with which the nation had been advancing, no figures could have pictured so impressively as did the World's Columbian Exposition. The historian of the half-century will turn with pleasure from the battles which he must describe to the victories of peace, whose records are traceable in a succession of World's Expositions, transient as breakers, yet each marking a higher tide of well-being than the one before it. The first of these to occur this side the Atlantic enlivened New York in 1853. The second was at Philadelphia in 1865. Memory of both these was well-nigh obliterated by the Centennial Exposition in 1876. In 1883 Boston held a modest International Exposition, contemporaneous with a similar display at Louisville. The New Orleans Cotton Exposition of 1881 may be mentioned in connection with its notable successor of 1884. The World's Columbian Exposition at Chicago in 1893 excelled all that had preceded it, whether here or abroad.

The idea of celebrating in this way Columbus's discovery of the New World long anticipated the anniversary year.

New York was appealed to as a suitable seat for the enterprise, and entertained the suggestion by subscribing \$5,000,000, whereupon, in August, 1889, Chicago apprised the country of her wish to house the Fair. St. Louis and Washington appeared as competitors, but the other three cities unanimously set Washington aside. St. Louis



The Convict Stockade and Military Camp at Oliver Springs.

From a photograph.

showed little enthusiasm. Thirty-five citizens of Chicago, led by a specially active few of their number, organized Chicago's energies with such success, that on appearing before Congress she had \$5,000,000 in hand and could promise \$5,000,000 more. The commodiousness of the city as well as its position near the centre of population and commerce told in its favor. Father Knickerbocker was not a little chagrined when his alert and handsome cousin persuaded Congress to allot her the prize. The act organizing the Exposition was approved April 25, 1890. A National Commission was appointed, under the presidency of Hon. T. W. Palmer, of Michigan. An Executive Committee was raised, also a Board of Reference and Control, a Chicago Local Board, a Board of Lady Managers, and a number of standing committees to deal with various branches of the colossal undertaking.

In the seventeenth century the present site of Chicago was a swamp, which fur-traders and missionaries found fatally miasmatic. About 1800 a government engineer, viewing that rank morass traversed by a sluggish stream, pronounced it the only spot on Lake Michigan where a city could *not* be built. In 1804 Fort Dearborn was

water's edge dreary ridges of sand, in the background a swamp with flags, marsh-grass, and clumps of willow and wild-oak. Paris had taken nearly three years to prepare for the Exposition of 1889; twenty months were allowed Chicago. The site to be gotten in readiness was four times as large as that for the Paris Exposition. A dozen palaces and

ten score other edifices were to be located, raised, and adorned; the waters to be gathered in canals, basins, and lagoons, and spanned by bridges. Underground conduits had to be provided for electric wires. Endless grading, planting, turving, paving, and road-making must be despatched. Thousands of workmen of all nationalities and trades, also fire, police, ambulance, and hospit-



Dr. Betts, "The Cowboy Preacher," inciting the Miners to Attack Fort Anderson.
From a photograph taken at The Grove, between Briceville and Coal Creek.

erected here to counteract British influence. In 1812 the fort was demolished by Indians, but in 1816 rebuilt, and it continued, standing till 1871. Around the little fort in 1840 were settled 4,500 people. The number was 30,000 in 1850; 109,000 in 1860; 300,000 in 1870. In 1880 the community embraced 503,185 souls; in 1890 it had 1,099,850. In 1855 the indomitable city illustrated her spirit by pulling herself bodily out of her natal swamp, lifting churches, blocks and houses from eight to ten feet, without pause in general business.

A task similar to this was now again incumbent. The least unavailable site for the Exposition was Jackson Park, in the southeastern part of the city, where one saw at the

al service—a superb industrial army—had to be mustered in and controlled. The growth of the colossal structures



Non-combatants—A Typical Tennessee Mountain Home.



The Administration Building seen from the Agricultural Building.

From a photograph.

seemed magical. Sections of an immense arch would silently meet high in air "like shadows flitting across the sky." Some giant pillar would hang as by a thread a hundred feet above ground till a couple of men appeared aloft and set it in place. Workmen in all sorts of impossible postures and positions were swarming, climbing, and gesticulating like Palmer Cox's Brownies.

On Wednesday, October 21, 1892, the hive was stilled, in honor of Columbus's immortal deed. Just four hundred years before, for the first time so far as we certainly know or ever



The Late Richard M. Hunt,
Architect of Administration Building.

shall know, European eyes saw American land. This climacteric event in human history was by

Old Style dated October 12th. The addition of nine days to translate it into New Style made the date October 21st. On that day occurred a reception in the Auditorium, 3,500 persons responding to the invitation. President Harrison was unable to attend because of what proved to be the last illness of his wife. Under the circumstances Mr. Cleveland won much praise by considerably declining the invitation sent him. The presidential campaign of 1892 was already in



A View toward the Peristyle from Machinery Hall.

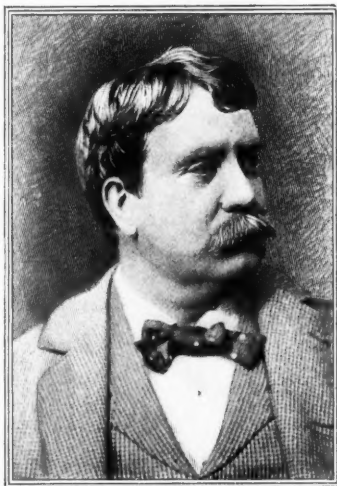
From a photograph.

progress, Harrison and Cleveland being matched for the second time. Mr. Cleveland wrote: "I should be very glad to be present on this interesting occasion and thus show my appreciation of its importance, if I could do so solely as an ex-President of the United States. I am sure, however, that this is impossible. . . . My general aversion to such a trip is overwhelmingly increased in this particular instance, when I recall the afflictive dispensation which detains at the bedside of his sick wife another candidate for the presidency."

The post of honor, Columbus Day, was occupied by Vice-President Morton.

On Thursday he reviewed a civic parade three hours long, marshalled by General Miles. On Friday the special exercises in dedication of the buildings and

grounds brought to Jackson Park over 250,000 people. High officials reviewed imposing military columns in Washington Park, and proceeded thence to the Manufactures Building on the Exposition grounds. Here a chorus sang the Columbus hymn, by John Knowles Payne, and Bishop Fowler offered prayer. The buildings were then formally handed over to the National Commission and by it to the Nation, through Vice-President Morton. Medals were awarded to artists

D. H. Burnham,
Director of Works.



The Manufactures and Liberal Arts Building, seen from the Southwest.

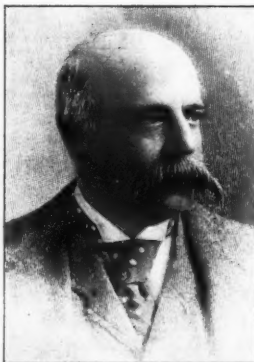
From a photograph.

and architects. Several addresses were made. Beethoven's anthem, and the prayer of benediction by Rev. H. C. McCook, D.D., of Philadelphia, concluded the ceremonies. In the evening were fireworks, among them a hundred fire balloons armed with rockets.

The Columbus anniversary was observed in many other cities. New York celebrated October 12th.

Fifty thousand troops passed the reviewing stand, millions lined the sidewalks. On the 27th occurred a naval parade, embracing thirty-five vessels and more than 10,000 men. The ships were splendid specimens of naval architecture. The Russian Dimitri Donskoi was the largest. Its company numbered 570. Next in size was the British Blake. The Argentine Nueve de Julio was the swiftest ship present. The Kaiserin Augusta, the prognathous Jean

Bart, of France,* and the ill-starred Reina Regente were of the fleet. The marines' land muster was even more brilliant than the parade of the 12th. Curious among its features was the "mascot" of the Tartar's crew, a goat decked in scarlet silk and gold lace, like an Egyptian or a Siamese deity.



George B. Post,
Architect of Manufactures and Liberal
Arts Building.

CLEVELAND'S RE-ELECTION

Work was resumed at Chicago October 22d, and pushed day and night, rain or shine, to make ready for the opening, May 1, 1893. When that date arrived, the chief magistracy of the nation had changed hands. The contest for the Presidency had been exceptionally good-humored, each candidate being treated by his political opponents with studied respect. In spite of the "snap" New York Con-

THE WORLD'S FAIR



The Horticultural and Transportation Buildings viewed from the Lagoon.

From a photograph.

vention, which sent Hill delegates to the national Democratic Convention, Cleveland had won the nomination on the first ballot by a trifle over the required two-thirds. For the nonce his enemies were thoroughly subdued. Harrison, too, had overcome Platt, Hill's Republican counterpart in New York. He had also divested himself of Quay in Pennsylvania, and of certain other influential party men much criticised for their political methods. Many such now turned against him, declaring him a craven, willing to benefit by services of any sort, but ready to repudiate his agents so soon as there was outcry against them. Mr. Harrison's personal manner was cold, repelling rather than attracting those with whom he came in contact. The

same circumstances connected with the civil service which told against Cleveland in 1888, now told with equal force against Harrison. Though sincerely favoring the Reform and doing much to extend the scope of the Reform Law, Harrison had gone quite as far as his predecessor in "turning the rascals out." Adversitment of the 1888 corruption and the subsequent adoption by many States of the "Australian" ballot law to prevent vote-buying and similar evils, rendered the election of 1892 much purer than the preceding one. Vice still lurked about the polls, but it was now more closely watched and more severely reprobated.



W. L. B. Jenney.

Architect of the Horticultural Building.

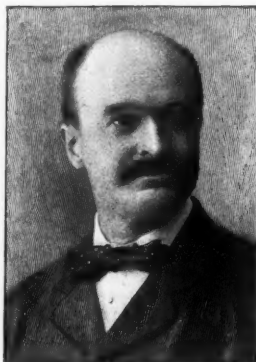
THE HOMESTEAD STRIKE

HARRISON'S chances had been lessened by the

strike at Homestead, Pa., against the Carnegie Steel Company, which broke out on July 6, 1892, because of a reduction in wages. The Amalgamated Steel and Iron Workers sought to intercede against the reduction, but were refused recognition by the company. H. C. Frick, President of the company, was burned in effigy. A shut-down was ordered. Preparing to start up again with non-union men, the company arranged to introduce a force of Pinkerton detectives to protect these new employees. The Pinkertons came in barges by the river, and when they approached the mills the strikers met them with a volley of bullets, beginning a regular battle which raged two days. The barges, armored inside, were impervious to bullets; therefore on the second day cannons were used, bombarding the boats for hours. Effort was also made to fire them by means of burning oil floated down against them. Seven detectives were killed and twenty or thirty wounded. On the workmen's side eleven were killed. The wretches in the boats twice hoisted a flag of truce, but

it was ignored. The third time officers of the Amalgamated Association interfered, and a committee was sent on board to arrange terms of surrender. Having no alternative, the Pinkerton police agreed to give up their arms and ammunition and retire from the scene. Strikers were to guard them on their departure, and effort was made to do this; yet, as they marched through Homestead streets, the mob element, always on hand at such times, brutally attacked them with clubs, stones, and bullets. After cruel delay the entire militia of Pennsylvania arrived on the 12th, and quickly restored order. Good-will it was harder to reinstate. Several workmen were arrested on charge of murder, which led to counter-arrests and charges against Carnegie officers, the Pinkertons, and some of their subordinates.

During most of the disturbance public sympathy was with the strikers, as the employment, by great corporations, of armed men, not officers of the law, to defend property, was very unpopular. Sentiment turned the other way when, on July 21st, Mr. Frick



Charles F. McKim, of McKim, Mead & White,

Architects of the Agricultural Building.



Solon S. Beeman,
Mines and Mining Building.



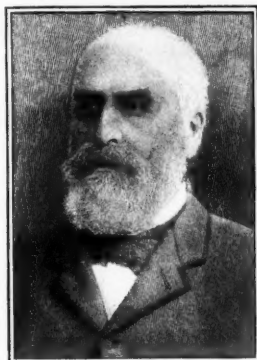
Henry Ives Cobb,
Fisheries Building.



Louis H. Sullivan,
Transportation Building.

SOME ARCHITECTS OF THE WORLD'S FAIR

was brutally shot and stabbed in his own office by Alexander Bergmann, an anarchist from New York. The man fired two shots, both taking effect in Mr. Frick's body, then grappled with him, trying to use his knife. Mr. Frick displayed utmost courage. Though seeming to be fatally wounded, he succeeded in holding his foe until help arrived. Mr. Frick was confined to



Carter H. Harrison.

By permission of Place & Coover.

his bed many months, but at last recovered. Disclaim and reprobate this deed as they might, the displaced laborers could not in the public mind disconnect it from their own doings. October 11th, a Grand Jury returned against thirty-one strikers true bills for high treason; and against several Carnegie officials and their detectives for murder.

The loss of life at Homestead seemed the more sad as following so soon the unique disaster which befell Titusville and Oil City on June 5th. Oil Creek, al-



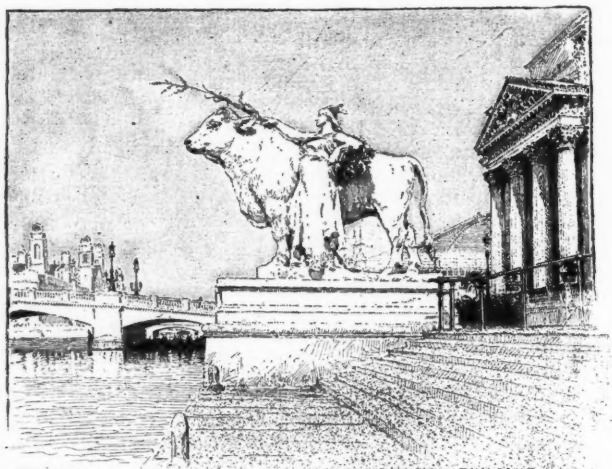
Detail, Main Entrance, Horticultural Building.

The World's Fair views in this article are, with two exceptions, from photographs by T. S. Johnson.

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From a photograph by Rau.

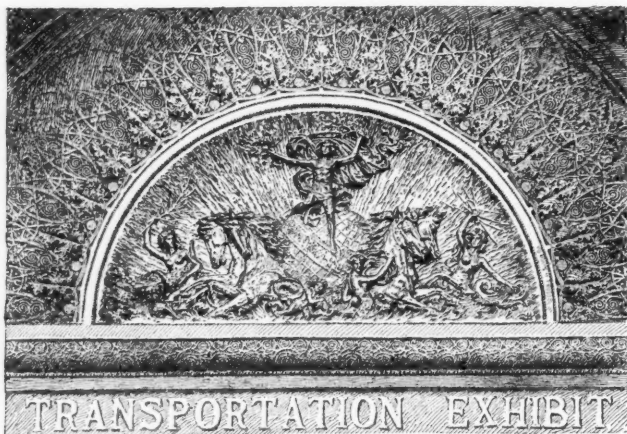


A STATUE ON THE WEST SIDE OF THE AGRICULTURAL BUILDING

ready high, was swollen by a cloud-burst and had flooded the lower part of Titusville, when several oil-tanks, probably struck by lightning, gave way, the oil flowing out, ignited, over the water, forming an immense sheet of moving flame. Scores of buildings in Titusville were soon on fire, and about a third of

be gotten out of its track. Nearly two hundred perished, and between \$1,000,000 and \$2,000,000 worth of property was destroyed.

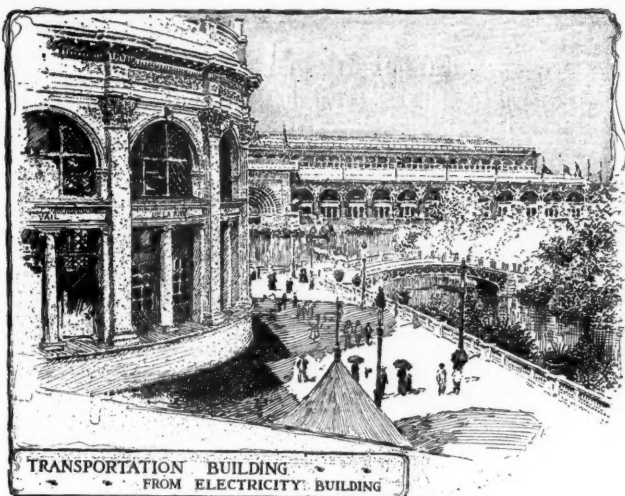
As Democrats saw political capital in the Homestead disturbance, so Republicans pointed to labor troubles in a Democratic State. The bad system of farm-



A Detail of the Golden Doorway at the Entrance to the Transportation Building.

the city was destroyed. The flaming flood swept down to Oil City, eighteen miles below, overwhelming or burning such persons and property as could not

ing out convicts to labor in competition with deserving citizens led, in Tennessee, during 1891 and 1892, to riots and loss of life. For three years previously



the State's prisoners, numbering over fourteen hundred, had been farmed, for sub-letting the rest, partly to colliers at Coal Creek and Oliver Springs, partly to contractors who used them in Nashville making brick and harnesses and building sewers. The contractors fed and clothed the convicts and provided guard-houses for such as wrought at a distance from the main prison; but the State appointed the guards and pretended, through inspectors, to see that the prisoners were decently used. All went well till work grew slack. Then many free miners had to go on short time, though the convicts still wrought full time. August 13, 1892, miners attacked Tracy City and removed the convicts, of whom several escaped. This was repeated at Inman and Oliver Springs. The process was easy, since, popular sympathy favoring the miners so that a sheriff could not muster a posse, the authorities made little effort to defend the contract gangs. At Coal Creek, however, the rioters were resisted by the garrison, consisting of Colonel Anderson with a hundred and fifty men. Being beaten, the mob raised a flag of truce, answering which, in person, Colonel Anderson fell into their power, and was commanded,

FROM THE ART BUILDING STEPS WEST



\$100,000 a year, to a large coal and iron company. This company worked most of them at Tracy City and Inman,

THE CARAVELS IN FRONT OF THE CASINO BUILDING



on threat of death, to order a surrender. He refused. Meantime the militia, which had been called out, arrived and briskly attacked the rioters, killing several, routing the residue, and rescuing Colonel Anderson. Five hundred miners were arrested and all disturbance soon ended.

The Force Bill was remembered in the presidential campaign of 1892, and that in parts of the land where, but for it, its authors might now have hoped for gains. They made no effort to raise the corpse to life, but left it "unwept, unhonored, and unsung" where it fell two years before. Veteran Democrats suspected a piece of shrewd shamming, and circled the remains, crying "No Force Bill! No Negro Domination!" till sure that it was a case of death. While not attacking the Dependent Pensions Act, for which they were too shrewd, the Democrats may have gained somewhat by their loud demands for honesty in administering this. The other expenditures of the Fifty-first Congress they placed under searching review, with scant result as to details, though the aggregate sum impressed the public unfavorably.

The Republicans' centre in the battle was McKinley Protection, but many of their best fighting men thought that McKinley had led them too far to the front and wished to fall back upon "reciprocity" as a stronger position.

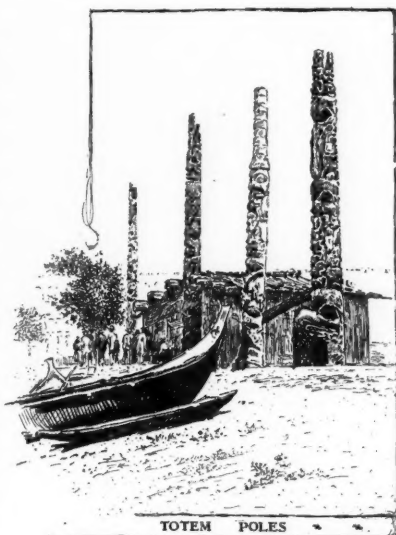
Thus there was wavering in the ranks. The tin schedule of the new tariff was lauded as sure to transfer the tin industry from Wales to this country. "Free sugar" was also made prominent. Upon the tariff question the Democrats wavered too. Their Convention had displaced a resolution squinting toward protection, and put in the platform a plain tariff-for-revenue plank. Most of their Western speakers took the stump, crying: "Republican protection is a fraud!" and denouncing the McKinley Act as "the culminating atrocity of class legislation." Republicans charged that the Democracy stood committed to "British Free Trade." There was some justice in the statement, yet Cleveland's letter of acceptance was not in this tone. "We wage," said he, "no exterminating warfare against American industries." And in all the Eastern centres Democratic orators and papers declined to attack the principle of protection, only urging that manufacturing interests would be advanced by "freer raw materials."

The Populists, heirs of the Grangers and Farmers' Alliance, scored a triumph now. In Colorado, Idaho, Kansas, North Dakota, Oregon, and Wyoming the Democrats voted for Weaver, the Populist candidate. In those States, subtracting Oregon and adding Nevada, he obtained a majority. In Louisiana and Alabama, on the contrary, it

was Republicans who fused with Populists. The Tillman movement in South Carolina, nominally Democratic, was akin to Populism, but was complicated with the color question and later with novel liquor legislation. In its essence it was a revolt of the ordinary white population from the traditional dominance of the aristocracy. In Alabama a similar movement, led by Reuben F. Kolb, was defeated, fraudulently, as he thought, by vicious manipulation of votes in the Black Belt. Spite of these diversions the election was a second tidal wave in favor of the democracy. Of the total 444 votes in the electoral college, Cleveland received 277, Harrison 145, and Weaver 22—giving Cleveland a plurality of 132. Cleveland received 5,556,000 votes, Harrison 5,175,000, and Weaver 1,041,000. The Senate held forty-four Democrats, thirty-seven Republicans, and four Populists; the House two hundred and sixteen Democrats, one hundred and twenty-five Republicans, and eleven Populists.

THE FORMAL OPENING OF THE EXPOSITION

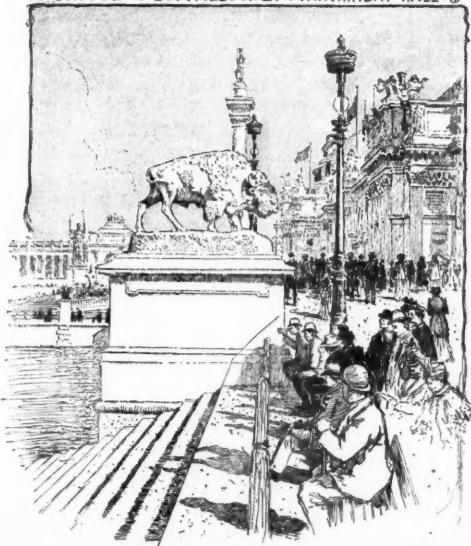
MR. CLEVELAND'S first prominent appearance before the public after his in-



TOTEM POLES

auguration was upon the Opening Day of the Columbian Exposition, May 1, 1893. It was a legal holiday. In spite of the mist, rain, and mud of its early hours, patient multitudes waited outside for the gates of Jackson Park to swing. The inevitable procession, dramatically welcomed by the uncouth aliens of the Midway Plaisance, stopped at the temporary platform in front of the Administration Building, where, among many others, sat President Cleveland side by side with Columbus's descendant, the Duke of Veragua. Inspiring music and poetry led up to the climax of the occasion. After recounting the steps by which the Exposition had originated, the Director-General said: "It only remains for you, Mr. President, if in your opinion the Exposition here presented is commensurate in dignity with what the world should expect of our great country, to direct that it shall be opened to the public; and when you touch this magic key the ponderous machinery will start in its revolutions and the activity of the Exposition will begin."

STATUE OF BUFFALO, N.E. OF MACHINERY HALL



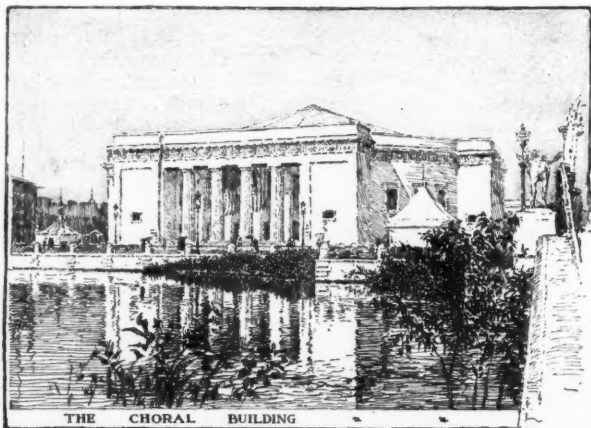


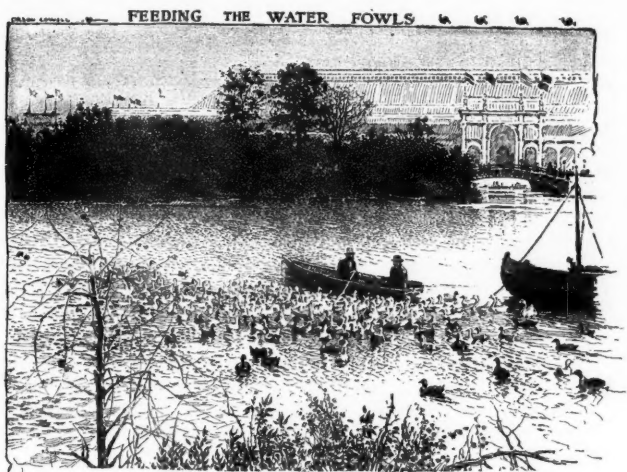
The French Building.

"As the President touched the button there arose from all sides a wild outburst of sound, the people and orchestra uniting in the triumphant strains of Handel's 'Hallelujah Chorus,' while the wheels of the great Allis engine in the Machinery Hall began to revolve and the electric fountains in the lagoons to play. Torrents of water gushed from the great MacMonnie's fountain, the artillery thundered salutes, and the chimes of the Factories Hall and German building rang merry peals; while conspicuous in the Court of Honor the golden beauty of the 'Republic' stood discovered. At the same moment

the flags in front of the platform parted, revealing the gilded models of the Columbian caravels. The flags of all nations were simultaneously unfurled on all the buildings of the Exhibition. The roof of the Factories Building became gorgeous with red gonfalons, while the Agricultural Building was dressed in ensigns of orange and white. It was a magnificent transformation scene. Amid all the cannon continued to boom and the people to cheer, while the band played the national anthem."

Many of the festal days which followed were chosen by States and nations for their own in particular.

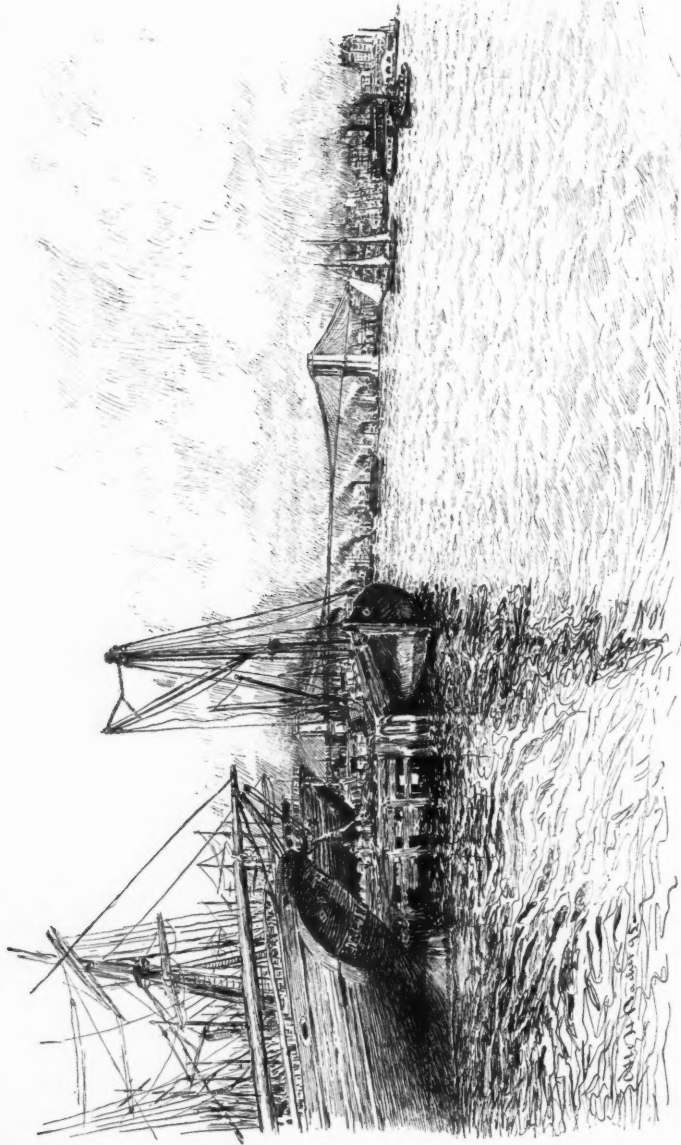




Every State had its day, which it brightened with music and pageantry, not omitting the eloquence and hospitality suited to such occasions. On her day, California dispensed freely to all comers of her abundant fruit. New York did not sulk over her loss of the opportunity to entertain the Fair, but vigorously and with splendid success celebrated the day set apart for her. "The great day of the feast" was "Chicago Day," October 9th, the twenty-second anniversary of the awful fire. All the night before houseless thousands had sheltered themselves in doorways and under the elevated railroad, while 15,000 awaited at the gates the opening of the grounds. During the day 716,881 persons paid their way into the grounds, the largest number for any one day, exceeding the maximum at Philadelphia—217,526, and that at Paris in 1889—397,150. Original and interesting exercises marked the hours. Two aged Pottawottomi chiefs, pathetic types of the vanished red man, who stood side by side near the Columbian Bell, received much homage. One was in white man's attire; the other in feathered head-dress and breeching and moccasins of beaded buck-skin, all supplemented by a liberal paint-coat of many colors. The white man's proselyte was Simon Pokaron, whose father, Leopold, once owned the

site of Chicago; the unconventionalized warrior was chief John Young, son of a chief of the same name. Leopold gave the inland metropolis a local habitation, John Young, Sr., gave her a name, "Chicago"—meaning "thunder," according to some; "onion," in the belief of others; and "skunk's home" as maintained by a third school of interpreters. Fire-works, the finest ever seen, lighted up the evening. Some of the designs were, "Old Fort Dearborn," "Chicago Welcoming the World," "Old Glory," and "Niagara Falls." Four scenes, each covering 14,000 square feet, illustrated the burning of the city in 1871. Conspicuous among the representations was Mrs. O'Leary's incendiary cow, said to have started the fire by kicking over a lamp.

In magnitude and splendor the grounds and buildings constituting the White City far surpassed any ever before laid out for Exposition purposes. The original sketch of the grounds was drawn with pencil on brown paper by the late Mr. John W. Root. It projected an effective contrast of land and water as well as of art and nature, which subsequent elaboration, mainly under the invaluable advice and guidance of the late Richard M. Hunt, nobly filled out. The North Pond communicated with the lake by the North Inlet and with the Grand Basin by the North



THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE.

Drawn from nature by Otto H. Bucher.

Canal, opposite which was the South Canal. South of the Basin was South Inlet, leading from Lake Michigan into South Pond. In one corner was the isolated Northwest Pond. Approaching the park by water one landed at a long pier, on which was the moving sidewalk—the Power House, where alone steam-power was allowed, standing to the south. At another pier was moored the *facsimile* battle-ship Illinois. Almost at the lips of her cannon the nations of the world had tabernacled, England nearest. Beyond these, at the north, was the neighborhood of States, each represented by a house. Some of the houses were castles, some were cottages. Some provided only comforts, others held displays. Not one but offered points of great interest. Iowa, Washington, California, and Illinois advertised their prospects; Florida, Virginia, Pennsylvania, New York, and Massachusetts their history. Mutual visits among these families and mutual admiration were the order of each day.

Upon the Wooded Island, under the protectorate of Horticultural Hall, consummate art had made a refuge for wildest nature. Stunted trees were masked by shrubbery and the water planted with aquatic vegetation. Nearly every variety of American tree and shrub was represented upon these acres. Here as well as elsewhere landscape gardeners had created effective backgrounds of willows and of flowers, and stretches of lawn set off by statuary and fountains. Distances were too great to be traversed always on foot, but other modes of locomotion were ample. A good if somewhat noisy servant was the Intramural Railway, which conducted one by the rear of the grounds, the back way, as it were, from one end of the enclosure to the other. But the beauty of the place more impressed you if you boarded a gondola or an electric launch, sweeping under arches, around islands, and past balustrades, terraces, and flowered lawns. Easy transit through the larger buildings, or from one to another, was furnished by wheeled chairs. From the number of theological students employed to propel them,

these were known as “gospel chariots.”

Notwithstanding the charge of materialism so often brought against America, and against Chicago in particular, foreigners visiting the Fair found that we had not provided mere utilitarian housings for the exhibits. We came near falling into another fault, that of vain lavishness. The architects wrought together with mutual interest and affection, free from all selfish rivalry. They sacrificed pecuniary considerations to love of art, working with a zeal which money alone could never have called forth. Great as was the expenditure, it would have been inadequate to the results had it not been possible to employ a material at once cheap, sufficiently durable, and very ductile in architects' hands. This was a mixture of plaster of Paris with certain fibres, commonly known as “staff.” “It permitted the architects to indulge in an architectural spree.” It made possible “a group of buildings which might have been a vision of an ancient monarch, but which no autocrat and no government could have carried out in permanent form.” It allowed modern masters to reproduce “the best details of ancient architecture—to erect temples, colonnades, towers, and domes of surpassing beauty and noble proportions—making an object-lesson of practical educational value equal to its impressive character.” “The leading motives of composition were to obtain such a disposition of the greater buildings as should make the best and most effective use of the actual conditions of the grounds when modified and corrected by the art of the landscape architect; should give to these buildings a proper and articulate relation one to the other and also to the water system of the park; should group them in a formal and artificial manner at those points where their great size and necessary mutual proximity invited a predominance of architectural magnificence, or picturesquely and incidentally where the conditions of the landscape were such as to forbid a close observation of axial lines and vistas.”

Near the centre of the grounds was the Government Building, with a ready-

made, conventional look, out of keeping with the other architecture. Critics declared it the only discordant note in the symphony, but the Illinois Building, conspicuously situated, topped by a dome looking like a cartridge upright upon a box, was not exactly pleasing, at least in comparison with edifices near by. Looking away from it across the North Pond, one saw the Art Palace, of pure Ionic style, perfectly proportioned, restful to view, contesting with the Administration Building the first architectural laurels of the Fair. To the south of the Illinois Building rose the Woman's Building, and next Horticultural Hall, with dome high enough to shelter the tallest palms. So overrun was this department with applications that only the choicest exhibits could be accepted. Among these Australia, land of anomalies, planted her giant tree-fern and giant stag-horn fern. Here experimenting was carried on in a cave illuminated only by electricity, for the purpose of determining whether plants can be made to thrive under such light alone. In connection with Horticultural Hall may be mentioned the rustic Forestry Building. Supreme architectural victory was realized in the fact that even the Manufactures and Liberal Arts Building, almost awful in its proportions, did not tyrannize over its neighbors. This structure was thrice the size of St. Peter's at Rome and would easily have roofed the Vendôme Column. It was severely classical, with a long perspective of arches, broken only at the corners and in the centre by portals fit to immortalize Alexander's triumphs.

The name of the "Court of Honor" awoke in one a throb of anticipation before seeing its chaste beauty, which must to his dying day haunt the memory of every visitor who beheld it. Its majestic unity was mainly due to the genius of R. M. Hunt, already mentioned for his masterly agency in rendering the Fair so picturesque and so perfect as an architectural ensemble. Down the Grand Basin you looked upon the golden statue of the Republic with its noble proportions, beyond it the peristyle, a forest of columns surmounted by the

Columbian quadriga. On the right hand stood the Agricultural Building, in the style of the Renaissance, upon whose summit the "Diana" of Augustus St. Gaudens had alighted. To the left stood the enormous Hall of Manufactures just mentioned. Looking from the peristyle the eye met the Administration Building, admired by critics and laymen alike. Its architect was Mr. Hunt. He was a devotee of the French school, and here presented to the American people its best exemplification. The dome resembled that of the Hôtel des Invalides in Paris. In this Court originality was happily sacrificed to harmony. It was well that specimens of the best architecture should be set before the public, rather than novel departures from standard types; for the Fair not only showed the vast growth of art in America since 1876, but served as an educator in the canons of taste. The American art displayed at the Fair disappointed Europe by imitating hers so well. Yet it was clear that we were not mere imitators.

A DISASTROUS FIRE

ONE of the most unique conceptions presented at the Fair was that of the Cold Storage Building, just south of the Sixty-fourth Street entrance, where a hundred tons of ice to supply the Exposition were daily made. Its architecture was handsome and suitable; the walls unbroken, save on the ground floor, where the large, tunnel-like entrance was flanked by a row of windows, and on the fifth floor, which was designed for an ice skating-rink. Four corner towers relieved the steeple effect of a fifth one in the centre, which resembled the tower on Madison Square Garden in New York City. This central pinnacle rose sheer to the dizzy height of 225 feet. Through it went the smoke-stack. The cheering coolness of this building was destined not to last. Early in the afternoon of July 10th, its occupants were startled by the cry of "Fire!" Flames had been discovered at the top of the central tower, which had caught from the smoke-stack, owing, apparently, to neglect of

the architect's precautions and of the fire marshal's repeated warnings. Delaying his departure till he had provided against explosion, the brave engineer barely saved his life. Before his escape, the firemen were on hand and a band at once climbed to the balcony near the blazing summit. At this juncture, suddenly, to the horror of all, fire burst from the lower part of the tower. The rope and hose were burnt in two, precipitating a number in their attempt to slide back to the roof. Others leaped recklessly from the colossal torch. In less than two minutes, it seemed, the whole pyre was swathed in flames, and, as it toppled, the last wretched form was seen to poise and plunge with it into the now blazing abyss. Sixteen firemen in all suffered horrible death.

Another unique fabric stood by the water of the North Pond. It was the Fisheries Building, having a curved arcade at each end, leading to a circular aquarium. Visitors were fascinated at

seeing the pillars twined with creatures of the sea, frogs, tortoises, eels, and star-fish. The capitals, similarly, were architectural puns — here a fantastic mass of marine life, there a lobster-pot. Even the balustrades were supported by small fishy caryatids. The Electricity and Transportation Buildings were equally original, each in its way, the former with its pinnacled sky-line, the latter with its forcefulness of contour and rich archaic decoration. The Mining Building, hard by the Electricity Building, suggested monumental strength, as the Transportation Building intimated ruthless force. Machinery Hall, with its shapely dome, colonnade, and arcades, was much admired.

Amid a muster of earth's choicest rarities, a multitude of wonders stupefying in its vastness, to specify individual marvels as pre-eminent seemed wild. One feature would specially impress you, another your friend. Our Government's display deserved and received incessant attention. The State Department gave to the light for the moment some rich treasures from its archives. The War Office exhibit showed our superiority in heavy ordnance and ammunition, and at the same time our failure to rival Europe in small-arms. Among the cannon was the famous Long Tom, formerly aboard the privateer General Armstrong, which kept at bay a British squadron till sunk to avoid capture by a line-of-battle ship. A thrilling Arctic tableau represented Major Greely greeting the brave Lieutenant Lockwood on his return from "farthest North." A first-class post-office was operated on the grounds. A combination postal-car, sixty feet in length, manned by the most expert sorters and operators, interested vast crowds. Close by was an ancient mail-coach once actually captured by Indians, with effigies of the pony express, formerly so familiar on the Western plains, of a mail sledge drawn by dogs, and of a mail carrier mounted on a bicycle. Models of a quaint little Mississippi mail steamer and of the modern steamer Paris, stood side by side. Weapons, stuffed birds, and bottled reptiles from the dead letter office were displayed.



Plan of the World's Fair Grounds at Jackson Park.

- | | |
|-----------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| A. Administration Building. | L. Transportation Building. |
| B. MacMonnies Fountain. | M. Mines and Mining Building. |
| C. Casino. | N. Electricity Building. |
| D. Music Hall. | O. Choral Building. |
| E. Central Railroad Station. | P. Horticultural Building. |
| F. Manufactures and Liberal Arts. | Q. Women's Building. |
| G. Agriculture Building. | R. Government Building. |
| H. Machinery Hall. | S. Fisheries Building. |
| I. Stock Pavilion. | T. Art Galleries. |
| J. French Agriculture. | U. Naval Exhibit. |
| K. Forestry Building. | V. Illinois Building. |

A rich assemblage of jewelry and gems adorned a section of the Fair, one cabinet being rightly styled "the million-dollar case." Self-winding and self-regulating clocks were a feature. So were the transportation exhibits. Locomotives of all styles and ages were presented, from Sir Isaac Newton's, of 1680, based on an invention of 130 B.C., to the famous "999." Some fully equipped railroad trains were shown. One had bath-room, barber-shop, writing-desk and library—accommodations for railway travel then novel, though now familiar. The apartment sleeping-car and the observation-car were then quite new. Another train was vestibuled the entire width of the cars, and from the tender to the rear lights. Many such are now seen, improved, since, by "burglar-proof" doors to the cars. The locomotive "Queen Empress," of the London & Northwestern line, was exhibited, heading a train of English railway carriages beautifully complete to the uttermost detail.

THE MIDWAY

FROM the serious side of the Fair one turned for relaxation to the Midway Plaisance. The Midway was the delightful Limbo of the Exposition. Here were realistic bits of Dahomey, Samoa, the far Orient, the Levant, the frozen North, Europe, Ireland. The "natives" felt perfectly at home, even to marrying and giving in marriage, one infatuated Kabyle going so far as to attempt to steal a bride, according to tribal custom. His romance terminated in a police station. The Plaisance was a library of human documents. Not the least interesting was "far-away Moses" immortalized by Mark Twain. In spite of frowning battlements and formidable watchmen with lanterns and battle-axes, hordes besieged and overran old Vienna. On this populous avenue were the Libby glass works, artificers of the Infanta's glass dress, the ice-railway, the Hagenbeck animal show of equestrian lions and rope-walking bears, the ostrich farm, theatres, and bazaars galore. There abode all "fakirs," making short work of your

small change, while they delighted you with the ingenuity and despatch of the operation. Immensely popular was Cairo Street, travelled by 2,250,000 visitors. Hagenbeck entertained more than 2,000,000. Between 650,000 and 800,000 entered the villages of Java, Germany, and Vienna. Lady Aberdeen's Irish village admitted more than 550,000.

THE FERRIS WHEEL

THOSE of weak nerves shunned the chief feature of the Midway, the Ferris Wheel, the most novel mechanism in existence. It is said that at a banquet, more than a year before the opening day, the director, while praising the architects, complained that the engineers of this country had suggested for the Fair nothing original like the Eiffel Tower at Paris. Mr. George W. G. Ferris, of Pittsburg, took this as a reflection on his calling, and excogitated his remarkable invention, literally in an hour, over a mutton-chop. In principle it resembles the Eiffel Tower. The tower is, in effect, a cantilever bridge set on end; the wheel is such a bridge bent around a pair of Broddingnagian bicycle wheels. These are geared on an axle weighing more than the average locomotive, which in turn is supported by two skeleton pyramids. The spokes are of wire, two and a half inches thick. Unprepared for a project so startlingly original, the authorities withheld, till within six months of the opening, a concession for placing it, allowing Mr. Ferris for the construction and placement of his monster less than a sixth of the time consumed in building the Eiffel Tower. Yet the wheel was completed in the time required, and is said to have varied from a true circle less than the most delicate pivot-wheel of a watch.

Pilgrims to the Chicago spectacle, of course, required extensive preparations for their convenience and safety both *en route* and after arrival. The Exposition managers early appointed a Committee on Transportation. This chanced to consist largely of railroad men whose lines converged in Chicago. As committeemen these gentlemen were

not supposed to know the temper of the roads. They therefore wrote asking reduced rates. On receiving, next morning, their own requests, they were better informed, and wrote themselves answers unanimously refusing to reduce. This was the worse policy in that, later, the roads did lower rates, thus aggravating the inevitable congestion of traffic toward the end of the season, and increasing the number of railroad accidents. Yet the railway achievements evoked by the Fair were admirable. A New York Central and Lake Shore train daily covered in twenty hours the almost 1,000 miles from New York to Chicago, a rate of 48.4 miles an hour, including stops. Permanent improvements were made in some roads, such as long watering-troughs, from which the locomotives scooped their water, like Gideon's warriors, as they bounded along. For excursions to the Exposition Pittsburg seemed to be the banner city. Thence, on October 21st, a single excursion train, in eight sections, bore to Chicago 3,575 passengers. The Fair increased the passenger traffic of the Illinois Central two hundred and thirteen per cent. That road spent over \$2,000,000 in preparation, raising its tracks for 2½ miles over 13 city streets, building 300 special cars, and erecting many new stations.

The number of paid admissions to the Columbian Fair was 21,477,218, a daily average of 119,984½. The gross attendance was 27,529,400, exceeding by nearly a million the number at the Paris Exposition for the six months ending with October, though rather over half a million less than the total attendance at Paris, where the gates were open a considerably longer time than at Chicago. The monthly average of visitors increased steadily from about 1,000,000 in May to nearly 7,000,000 in October. It is estimated that in all 12,000,000 different individuals saw the Fair. Notwithstanding the presence of such multitudes, the grounds were always clean and there was no ruffianism—two creditable features which English visitors remarked. The most interesting sight was the sight-seers. It was a typical American crowd, or-

derly, good-natured, intelligent. At points where more than could do so wished to see the same sight at the same time, no greedy elbowing occurred. A careful and constant visitor failed "to observe on the grounds by day or night a single drunken or disorderly person, or any emergency at any time when a guard or policeman was required." The police, and particularly the secret service, were efficient. Of \$32,988 worth of property reported stolen, \$31,875 was recovered and restored.

ASSASSINATION OF CARTER HARRISON

Two days before the Exposition closed an assassin's bullet felled at his own threshold Carter Harrison, mayor of Chicago. This accomplished gentleman had been prominent in originating and installing the Fair, and its closing ceremonies in Festival Hall were deeply shadowed by his death. Only prayer, resolutions of condolence, and a benediction preceded the sharp click of President Higinbotham's gavel. As the assembly dispersed the organ pealed out Chopin's and Beethoven's funeral marches. At sunset the shore battery fired a last salute, the half-masted flags of all nations dropped simultaneously, and the mighty parade was over.

The only structure intended to be permanent was the Art Building. The others were superfluous so soon as the occasion that called them into existence had passed. The question of their disposition was summarily solved. One day some boys playing near the Terminal Station saw a sinister leer of flame inside. They tried to stamp it out, but a high wind was blowing, and soon Chicago's old discomfited foe rose with a roar to wreak vengeance upon the deserted and helpless White City, Chicago's child. The flames quickly enveloped the beautiful Administration Building, and in a few minutes the Mining and Electricity Buildings as well. Meanwhile, from the Terminal Station the fierce contagion had spread to the Machinery and Agricultural Buildings. Next moment it fastened upon the Transportation Build-

ing and the lordly Hall of Manufactures. Witnesses will never forget the burning of this mammoth. Hardly had it caught fire when the roof collapsed, while from hundreds of windows shot out derisive tongues of flame. The lagoons and the lake were lurid with a glare visible long leagues away. The walls tottered, the vistas fell in with a deafening roar, and at last the fire demon subsided among the ruins, leaving ashes, heaps of debris, tortured iron work, and here and there an arch, to tell of his orgy.

The Chicago Exposition proved that the ideals of the Republic, if far from being attained, had not been surrendered. The building just north of Horticultural Hall, tastefully designed by Miss Sophia Hayden, of Boston, was not only the first of the World's Fair edifices to be completed, but the first of its kind to be anywhere built. It typified that note of our life most striking to foreigners, the high position of woman, which Professor Bryce declares, "if not a complete test, one of the best tests of the progress a nation has made in civilization." For the excellence of its contents the Woman's Building was finally made an "exhibit" building, occupying a creditable place. Other departments of the Exposition gathered obvious refinement from feminine influence. This was especially true of the art set forth at the Fair, which ought, perhaps, to be pronounced strictly "American" in hardly any other particular but this. The principal thoroughly national painting presented, "Breaking Home Ties," sensibly betrayed the motive here referred to. Raised to practical equality with her brothers, the American woman's influence has shown to excellent advantage. Occupations of honor and profit are, more and more as the years pass, open to her, and she does well in whichever she chooses. In fields of philanthropy and moral reform, women's talent for organization and persistence in working for good ends have been conspicuous.

Outwardly composed of materialities, the Exposition was a colossal manifestation of mentality, "an unspoken but sublime protest against materialism."

To emphasize that fact, to bring together the leaders of human progress, to review this, make clear statements of living problems, and ascertain practical means by which further advancement might be effected, a series of World's congresses was held at Chicago, constituting a World's Congress Auxiliary. Its motto was "not matter but mind, not things but men." In all there were 160 congresses, covering the entire six months of the Fair. Philosophy, Religion, Moral and Social Reform, Woman's Progress, the Press, Commerce and Finance, Music, Literature, Art, Jurisprudence, Education, Agriculture, Horticulture, Engineering, Medical and Dental Science were all learnedly discussed, several congresses apiece being devoted to some of them. The Evangelical Alliance held its congress, as did the Women's Christian Temperance Union. There were also a congress on Public Health and a World's Real Estate congress. The Congress Auxiliary employed 210 working committees, who sent out over 1,000,000 circulars. Its membership exceeded 15,000, its attendance exceeded 700,000. There were 1,245 sessions, addressed by 5,974 speakers. Most interesting was the World's Parliament of Religions, which held three sessions a day for seventeen days, each session being thronged. Representatives of the leading Christian sects and of the world's leading religions presented their views. The Parliament was an index of the tolerance of the time and nation, and had an effect not unlike that of the crusades in broadening and strengthening men's sympathies.

What the Fair hinted at in the way of the nation's scientific progress was immensely more than what it immediately revealed. The Eiffel Tower might be styled the *badge* of the Paris Exposition; the Ferris Wheel bore the same relation to ours. Tower and wheel alike uniquely exemplified the fact that in the last thirty years bridge construction has become almost an exact science. Many remember the days of wooden bridges and massive wooden trestles, to compose one of which a forest had to be felled. Improvement in iron and steel manufacture has

changed this. The suspension bridge marked the new era, its most noted exemplar being the East River Bridge between New York and Brooklyn. John A. Roebling designed it, but died before work upon it was fairly commenced. It was continued by his son, Washington A. Roebling, even after he was stricken with paralysis, his wife becoming his lieutenant. The towers rose, then strand by strand the sixteen-inch cables were woven. The length of the bridge is nearly six thousand feet, and each foot weighs more than a ton. The rise and fall winter and summer is three feet.

A still larger suspension bridge, with 2,800 feet clear span, is about to cross the North River. The suspension bridge did not meet the demand of our Western railroad builders for speed in construction. Accordingly, the autumn of 1883, the year when the Brooklyn Bridge was completed, witnessed the advent of a pioneer of another type, the cantilever bridge, consisting of truss-work beams poised upon stone piers and meeting each other, a design of wonderful capabilities. Extension in the use of iron and steel also made elevated railways possible. A project in this direction dates from 1868. Exactly ten years later two sections of railway were open in New York.

The first elevated road in Brooklyn began operation in 1885. These speedways at once became popular. In 1884 no fewer than 250 engines and 800 cars were in use by the New York lines, carrying over three hundred thousand passengers daily, or about one hundred and three millions for the year. Chicago followed with the "Alley L" line, so-called from the lanes to which it is relegated. Boston prefers and is preparing provision for rapid transit by means of an underground railway system like London's. Spite of the freest possible lateral vent, population and business in our largest cities exert greater and greater vertical pressure. High buildings result, in which, again, steel plays a vital part, affording lightness, strength, and fire-proof quality, and permitting rapidity of construction.

THE ERA OF ELECTRICITY

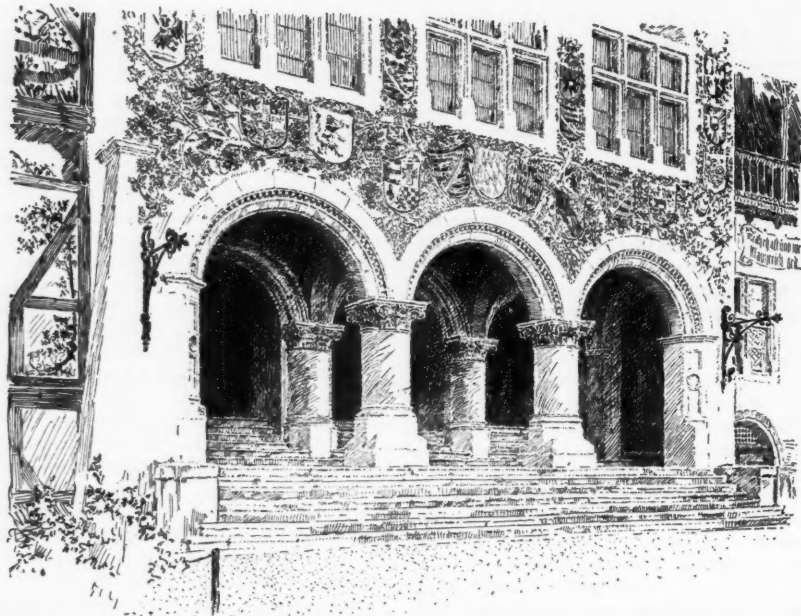
WHAT wonder it evoked at the Exposition of 1876, that the Corliss engine with its complex system of belting was able to supply power so far! At Chicago silent wires carried energy to the remotest extremities of the vast grounds. In 1876 the telegraph constituted almost the sole practical application of electricity. Even that invention now owes its chief efficiency to improvements since made, while the new uses of electricity are almost infinitely numerous. Edison prophecies that ere long mankind's sole work will consist in "pushing the button." When Morse's bill for a telegraph line between Washington and Baltimore first reached Congress, he was ridiculed as rain-makers now are. One legislator moved to amend by providing for a line to the moon, the House entertaining the amendment because it entertained the House. Morse, however, got his appropriation. The first day of its public operation that telegraph yielded the Government one cent; in 1890 a single telegraph company had a yearly revenue of nearly \$20,000,000. Stearns and Edison have compelled the single wire to carry several messages at once, and that in different directions.

The telephone, the electric light, and the electric motor are the three great *fin de siècle* inventions. In 1876 Mr. Bell exhibited to the curious an electric transmitter of the human voice, a contrivance on which, after years of experiment, he had stumbled almost simultaneously with other men. Testing the possibility of sending mere sound-waves over a wire, he accidentally found that articulate speech could be so carried. The same year Edison added a carbon transmitter, whereupon the novelty went forth conquering and to conquer. In 1893 the Bell Telephone Company owned 307,748 miles of wire, an amount increased by rival companies' property to 444,750. There were that year nearly 14,000 "exchanges," 10,000 employees, 250,000 subscribers, and 2,000,000 daily conversations. This device promises to rival the telegraph, being able to transmit the human voice 1,400 miles.

New York and Chicago were placed on speaking terms only three or four days before "Columbus Day." Telephone service now connects New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Chicago, and other cities each to each, and is already found indispensable. Arc-lamps shown at the Philadelphia Exposition drew sight-seers as candles attract moths. They had originated only shortly before, when Charles G. Brush, of Cleveland, O., perfected his dynamo. Men of science still viewed incandescent lighting as an elusive will-o'-the-wisp; but in 1878 Edison, after stupendous labor, mastered the secret and rendered it practically available. At the White City the arc light literally turned night into day. Palaces were radiant with countless incandescent bulbs, while many-colored electric fountains coruscated outside.

In the Centennial year the thought of transmitting power by electricity was considered chimerical. In the Columbian year it was no longer even a novelty, and electricity was far and wide

beginning to supplant forms of power familiar before. Street-car traction soon passed to its control, the few horses still in this service coming to be looked upon as curious survivals. Whereas in 1889, out of 3,150 miles of street railway in fifty-eight of the leading American cities, only 260 were operated by electricity, the proportion in the intervening six years has been almost reversed, and the electric car has become an established feature of our civilization. Where a city business man or laborer living in the suburbs formerly required an hour to reach home, the trolley-car now transports him in twenty minutes. A vast addition is thus made to the leisure at men's disposal for uses which enrich life. Rapid transit blessedly relieves the crowded sections of cities, placing the country with its invigorating air within reach of the poor. Electricity is moving trains upon great railways and bids fair to supplant steam there. The use of it by a few roads proves its perfect availability, and its



The Entrance to the German Building.

full employment seems to be postponed solely by disinclination to invest in a given mode for its application when a cheaper and better one may be invented any day. Horseless carriages and pedal-less cycles are clearly in prospect.

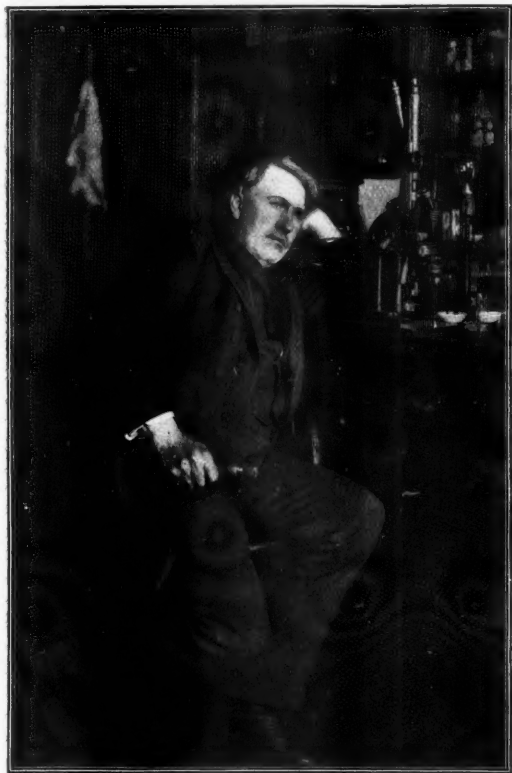
Among those deserving the world's gratitude for harnessing electricity to

Railway, he found time to read Newton's "Principia," to edit and print a small weekly paper, and to conduct experiments. He became a telegraph operator. One of his inventions was an automatic device for answering the central office, when it called, that he was awake, though in fact he

was quietly dozing. He also contrived an automatic repeater to transfer messages from one wire to another. Interesting some capitalists in a machine by which votes in legislative bodies could be automatically recorded, he learned that expedition in legislation is what legislators, at least if in the minority, do not desire. His first profitable invention was an improved stock printer, for which he received \$40,000. From this time he wrought miracles on notification—useful ones, that have modified men's life in important regards. Incandescent lighting is familiar to all; the phonograph to most. This instrument was recently employed by a coroner to pronounce a funeral service. He had procured a phonograph for the purpose and gotten a clergyman to utter to it the proper scriptures, hymns, and prayers. When occasion arose for its use the friends gathered for the obsequies were astonished to hear the words, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord" sonorously roll forth. Combined with the kinetoscope

the phonograph forms the "kineto-phonograph." Edison declares that the time is near "when grand opera can be given at the Metropolitan Opera House at New York without any material change from the original, and with artists and musicians long dead."

A more original genius than Edison, veritably a wizard, is his young disciple, Nikola Tesla, who was born in Ser-

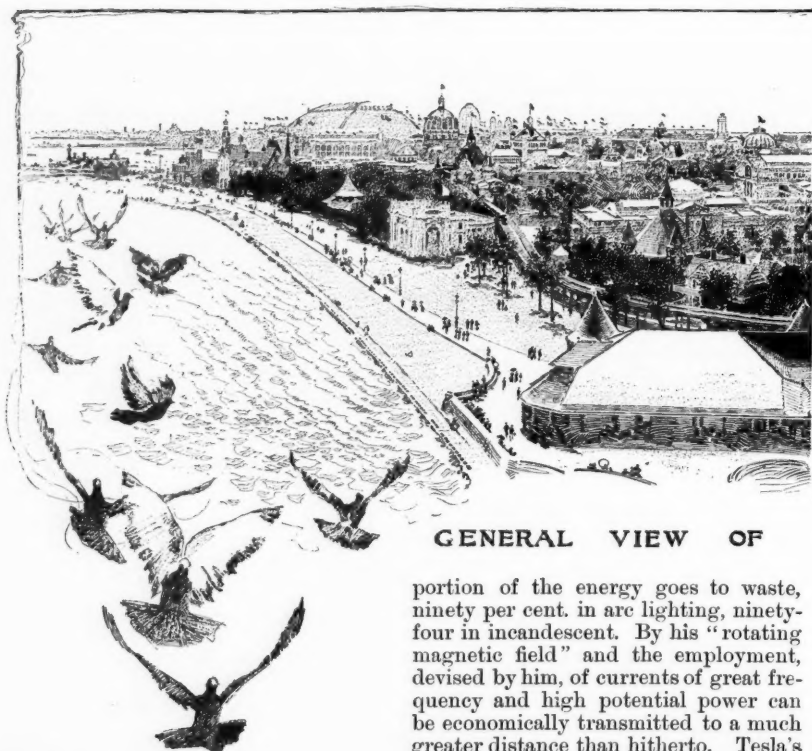


Thomas A. Edison in his Laboratory at Orange, N. J.

From a photograph taken for Scribner's Magazine.

(The photographer found the great inventor temporarily discomfited—"stuck," as he himself expressed it.)

humanity's uses, Thomas Alva Edison, "the Wizard of Menlo Park," is famous—less for absolute originality than for dogged patience and subtle insight enabling him to fructify others' devices. Thrown upon the world at fifteen, with little book learning but with a wonderful craving for knowledge, he is now among the world's most famous men. While a newsboy on the Grand Trunk



GENERAL VIEW OF

via and found employment with Edison on landing in America. For small electric lights he dispenses with the filaments inside the bulbs and makes dilute air do their work. He sends currents of high tension through space, without any conductor, at a voltage many times greater than that employed in electrocution. He receives in his person currents vibrating a million times a second, of two hundred times greater voltage than needed to produce death. He surrounds himself with a halo of electric light and calls purple streams from the soil. His experiments are of the utmost promise to the industrial world. His aim is to hook man's machinery directly to nature's, pressing the ether waves directly into our service without the intervention or the generation of heat, in which such an enormous pro-

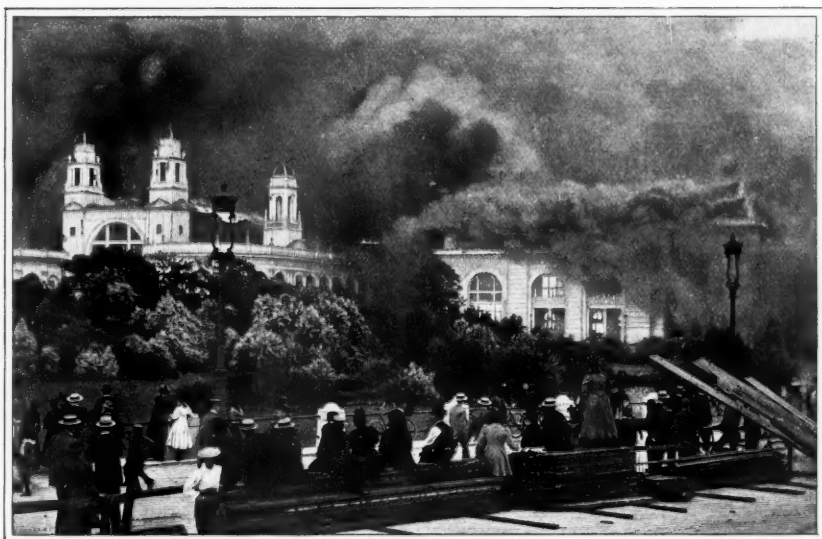
portion of the energy goes to waste, ninety per cent. in arc lighting, ninety-four in incandescent. By his "rotating magnetic field" and the employment, devised by him, of currents of great frequency and high potential power can be economically transmitted to a much greater distance than hitherto. Tesla's polyphase motors were adopted for converting into electricity the power of Niagara Falls. In 1873 a canal was opened there with a fall furnishing 6,000 horsepower. Since 1890 another canal has been built, conveying a vast weight of water to the wheel-pit through ten separate channels. This mighty volume of descending water drives three dynamos each equipped with one of Tesla's 2-phase alternating generators of 5,000 horse-power, developing about 2,000 volts with a frequency of 25 cycles a second. It is thought that the Niagara Falls Power Company can, before very long, furnish Chicago with energy at a cost less than that of steam made on the spot by coal. Presaging this result, electricity created at Laufen, Germany, has been carried to Frankfort with a loss of only four per cent. Electricity created at the falls of the American River at Folsom, Cal., where four tur-



THE WORLD'S FAIR GROUNDS

bine water-wheels develop over 5,000 horse-power, has been carried by overhead copper wires to Sacramento, twenty-four miles away, with a loss of not

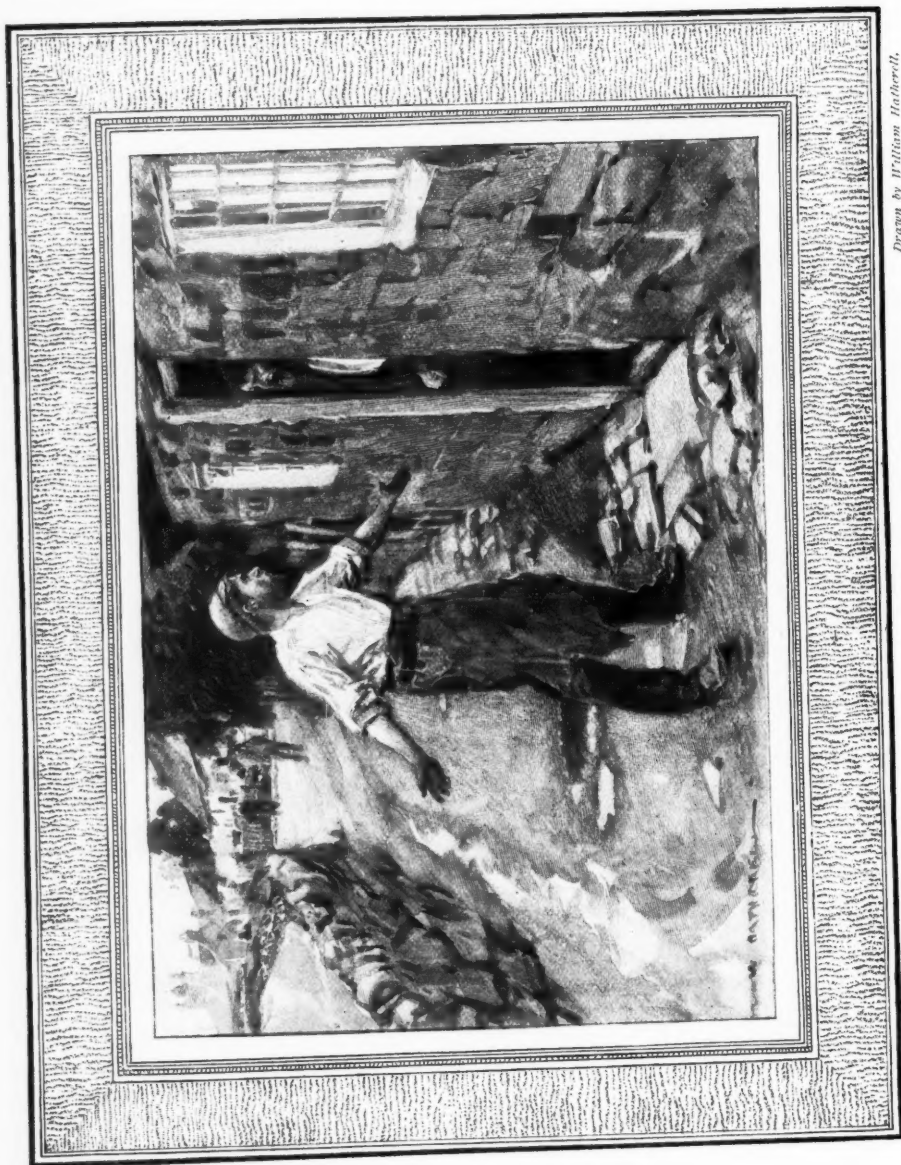
over twenty per cent. At present it propels street-cars, but it is also to be used for lighting streets and operating factories.



The Electricity Building.

The Mines and Mining Building.

THE BURNING OF THE WHITE CITY.



Drawn by William Hatherell.

"She's dying, man," he cried.
"Let her die," answered Aaron.—Page 300.

SENTIMENTAL TOMMY

THE STORY OF HIS BOYHOOD

BY J. M. BARRIE

Author of "The Little Minister," "A Window in Thrums," etc.

CHAPTER XI

AARON LATTA

THE Airlie post had dropped the letters for outlying farms at the Monypenny smithy and trudged on. The smith having wiped his hand on his hair, made a row of them, without looking at the addresses, on his window-sill, where, happening to be seven in number, they were almost a model of Monypenny, which is within hail of Thrums, but round the corner from it, and so has ways of its own. With the next clang on the anvil the middle letter fell flat, and now the likeness to Monypenny was absolute.

Again all the sound in the land was the melancholy sweet kink, kink, kink of the smith's hammer.

Across the road sat Dite Deuchars, the mole-catcher, a solitary figure, taking his pleasure on the dyke. Behind him was the flour-miller's field, and beyond it the den, of which only some tree-tops were visible. He looked wearily east the road, but no one emerged from Thrums; he looked wearily west the road, which doubled out of sight at Aaron Latta's cottage, little more than a stone's throw distant. On the inside of Aaron's window an endless procession seemed to be passing, but it was only the warping mill going round. It was an empty day, but Dite, the accursed, was used to them; nothing ever happened where he was, but many things as soon as he had gone.

He yawned and looked at the houses opposite. They were all of one story; the smith's had a rusty plough stowed away on its roof; under a window stood a pew and bookboard, bought at the roup of an old church, and thus trans-

formed into a garden-seat. There were many of them in Thrums that year. All the doors, except that of the smithy, were shut, until one of them blew ajar, when Dite knew at once, from the smell which crossed the road, that Blinder was in the bunk pulling the teeth of his potatoes. May Ann Irons, the blind man's niece, came out at this door to beat the cistern with a bass, and she gave Dite a wag of her head. He was to be married to her if she could get nothing better.

By and by the Painted Lady came along the road. She was a little woman, brightly dressed, so fragile that a colliie might have knocked her over with his tail, and she had a beautiful white-and-pink face, the white ending of a sudden in the middle of her neck, where it met skin of a duller color. As she tripped along with mincing gait, she was speaking confidentially to herself, but when she saw Dite grinning, she seemed, first, afraid, and then sorry for herself, and then she tried to carry it off with a giggle, cocking her head impudently at him. Even then she looked childish, and a faded guilelessness, with many pretty airs and graces, still lingered about her, like innocent birds loath to be gone from the spot where their nest has been. When she had passed monotony again reigned, and Dite crossed to the smithy window, though none of the letters could be for him. He could read the addresses on six of them, but the seventh lay on its back, and every time he rose on his tip-toes to squint down at it, the spout pushed his bonnet over his eyes.

"Smith," he cried in at the door, "to gang hame afore I ken wha that letter's to is mair than I can do."

The smith good-naturedly brought

the letter to him, and then glancing at the address was dumfounded. "God behears," he exclaimed, with a sudden look at the distant cemetery, "it's to Double Dykes!"

Dite also shot a look at the cemetery. "He'll never get it," he said, with mighty conviction.

The two men gazed at the cemetery for some time, and at last Dite muttered, "Ay, ay, Double Dykes, you was aye fond o' your joke!"

"What has that to do wi' 't?" rapped out the smith, uncomfortably.

Dite shuddered. "Man," he said, "does that letter no bring Double Dykes back terrible vive again! If we was to see him climbing the cemetery dyke the now, and coming stepping down the fields in his moleskin waistcoat wi' the pearl buttons——"

Auchterlonie stopped him with a nervous gesture.

"But it couldna be the pearl buttons," Dite added, thoughtfully, "for Betty Finlayson has been wearing them to the kirk this four year. Ay, ay, Double Dykes, that puts you farrer awa' again."

The smith took the letter to a neighbor's house to ask the advice of old Irons, the blind tailor, who when he lost his sight had given himself the name of Blinder for bairns to play with.

"Make your mind easy, smith," was Blinder's counsel. "The letter is meant for the Painted Lady. What's Double Dykes? It's but the name of a farm, and we gave it to Sanders because he was the farmer. He's dead, and them that's in the house now become Double Dykes in his place."

But the Painted Lady only had the house, objected Dite; Nether Drungley was farming the land, and so he was the real Double Dykes. True, she might have pretended to her friends that she had the land also.

She had no friends, the smith said, and since she came to Double Dykes from no one could find out where, though they knew her furniture was bought in Tilliedrum, she had never got a letter. Often, though, as she passed his window she had keeked sideways at the letters, as bairns might look at parlys. If he made a tinkle with his hammer at

such times off she went at once, for she was as easily flichtered as a field of crows, that take wing if you tap your pipe on the loof of your hand. It was true she had spoken to him once; when he suddenly saw her standing at his smiddy door, the surprise near made him fall over his brot. She looked so neat and ladylike that he gave his hair a respectful pull before he remembered the kind of woman she was.

"And what was it she said to him?" Dite asked, eagerly.

She had pointed to the letters on the window-sill, and said she, "Oh, the dear loves!" It was a queer say, but she had a bonny English word. The English word was no doubt prideful, but it melted in the mouth like a lick of sirup. She offered him sixpence for a letter, any letter he liked, but of course he refused it. Then she prigged with him just to let her hold one in her hands, for said she, bairnlike, "I used to get one every day." It so happened that one of the letters was to Mysy Robbie; and Mysy was of so little importance that he thought there would be no harm in letting the Painted Lady hold her letter, so he gave it to her, and you should have seen her dawting it with her hand and holding it to her breast like a lassie with a pigeon. "Isn't it sweet?" she said, and before he could stop her she kissed it. She forgot it was no letter of hers, and made to open it, and then she fell a-trembling and saying she durst not read it, for you never knew whether the first words might not break your heart. The envelope was red where her lips had touched it, and yet she had an innocent look beneath the paint. When he took the letter from her, though, she called him a low, vulgar fellow for presuming to address a lady. She worked herself into a fury, and said far worse than that; a perfect guller of clarty language came pouring out of her. He had heard women curse many a time without turning a hair, but he felt wae when she did it, for she just spoke it like a bairn that had been in ill company.

The smith's wife, Suphy, who had joined the company, thought that men were easily taken in, especially smiths. She offered, however, to convey the let-

ter to Double Dykes. She was anxious to see the inside of the Painted Lady's house, and this would be a good opportunity. She admitted that she had crawled to the east window of it before now, but that dour bairn of the Painted Lady's had seen her head and whipped down the blind.

Unfortunate Suphy! She could not try the window this time, as it was broad daylight, and the Painted Lady took the letter from her at the door. She returned crestfallen, and for an hour nothing happened. The mole-catcher went off to the square, saying, despondently, that nothing would happen until he was round the corner. No sooner had he rounded the corner than something did happen.

A girl who had left Double Dykes with a letter was walking quickly toward Monypenny. She wore a white pinafore over a magenta frock, and no one could tell her whether she was seven or eight, for she was only the Painted Lady's child. Some boys, her natural enemies, were behind; they had just emerged from the Den, and she heard them before they saw her, and at once her little heart jumped and ran off with her. But the halloo that told her she was discovered checked her running. Her teeth went into her underlip; now her head was erect. After her came the rabble with a rush, flinging stones that had no mark and epithets that hit. Grizel disdained to look over her shoulder. Little hunted child, where was succor to come from if she could not fight for herself?

Though under the torture she would not cry out. "What's a father?" was their favorite jeer, because she had once innocently asked this question of a false friend. One tried to snatch the letter from her, but she flashed him a look that sent him to the other side of the dyke, where, he said, did she think he was afraid of her? Another strutted by her side, mimicking her in such diverting manner that presently the others had to pick him out of the ditch. Thus Grizel moved onward defiantly until she reached Monypenny, where she tossed the letter in at the smithy door and immediately returned home. It was the letter that had been sent to her mother,

now sent back, because it was meant for the dead farmer after all.

The smith read Jean Myles's last letter, with a face of growing gravity. "Dear Double Dykes," it said, "I send you these few scrapes to say I am dying, and you and Aaron Latta was seldom sindry, so I charge you to go to him and say to him 'Aaron Latta, it's all lies Jean Myles wrote to Thrums about her grandeur, and her man died mony year back, and it was the only kindness he ever did her, and if she doesna die quick, her and her starving bairns will be flung out into the streets.' If that doesna move him, say, 'Aaron Latta, do you mind yon day at Inverquharty and the cushie doos?' likewise, 'Aaron Latta, do you mind yon day at the Kaims of Airlie?' likewise, 'Aaron Latta, do you mind that Jean Myles was ower heavy for you to lift? Oh, Aaron, you could lift me so pitiful easy now. And syne says you solemnly three times, 'Aaron Latta, Jean Myles is lying dying all alone in a foreign land; Aaron Latta, Jean Myles is lying dying all alone in a foreign land; Aaron Latta, Jean Myles is lying dying all alone in a foreign land.' And if he's sweer to come, just say, 'Oh, Aaron, man, you nicht; oh, Aaron, oh, Aaron, are you coming?'"

The smith had often denounced this woman, but he never said a word against her again. He stood long reflecting, and then took the letter to Blinder and read it to him.

"She doesna say, 'Oh, Aaron Latta, do you mind the cuttle well?'" was the blind man's first comment.

"She was thinking about it," said Auchterlonie.

"Ay, and he's thinking about it," said Blinder, "night and day, night and day. What a toon there'll be about that letter, smith!"

"There will. But I'm to take it to Aaron afore the news spreads. He'll never gang to London though."

"I think he will, smith."

"I ken him weel."

"Maybe I ken him better."

"You canna see the ugly mark it left on his brow."

"I can see the uglier marks it has left in his breast."

"Weel, I'll take the letter; I can do no more."

When the smith opened the door of Aaron's house he let out a draught of hot air that was glad to be gone from the warper's restless home. The usual hallan, or passage, divided the but from the ben, and in the ben a great revolving thing, the warping-mill, half filled the room. Between it and a pile of webs that obscured the light a little silent man was sitting on a box turning a handle. His shoulders were almost as high as his ears, as if he had been caught forever in a storm, and though he was barely five and thirty, he had the tattered, dishonored beard of black and white that comes to none till the glory of life has gone.

Suddenly the smith appeared round the webs. "Aaron," he said awkwardly, "do you mind Jean Myles?"

The warper did not for a moment take his eyes off a contrivance with pirns in it that was climbing up and down the whirring mill.

"She's dead," he answered.

"She's dying," said the smith.

A thread broke, and Aaron had to rise to mend it.

"Stop the mill and listen," Auchterlonie begged him, but the warper returned to his seat and the mill again revolved.

"This is her dying words to you," continued the smith. "Did you speak?"

"I didna, but I wish you would take your arm off the haik."

"She's loath to die without seeing you. Do you hear, man? You shall listen to me, I tell you."

"I am listening, smith," the warper replied, without rancor. "It's but right that you should come here to take your pleasure on a shamed man." His calmness gave him a kind of dignity.

"Did I ever say you was a shamed man, Aaron?"

"Am I not?" the warper asked, quietly; and Auchterlonie hung his head.

Aaron continued, still turning the handle, "You're truthful, and you canna deny it. Nor will you deny that I shamed you and every other mother's

son that night. You try to hod it out o' pity, smith, but even as you look at me now, does the man in you no rise up against me?"

"If so," the smith answered, reluctantly, "if so, it's against my will."

"It is so," said Aaron in the same measured voice, "and it's right that it should be so. A man may thief or debauch or murder, and yet no be so very different frae his fellow-men, but there's one thing he shall not do without their wanting to spit him out o' their mouths, and that is, violate the feelings of sex."

The strange words in which the warper defined his fall had always an uncomfortable effect on those who heard him use them, and Auchterlonie could only answer in distress, "Maybe that's what it is."

"That's what it is. I have had twal lang years sitting on this box to think it out. I blame none but mysel'."

"Then you'll hae pity on Jean in her sair need," said the smith. He read slowly the first part of the letter, but Aaron made no comment, and the mill had not stopped for a moment.

"She says," the smith proceeded, doggedly—"she says to say to you, 'Aaron Latta, do you mind yon day at Inverquharity and the cushie doos?'"

Only the monotonous whirr of the mill replied.

"She says, 'Aaron Latta, do you mind that Jean Myles was ower heavy for you to lift? Oh, Aaron, you could lift me so pitiful easy now.'"

Another thread broke and the warper rose with sudden fury.

"Now that you've eased your conscience, smith," he said, fiercely, "make your feet your friend."

"I'll do so," Auchterlonie answered, laying the letter on the webs, "but I leave this ahint me."

"Wap it in the fire."

"If that's to be done, you do it yoursel'. Aaron, she treated you ill, but——"

"There's the door, smith."

The smith walked away, and had only gone a few steps when he heard the whirr of the mill again. He went back to the door.

"She's dying, man!" he cried.

"Let her die!" answered Aaron.

In an hour the sensational news was through half of Thrums, of which Monypenny may be regarded as a broken piece, left behind, like the dot of quicksilver in the tube to show how high the town once rose. Some could only rejoice at first in the down-come of Jean Myles, but most blamed the smith (and himself among them) for not taking note of her address, so that Thrums Street could be informed of it and sent to her relief. For Blinder alone believed that Aaron would be softened.

"It was twa threads the smith saw him break," the blind man said, "and Aaron's good at his work. He'll go to London, I tell you."

"You forget, Blinders, that he was warping afore I was a dozen steps frae the door."

"Ay, and that just proves he hadna burned the letter, for he hadna time. If he didna do it at the first impulse, he'll no do it now."

Every little while the boys were sent along the road to look in at Aaron's end window and report.

At seven in the evening Aaron had not left his box, and the blind man's reputation for seeing farther than those with eyes was fallen low.

"It's a good sign," he insisted, nevertheless. "It shows his mind's troubled, for he usually louses at six."

By eight the news was that Aaron had left his mill and was sitting staring at his kitchen fire.

"He's thinking o' Inverquharity and the cushie doos," said Blinder.

"Mair likely," said Dite Deuchars, "he's thinking o' the Cuttle Well."

Corp Shiach clattered along the road about nine to say that Aaron Latta was putting on his blacks as if for a journey.

At once the blind man's reputation rose on stilts. It fell flat, however, before the ten-o'clock bell rang, when three of the Auchterlonie children, each pulling the others back that he might arrive first, announced that Aaron had put on his corduroys again, and was back at the mill.

"That settles it," was everyone's good-night to Blinder, but he only answered thoughtfully, "There's a fierce fight going on, my billies."

Next morning when his niece was

shaving the blind man, the razor had to travel over a triumphant smirk which would not explain itself to womankind, Blinder being a man who could bide his time. The time came when the smith looked in to say, "Should I gang yont to Aaron's and see if he'll gie me the puir woman's address?"

"No, I wouldna advise that," answered Blinder, cleverly concealing his elation, "for Aaron Latta's awa' to London."

"What! How can you ken?"

"I heard him go by in the night."

"It's no possible!"

"I kent his foot."

"You're sure it was Aaron?"

Blinder did not consider the question worth answering, his sharpness at recognizing friends by their tread being proved. Sometimes he may have carried his pretensions too far. Many granted that he could tell when a doctor went by, when a lawyer, when a thatcher, when a herd, and this is conceivable, for all callings have their walk. But he was regarded as uncanny when he claimed not only to know ministers in this way, but to be able to distinguish between the steps of the different denominations.

He had made no mistake about the warper, however. Aaron was gone, and ten days elapsed before he was again seen in Thrums.

CHAPTER XII

A CHILD'S TRAGEDY

NO one in Thrums ever got a word from Aaron Latta about how he spent those ten days, and Tommy and Elspeth, whom he brought back with him, also tried to be reticent, but some of the women were too clever for them. Jean and Aaron did not meet again. Her first intimation that he had come she got from Shovel, who said that a little high-shouldered man in black had been inquiring if she was dead, and was now walking up and down the street, like one waiting. She sent her children out to him, but he would not come up. He had answered Tommy roughly, but

when Elspeth slipped her hand into his, he let it stay there, and he instructed her to tell Jean Myles that he would bury her in the Thrums cemetery and bring up her bairns. Jean managed once to go to the window and look down at him, and by and by he looked up and saw her. They looked long at each other, and then he turned away his head and began to walk up and down again.

At Tilliedrum the coffin was put into a hearse and thus conveyed to Monypenny, Aaron and the two children sitting on the box-seat. Someone said, "Jean Myles boasted that when she came back to Thrums it would be in her carriage and pair, and she has kept her word," and the saying is still preserved in that Bible for week-days of which all little places have their unwritten copy, one of the wisest of books, but nearly every text in it has cost a life.

About a score of men put on their blacks and followed the hearse from the warper's house to the grave. Elspeth wanted to accompany Tommy, but Aaron held her back, saying, quietly, "In this part, it's only men that go to burials, so you and me maun bide at hame," and then she cried, no one understood why, except Tommy. It was because he would see Thrums first; but he whispered to her, "I promise to keep my eyes shut and no look once," and so faithfully did he keep his promise on the whole that the smith held him by the hand most of the way, under the impression that he was blind.

But he had opened his eyes at the grave, when a cord was put into his hand, and then he wept passionately, and on his way back to Monypenny, whether his eyes were open or shut, what he saw was his mother being shut up in a black hole and trying for ever and ever to get out. He ran to Elspeth for comfort, but in the meantime she had learned from Blinder's niece that graves are dark and cold, and so he found her sobbing even like himself. Tommy could never bear to see Elspeth crying, and he revealed his true self in his way of drying her tears.

"It will be so cold in that hole," she sobbed.

"No," he said, "it's warm."

"It will be dark."

"No, it's clear."

"She would like to get out."

"No, she was terrible pleased to get in."

It was characteristic of him that he soon had Elspeth happy by arguments not one of which he believed himself; characteristic also that his own grief was soothed by the sound of them. Aaron, who was in the garret preparing their bed, had told the children that they must remain indoors to-day out of respect to their mother's memory (to-morrow morning they could explore Thrums); but there were many things in that kitchen for them to look at and exult over. It had no commonplace ceiling, the couples, or rafters, being covered with the loose flooring of a romantic garret, and in the rafters were several great hooks, and from one of these hung a ham, and Tommy remembered, with a thrill which he communicated to Elspeth, that it is the right of Thrums children to cut tiny bits off the ham and roast them on the ribs of the fire. The chief pieces of furniture were a dresser, a corner cupboard with diamond panes, two tables, one of which stood beneath the other, but would have to come out if Aaron tried to bake, and a bed with a door. These two did not know it, but the room was full of memories of Jean Myles. The corner cupboard had been bought by Aaron at a roup because she said she would like to have one; it was she who had chosen the six cups and saucers with the blue spots on them. A razor-strop, now hard as iron, hung on a nail on the wall; it had not been used since the last time Aaron strutted through the Den with his sweetheart. One day later he had opened the door of the bird-cage, which still stood in the window, and let the yellow yite go. Many things were where no woman would have left them: clothes on the floor with the nail they had torn from the wall; on a chair a tin basin, soapy water and a flannel rag in it; horn spoons with whistles at the end of them were anywhere—on the mantelpiece, beneath the bed; there were drawers that could not be opened because their handles were inside. Perhaps the windows

were closed hopelessly also, but this must be left doubtful; no one had ever tried to open them.

The garret where Tommy and Elspeth were to sleep was reached by a ladder from the hallan; when you were near the top of the ladder your head hit a trap-door and pushed it open. At one end of the garret was the bed, and at the other end were piled sticks for firewood and curious dark-colored slabs whose smell the children disliked until Tommy said, excitedly, "Peat!" and then they sniffed reverently.

It was Tommy, too, who discovered the tree-tops of the Den, and Elspeth seeing him gazing in a transport out at the window cried, "What is it Tommy? Quick!"

"Promise no to scream," he replied, warningly. "Well, then, Elspeth Sandys, that's where the Den is!"

Elspeth blinked with awe, and anon said, wistfully, "Tommy, do you see that there? That's where the Den is!"

"It were me what told you," cried Tommy, jealously.

"But let me tell you, Tommy!"

"Well, then, you can tell me."

"That there is the Den, Tommy!"

"Dagont!"

Oh, that to-morrow were here! Oh, that Shovel could see these two to-morrow!

Here is another splendid game, T. Sandys, inventor. The girl goes into the bed, the boy shuts the door on her, and imitates the sound of a train in motion. He opens the door and cries, "Tickets, please." The girl says, "What is the name of this place?" The boy replies, "It's Thrums!" There is more to follow, but the only two who have played the game always roared so joyously at this point that they could get no farther.

"Oh, to-morrow, come quick, quick!"

"Oh, poor Shovel!"

To-morrow came, and with it two eager little figures rose and gulped their porridge, and set off to see Thrums. They were dressed in the black clothes Aaron Latta had bought for them in London, and they had agreed just to walk, but when they reached the door and saw the tree-tops of the Den they—they ran. Would you not like to hold them back? It is a child's tragedy.

They went first into the Den, and the rocks were dripping wet, all the trees, save the firs, were bare, and the mud round a tiny spring pulled off one of Elspeth's boots.

"Tommy," she cried, quaking, "that narsty puddle can't not be the Cuttle Well, can it?"

"No, it ain't," said Tommy, quickly, but he feared it was.

"It's c-c-colder here than London," Elspeth said, shivering, and Tommy was shivering too, but he answered, "I'm—I'm—I'm warm."

The Den was strangely small, and soon they were on a shabby brae where women in short gowns came to their doors and men in night-caps sat down on the shafts of their barrows to look at Jean Myles's bairns.

"What does yer think?" Elspeth whispered, very doubtfully.

"They're beauties," Tommy answered, determinedly.

Presently Elspeth cried, "Oh, Tommy, what a ugly stair! Where is the beauty stairs as is wore outside for show?"

This was one of them and Tommy knew it. "Wait till you see the west town end," he said, bravely; "it's grand." But when they were in the west town end, and he had to admit it, "Wait till you see the square," he said, and when they were in the square, "Wait," he said, huskily, "till you see the town-house." Alas, this was the town-house facing them, and when they knew it, he said, hurriedly, "Wait till you see the Auld Licht Kirk."

They stood long in front of the Auld Licht Kirk, which he had sworn was bigger and lovelier than St. Paul's, but—well, it is a different style of architecture, and had Elspeth not been there with tears in waiting, Tommy would have blubbered. "It's—it's littler than I thought," he said, desperately, "but—the minister, oh, what a wonderful big man he is!"

"Are you sure?" Elspeth squeaked.

"I swear he is."

The church door opened and a gentleman came out, a little man, boyish in the back, with the eager face of those who live too quickly. But it was not at him that Tommy pointed reassuringly;

it was at the monster church key, half of which protruded from his tail pocket and waggled as he moved, like the hilt of a sword.

Speaking like an old residenter, Tommy explained that he had brought his sister to see the church. "She's ta'en aback," he said, picking out Scotch words carefully, "because it's littler than the London kirks, but I telled her—I telled her that the preaching is better."

This seemed to please the stranger, for he patted Tommy on the head while inquiring, "How do you know that the preaching is better?"

"Tell him, Elspeth," replied Tommy, modestly.

"There ain't nuthin' as Tommy don't know," Elspeth explained. "He knows what the minister is like too."

"He's a nobie sight," said Tommy.

"He can get anything from God he likes," said Elspeth.

"He's a terrible big man," said Tommy.

This seemed to please the little gentleman less. "Big!" he exclaimed, irritably; "why should he be big?"

"He is big," Elspeth almost screamed, for the minister was her last hope.

"Nonsense!" said the little gentleman. "He is—well, I am the minister."

"You!" roared Tommy, wrathfully.

"Oh, oh, oh!" sobbed Elspeth.

For a moment the Rev. Mr. Dishart looked as if he would like to knock two little heads together, but he walked away without doing it.

"Never mind," Tommy whispered hoarsely to Elspeth. "Never mind, Elspeth, you have me yet."

This consolation seldom failed to gladden her, but her disappointment was so sharp to-day that she would not even look up.

"Come away to the cemetery, it's grand," he said; but still she would not be comforted.

"And I'll let you hold my hand—as soon as we're past the houses," he added.

"I'll let you hold it now," he said, eventually; but even then Elspeth cried dismally, and her sobs were hurting him more than her.

He knew all the ways of getting round Elspeth, and when next he spoke it was with a sorrowful dignity. "I didna think," he said, "as yer wanted me never to be able to speak again; no, I didna think it, Elspeth."

She took her hands from her face and looked at him inquiringly.

"One of the stories mamma telled me and Reddy," he said, "were about a man what saw such a beauty thing that he was struck dumb with admiration. Struck dumb is never to be able to speak again, and I wish I had been struck dumb when you wanted it."

"But I didn't want it!" Elspeth cried.

"If Thrums had been one little bit beautier than it is," he went on, solemnly, "it would have struck me dumb. It would have hurt me sore, but what about that, if it pleased you!"

Then did Elspeth see what a wicked girl she had been, and when next the two were seen by the curious (it was on the cemetery road), they were once more looking cheerful. At the smallest provocation they exchanged notes of admiration, such as, "Oh, Tommy, what a bonny barrel!" or "Oh, Elspeth, I tell yer that's a dyke, and there's just walls in London," but sometimes Elspeth would stoop hastily, pretending that she wanted to tie her bootlace, but really to brush away a tear, and there were moments when Tommy hung very limp. Each was trying to deceive the other for the other's sake, and one of them was never good at deception. They saw through each other, yet kept up the chilly game, because they could think of nothing better, and perhaps the game was worth playing, for love invented it.

They sat down on their mother's grave. No stone was ever erected to the memory of Jean Myles, but it is enough for her that she lies at home. That comfort will last her to the Judgment Day.

The man who had dug the grave sent them away, and they wandered to the hill, and thence down the Roods, where there were so many outside stairs not put there for show that it was well Elspeth remembered how susceptible Tommy was to being struck dumb. For her sake he said, "They're bonny,"

and for his sake she replied, "I'm glad they ain't bonnier."

When within one turn of Monypenny they came suddenly upon some boys playing at capey-dykey, a game with marbles that is only known in Thrums. There are thirty-five ways of playing marbles, but this is the best way, and Elspeth knew that Tommy was hungering to look on, but without her, lest he should be accused of sweethearting. So she offered to remain in the background.

Was she sure she wouldn't mind?

She said falteringly that of course she would mind a little, but—

Then Tommy was irritated, and, said he, he knew she would mind, but if she just pretended she didn't mind, he could leave her without feeling that he was mean.

So Elspeth affected not to mind, and then he deserted her, conscience at rest, which was his nature. But he should have remained with her. The players only gave him the side of their eye, and a horrid fear grew on him that they did not know he was a Thrums boy. "Dagont!" he cried to put them right on that point, but though they paused in their game, it was only to laugh at him uproariously. Let the historian use an oath for once; dagont, Tommy had said the swear in the wrong place!

How fond he had been of that word! Many a time he had fired it in the face of Londoners, and the flash had often blinded them and always him. Now he had brought it home, and Thrums would have none of it; it was as if these boys were jeering at their own flag. He tottered away from them until he came to a trance, or passage, where he put his face to the wall and forgot even Elspeth.

He had not noticed a girl pass the mouth of the trance, trying not very successfully to conceal a brandy-bottle beneath her pinafore, but presently he heard shouts, and looking out he saw Grizel, the Painted Lady's child, in the hands of her tormentors. She was unknown to him, of course, but she hit back so courageously that he watched her with interest, until—until suddenly he retreated farther into the trance.

He had seen Elspeth go on her knees, obviously to ask God to stay the hands and tongues of these cruel boys.

Elspeth had disgraced him, he felt. He was done with her forever. If they struck her, serve her right.

Struck her! Struck little Elspeth! His imagination painted the picture with one sweep of its brush. Take care, you boys, Tommy is scudding back.

They had not molested Elspeth as yet. When they saw and heard her praying, they had bent forward, agape, as if struck suddenly in the stomach. Then one of them, Francie Crabb, the golden-haired son of Esther Auld, recovered and began to knead Grizel's back with his fists, less in viciousness than to show that the prayer was futile. Into this scene sprang Tommy, and he thought that Elspeth was the kneaded one. Had he taken time to reflect he would probably have used the Thrums feint, and then in with a left-hander, which is not very efficacious in its own country; but being in a hurry he let out with Shovel's favorite, and down went Francie Crabb.

"Would you!" said Tommy, threateningly, when Francie attempted to rise.

He saw now that Elspeth was untouched, that he had rescued an unknown girl, and it cannot be pretended of him that he was the boy to squire all ladies in distress. In ordinary circumstances he might have left Grizel to her fate, but having struck for her, he felt that he would like to go on striking. He had also the day's disappointments to avenge. It is startling to reflect that the little minister's height, for instance, put an extra kick in him.

So he stood stridelegs over Francie, who whimpered, "I wouldna have struck this ane if that ane hadna prayed for me. It wasna likely I would stand that."

"You shall stand it," replied Tommy, and turning to Elspeth, who had risen from her knees, he said: "Pray away, Elspeth."

Elspeth refused, feeling that there would be something wrong in praying from triumph, and Tommy, about to be very angry with her, had a glorious inspiration. "Pray for yourself," he said to Francie, "and do it out loud."

The other boys saw that a novelty promised, and now Francie need expect no aid from them. At first he refused to pray, but he succumbed when Tommy had explained the consequences and illustrated them.

Tommy dictated: "Oh, God, I am a sinner. Go on."

Francie not only said it, but looked it.

"And I pray to you to repent me, though I ain't worthy," continued Tommy.

"And I pray to you to repent me, though I ain't worthy," growled Francie. (It was the arrival of ain't in Thrums.)

Tommy considered, and then: "I thank Thee, O God," he said, "for telling this girl—this lassie—to pray for me."

Two gentle taps helped to knock this out of Francie.

Being an artist, Tommy had kept his best for the end (and made it up first).

"And lastly," he said, "I thank this boy for thrashing me—I mean this here laddie. Oh, may he allus be near to thrash me when I strike this other lassie again. Amen."

When it was all over Tommy looked around triumphantly, and though he liked the expression on several faces, Grizel's pleased him best. "It ain't no wonder you would like to be me, lassie!" he said, in an ecstasy.

"I don't want to be you, you conceited boy," retorted the Painted Lady's child hotly, and her heat was the greater because the clever little wretch had read her thoughts aright. But it was her sweet voice that surprised him.

"You're English!" he cried.

"So are you," broke in a boy offensively, and then Tommy said to Grizel loftily, "Run away; I'll not let none on them touch you."

"I am not afraid of them," she rejoined, with scorn, "and I shall not let you help me, and I won't run." And run she did not; she walked off leisurely with her head in the air, and her dignity was beautiful, except once when she made the mistake of turning round to put out her tongue.

But, alas! in the end someone ran. If only they had not called him "English." In vain he fired a volley of Scotch; they pretended not to understand it. Then he screamed that he

and Shovel could fight the lot of them. Who was Shovel? they asked, derisively. He replied that Shovel was a bloke who could lick any two of them—and with one hand tied behind his back.

No sooner had he made this proud boast than he went white, and soon two disgraceful tears rolled down his cheeks. The boys saw that for some reason unknown his courage was gone, and even Francie Crabb began to turn up his sleeves and spit upon his hands.

Elspeth was as bewildered as the others, but she slipped her hand into his and away they ran ingloriously, the foe too much astounded to jeer. She sought to comfort him by saying (and it brought her a step nearer womanhood), "You wasn't feared for yourself, you wasn't; you was just feared they would hurt me."

But Tommy sobbed in reply, "That ain't it. I bounced so much about the Thrums folk to Shovel, and now the first day I'm here I heard myself bouncing about Shovel to Thrums folk, and it were that what made me cry. Oh, Elspeth, it's—it's not the same what I thought it would be!"

Nor was it the same to Elspeth, so they sat down by the roadside and cried with their arms round each other, and any passer-by could look who had the heart. But when night came, and they were in their garret bed, Tommy was once more seeking to comfort Elspeth with arguments he disbelieved, and again he succeeded. As usual, too, the make-believe made him happy also.

"Have you forgot," he whispered, "that my mother said as she would come and see us every night in our bed? If yer cries, she'll see as we're terrible unhappy, and that will make her unhappy too."

"Oh, Tommy, is she here now?"

"Whisht! She's here, but they don't like living ones to let on as they knows it."

Elspeth kept closer to Tommy, and with their heads beneath the blankets, so as to stifle the sound, he explained to her how they could cheat their mother. When she understood, he took the blankets off their faces and said in the darkness in a loud voice:

"It's a grand place, Thrums!"

Elspeth replied in a similar voice, "Ain't the town-house just big!"

Said Tommy, almost chuckling, "Oh, the bonny, bonny Auld Licht Kirk!"

Said Elspeth, "Oh, the beauty outside stairs!"

Said Tommy, "The minister is so long!"

Said Elspeth, "The folk is so kind!"

Said Tommy, "Especially the ladies!"

"Oh, I is so happy!" cried Elspeth.

"Me too!" cried Tommy.

"My mother would be so chirpy if she could jest see us!" Elspeth said, quite archly.

"But she canna!" replied Tommy, slyly pinching Elspeth in the rib.

Then they dived beneath the blankets, and the whispering was resumed.

"Did she hear, does yer think?" asked Elspeth.

"Every word," Tommy replied. "Elspeth, we've done her!"

The children knew that remarks of this sort had reference to their mother, of whom he never spoke more directly; indeed he seldom spoke to them at all, and save when he was cooking or giving the kitchen a slovenly cleaning they saw little of him. Monypenny had predicted that their presence must make a new man of him, but he was still unsociable and morose and sat as long as ever at the warping-mill, of which he seemed to have become the silent wheel. Tommy and Elspeth always dropped their voices when they spoke of him, and sometimes when his mill stopped he heard one of them say to the other "Whisht, he's coming!" Though he seldom spoke sharply to them, his face did not lose its loneliness at sight of them. Elspeth was his favorite (somewhat to the indignation of both); they found this out without his telling them or even showing it markedly, and when they wanted to ask anything of him she was deputed to do it, but she did it quavering, and after drawing farther away from him instead of going nearer. A dreary life would have lain before them had they not been sent to school.

There were at this time three schools in Thrums, the chief of them ruled over by the terrible Cathro (called Knuckly when you were a street away from him). It was a famous school, from which a band of three or four or even six marched every autumn to the universities as determined after bursaries as ever were Highlandmen to lift cattle, and for the same reason, that they could not do without.

A very different kind of dominie was Cursing Ballingall, who had been dropped at Thrums by a travelling circus, and first became familiar to the town as, carrying two carpet shoes, two books, a pillow and a saucepan, which were all his belongings, he wandered from manse to manse offering to write sermons for the ministers at circus prices. That scheme failing, he was next seen looking in at windows in search of a canny calling, and eventually he cut one of his braces into a pair of tawse, thus with a single stroke of the knife, making himself a school-master and lop-sided for life. His fee was but a penny a week, "with a bit o' the

CHAPTER XIII

SHOWS HOW TOMMY TOOK CARE OF ELSPETH

THUS the first day passed, and others followed in which women, who had known Jean Myles, did her children kindnesses, but could not do all they would have done, for Aaron forbade them to enter his home though it was begging for a housewife all day. Had Elspeth at the age of six now settled down to domestic duties she would not have been the youngest housekeeper ever known in Thrums, but she was never very good at doing things, only at loving and being loved, and the observant neighbors thought her a backward girl; they forgot, like most people, that service is not necessarily a handicraft. Tommy discovered what they were saying, and to shield Elspeth he took to housewifery with the blind down; but Aaron, entering the kitchen unexpectedly, took the besom from him, saying:

"It's an ill thing for men folk to ken ower muckle about women's work."

"You do it yoursel'," Tommy argued.

"I said men folk," replied Aaron, quietly.

swine when your father kills," and sometimes there were so many pupils on a form that they could only rise as one. During the first half of the scholastic day Ballingall's shouts and pounces were for parents to listen to, but after his dinner of crowdy, which is raw meal and hot water, served in a cogie, or wooden bowl, languor overcame him and he would sleep, having first given out a sum in arithmetic and announced:

"The one as finds out the answer first, I'll give him his licks."

Last comes the Hanky School, which was for the genteel and for the common who contemplated soaring. You were not admitted to it in corduroys or barefooted, nor did you pay weekly; no, your father called four times a year with the money in an envelope. He was shown into the blue-and-white room, and there, after business had been transacted, very nervously on Miss Ailie's part, she offered him his choice between ginger wine and what she falteringly called wh-wh-whiskey. He partook in the polite national manner, which is thus:

"You will take something, Mr. Cortachy?"

"No, I thank you, ma'am."

"A little ginger wine?"

"It agrees ill with me."

"Then a little wh-wh-whiskey?"

"You are ower kind."

"Then may I?"

"I am not heeding."

"Perhaps, though, you don't take?"

"I can take it or want it."

"Is that enough?"

"It will do perfectly."

"Shall I fill it up?"

"As you please, ma'am."

Miss Ailie's relationship to the magerful man may be remembered; she shuddered to think of it herself, for in middle-age she retained the mind of a young girl, but when duty seemed to call, this school-mistress could be brave, and she offered to give Elspeth her schooling free of charge. Like the other two hers was a "mixed" school, but she did not want Tommy, because she had seen him in the square one day, and there was a leer on his face that reminded her of his father.

Another woman was less particular.

This was Mrs. Crabb, of the Tappit Hen, the Esther Auld whom Jean Myles's letters had so frequently sent to bed. Her Francie was still a pupil of Miss Ailie, and still he wore the golden hair, which, despite all advice, she would not crop. It was so beautiful that no common boys could see it without wanting to give it a tug in passing, and partly to prevent them, partly to show how high she had risen in the social scale, Esther usually sent him to school under the charge of her servant lass. She now proposed to Aaron that this duty should devolve on Tommy, and for the service she would pay his fees at the Hanky School.

"We maun all lend a hand to poor Jean's bairns," she said, with a gleam in her eye. "It would hae been weel for her, Aaron, if she had married you."

"Is that all you hae to say?" asked the warper, who had let her enter no farther than the hallan.

"I would expect him to lift Francie ower the pools in wet weather; and it might be as weel if he called him Master Francie."

"Is that all?"

"Ay, I ask no more, for we maun all help Jean's bairns. If she could only look down, Aaron, and see her little velvets, as she called him, lifting my little corduroys ower the pools!"

Aaron flung open the door. "Munt!" he said, and he looked so dangerous that she retired at once. He sent Tommy to Ballingall's, and accepted Miss Ailie's offer for Elspeth, but this was an impossible arrangement, for it was known to the two persons primarily concerned that Elspeth would die if she was not where Tommy was. The few boys he had already begun to know were at Cathro's or Ballingall's, and as they called Miss Ailie's a lassie school he had no desire to attend it, but where he was there also must Elspeth be. Daily he escaped from Ballingall's and hid near the Dovecot, as Miss Ailie's house was called, and every little while he gave vent to Shovel's whistle, so that Elspeth might know of his proximity and be cheered. Thrice was he carried back, kicking, to Ballingall's by urchins sent in pursuit, stern ministers of justice on the first two occasions; but

on the third they made him an offer: if he would hide in Couthie's hen-house they were willing to look for him everywhere else for two hours.

Tommy's behavior seemed beautiful to the impressionable Miss Ailie, but it infuriated Aaron, and on the fourth day he set off for the parish school, meaning to put the truant in the hands of Cathro, from whom there was no escape. Vainly had Elspeth implored him to let Tommy come to the Dovecot, and vainly apparently was she trotting at his side now, looking up appealingly in his face. But when they reached the gate of the parish school-yard he walked past it because she was tugging him, and always when he seemed about to turn she took his hand again, and he seemed to have lost the power to resist Jean Myles's bairn. So they came to the Dovecot, and Miss Ailie gained a pupil who had been meant for Cathro. Tommy's arms were stronger than Elspeth's, but they could not have done as much for him that day.

Thus did the two children enter upon the genteel career, to the indignation of the other boys and girls of Monypenny, all of whom were commoners.

CHAPTER XIV

THE HANKY SCHOOL

THE Dovecot was a prim little cottage standing back from the steepest brae in Thrums and hidden by high garden walls, to the top of which another boy's shoulders were, for apple-lovers, but one step up. Jargonelle trees grew against the house, stretching their arms round it as if to measure its girth, and it was also remarkable for several "dumb" windows with the most artful blinds painted on them. Miss Ailie's fruit was famous, but she loved her flowers best, and for long a notice board in her garden said, appealingly: "Persons who come to steal the fruit are requested not to walk on the flower-beds." It was that old bachelor, Dr. McQueen, who suggested this inscription to her, and she could never under-

stand why he chuckled every time he read it.

There were six rooms in the house, seven if you included the pantry (and Miss Ailie's maid, Gavinia, always included it), but only two were of public note, the school-room, which was downstairs, and the blue-and-white room above. The school-room was so long that it looked very low in the ceiling, and it had a carpet, and on the walls were texts as well as maps. Miss Ailie's desk was in the middle of the room, and there was another desk in a corner; a cloth had been hung over it, as one covers a cage to send the bird to sleep. Perhaps Miss Ailie thought that a bird had once sung there, for this had been the desk of her sister, Miss Kitty, who died years before Tommy came to Thrums. Dainty Miss Kitty, Miss Kitty with the roguish curls, it is strange to think that you are dead, and that only Miss Ailie hears you singing now at your desk in the corner! Miss Kitty never sang there, but the playful ringlets were once the bright thing in the room, and Miss Ailie sees them still, and they are a song to her.

The pupils had to bring handkerchiefs to the Dovecot, which led to its being called the Hanky School, and in time these handkerchiefs may be said to have assumed a religious character, though their purpose was merely to protect Miss Ailie's carpet. She opened each scholastic day by reading fifteen verses from the Bible, and then she said, sternly, "Hankies!" whereupon her pupils whipped out their handkerchiefs, spread them on the floor and kneeled on them while Miss Ailie repeated the Lord's Prayer. School closed at four o'clock, again with hankies.

Only on great occasions were the boys and girls admitted to the blue-and-white room, when they were given shortbread, but had to eat it with their heads flung back so that no crumbs should fall. Nearly everything in this room was blue or white, or both. There were white blinds and blue curtains, a blue table-cover and a white crumb-cloth, a white sheepskin with a blue footstool on it, blue chairs dotted with white buttons. Only white flowers came into this room, where there were blue vases for them,

not a book was to be seen without a blue alpaca cover. Here Miss Ailie received visitors in her white with the blue braid, and enrolled new pupils in blue ink with a white pen. Some laughed at her, others remembered that she must have something to love after Miss Kitty died.

Miss Ailie had her romance, as you may hear by and by, but you would not have thought it as she came forward to meet you in the blue-and-white room, trembling lest your feet had brought in mud, but too much a lady to ask you to stand on a newspaper, as she would have liked dearly to do. She was somewhat beyond middle-age, and stoutly, even squarely, built, which gave her a masculine appearance; but she had grown so timid since Miss Kitty's death that when she spoke you felt that either her figure or her manner must have been intended for someone else. In conversation she had a way of ending a sentence in the middle which gave her a reputation of being "thro'ther," though an artificial tooth was the cause. It was slightly loose, and had she not at times shut her mouth suddenly, and then done something with her tongue, an accident might have happened. This tooth fascinated Tommy, and once when she was talking he cried, excitedly, "Quick, it's coming!" whereupon her mouth snapped close, and she turned pink in the blue-and-white room.

Nevertheless Tommy became her favorite, and as he had taught himself to read, after a fashion, in London, where his lesson-books were chiefly placards and the journal subscribed to by Shovel's father, she often invited him after school hours to the blue-and-white room, where he sat on a kitchen chair (with his boots off), and read aloud, very slowly, while Miss Ailie knitted. The volume was from the Thrums Book Club, of which Miss Ailie was one of the twelve members. Each member contributed a book every year, and as their tastes in literature differed, all sorts of books came into the club, and there was one member who invariably gave a romance. He was double-chinned and forty, but the school-mistress called him the dashing young banker, and for months she avoided his dangerous con-

tribution. But always there came a black day when a desire to read the novel seized her, and she hurried home with it beneath her rokelay. This year the dashing banker's choice was a lady's novel called "I Love My Love with an A," and it was a frivolous tale, those being before the days of the new fiction with its grand discovery that women have an equal right with men to grow beards. The hero had such a way with him and was so young (Miss Ailie could not stand them a day more than twenty) that the school-mistress was enraptured and scared at every page, but she fondly hoped that Tommy did not understand. However, he discovered one day what something printed thus, "D—n," meant, and he immediately said the word with such unction that Miss Ailie let fall her knitting. She would have ended the readings then had not Agatha been at that point in the arms of an officer who, Miss Ailie felt almost certain, had a wife in India, and so how could she rest till she knew for certain? To track the officer by herself was not to be thought of, to read without knitting being such shameless waste of time, and it was decided to resume the readings on a revised plan: Tommy to say "stroke" in place of the "D—ns," and "word we have no concern with" instead of "Darling" and "Little One."

Miss Ailie was not the only person at the Dovecot who admired Tommy. Though in duty bound, as young patriots, to jeer at him for having been born in the wrong place, the pupils of his own age could not resist the charm of his reminiscences; even Gav Dishart, a son of the manse, listened attentively to him. His great topic was his birthplace, and whatever happened in Thrums, he instantly made contemptible by citing something of the same kind, but on a larger scale, that had happened in London; he turned up his nose almost farther than was safe when they said Catlaw was a stiff mountain to climb. ("Oh, Gav, if you just saw the London mountains!") Snow! why they didn't know what snow was in Thrums. If they could only see St. Paul's or Hyde Park or Shovel! he couldn't help laughing at Thrums, he couldn't—Larfing, he said at first, but in a short time his

Scotch was better than theirs, though less unconscious. His English was better also, of course, and you had to speak in a kind of English when inside the Hanky School; you got your revenge at "minutes." On the whole, Tommy irritated his fellow-pupils a good deal, but they found it difficult to keep away from him.

He also contrived to enrage the less genteel boys of Monypenny. Their leader was Corp Shiach, three years Tommy's senior, who had never been inside a school except once, when he broke hopefully into Ballingall's because of a stirring rumor (nothing in it) that the dominie had hangit himself with his remaining brace; then in order of merit came Birkie Fleemister; then, perhaps, the smith's family, called the Haggerty-Taggartys, they were such slovens. When school was over Tommy frequently stepped out of his boots and stockings, so that he no longer looked offensively genteel, and then Monypenny was willing to let him join in spyo, smuggle bools, kickbonnety, peeries, the preens, pilly, or whatever game was in season, even to the baiting of the Painted Lady, but they would not have Elspeth, who should have been content to play dumps with the female Haggerty-Taggartys, but could enjoy no game of which Tommy was not the larger half. Many times he deserted her for manlier joys, but though she was out of sight he could not forget her longing face, and soon he sneaked off to her; he upbraided her, but he stayed with her. They bore with him for a time, but when they discovered that she had persuaded him (after prayer) to put back the spug's eggs which he had brought home in triumph, then they drove him from their company, and for a long time afterward his deadly enemy was the hard-hitting Corp Shiach.

Elspeth was not invited to attend the readings of "I Love My Love with an A," perhaps because there were so many words in it that she had no concern with, but she knew they ended as the eight-o'clock bell began to ring, and it was her custom to meet Tommy a few yards from Aaron's door. Farther she durst not venture in the gloaming

through fear of the Painted Lady, for Aaron's house was not far from the fearsome lane that led to Double Dykes, and even the big boys who made faces at this woman by day ran from her in the dusk. Creepy tales were told of what happened to those on whom she cast a blighting eye before they could touch cold iron, and Tommy was one of many who kept a bit of cold iron from the smithy handy in his pocket. On his way home from the readings he never had occasion to use it, but at these times he sometimes met Grizel, who liked to do her shopping in the evenings when her persecutors were more easily eluded, and he forced her to speak to him. Not her loneliness appealed to him, but that look of admiration she had given him when he was astride of Francie Crabb. For such a look he could pardon many rebuffs; without it no praise greatly pleased him; he was always on the outlook for it.

"I warrant," he said to her one evening, "you would like to have some man-body to take care of you the way I take care of Elspeth."

"No, I don't," she replied, promptly.

"Would you no like somebody to love you?"

"Do you mean kissing?" she asked.

"There's better things in it than that," he said, guardedly; "but if you want kissing, I—I—Elspeth'll kiss you."

"Will she want to do it?" inquired Grizel, a little wistfully.

"I'll make her do it," Tommy said.

"I don't want her to do it," cried Grizel, and he could not draw another word from her. However he was sure she thought him a wonder, and when next they met he challenged her with it.

"Do you not now?"

"I won't tell you," answered Grizel, who was never known to lie.

"You think I'm a wonder," Tommy persisted, "but you dinna want me to know you think it."

Grizel rocked her arms, a quaint way she had when excited, and she blurted out, "How do you know?"

The look he liked had come back to her face, but he had no time to enjoy it, for just then Elspeth appeared, and Elspeth's jealousy was easily aroused.

"I dinna ken you, lassie," he said coolly to Grizel, and left her stamping her foot at him. She decided never to speak to Tommy again, but the next time they met he took her into the Den and taught her how to fight.

It is painful to have to tell that Miss Ailie was the person who provided him with the opportunity. In the readings they arrived one evening at the scene in the conservatory, which has not a single stroke in it, but is so full of words we have no concern with that Tommy reeled home blinking, and next day so disgracefully did he flounder in his lessons that the gentle school mistress cast up her arms in despair.

"I don't know what to say to you," she exclaimed.

"Fine I know what you want to say," he retorted, and unfortunately she asked, "What?"

"Stroke!" he replied, leering horribly.

"I Love My Love with an A" was returned to the club forthwith (whether he really did have a wife in India Miss Ailie never knew) and "Judd on the Shorter Catechism" took its place. But mark the result. The readings ended at a quarter to eight now, at twenty to eight, at half-past seven, and so Tommy could loiter on the way home without arousing Elspeth's suspicion. One evening he saw Grizel cutting her way through the Haggerty-Taggerty group, and he offered to come to her aid if she

would say "Help me." But she refused.

When, however, the Haggerty-Taggertys were gone she condescended to say, "I shall never, never ask you to help me, but - if you like - you can show me how to hit without biting my tongue."

"I'll learn you Shovel's curly anes," replied Tommy, cordially, and he adjourned with her to the Den for that purpose. He said he chose the Den so that Corp Shiach and the others might not interrupt them, but it was Elspeth he was thinking of.

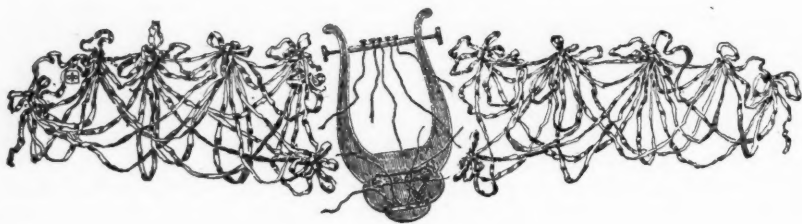
"You are like Miss Ailie with her cane when she is pandying," he told Grizel. "You begin well, but you slacken just when you are going to hit."

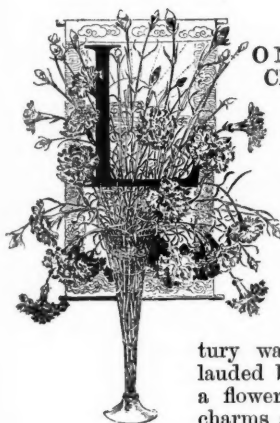
"It is because my hand opens," Grizel said.

"And then it ends in a shove," said her mentor, severely. "You should close your fists like this, with the thumbs inside, and then play dab, this way, that way, yon way. That's what Shovel calls, 'You want it, take it, you've got it.'"

Thus did the hunted girl get her first lesson in scientific warfare in the Den, and neither she nor Tommy saw the pathos of it. Other lessons followed, and during the rests Grizel told Tommy all that she knew about herself. He had won her confidence at last by—by swearing dagont that he was English also.

(To be continued.)



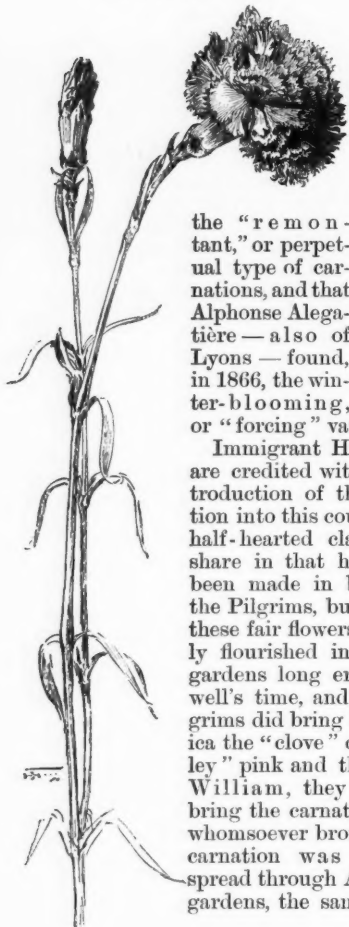


LONG before the Christian era the Carnation had become established as a fixed type of special differentiation from the small, single *Dianthus* of the Mediterranean region, and as early as the second century was described and lauded by Dioscorides as a flower of surpassing charms and virtues, justly the favorite of fashion in Greece and Rome. Always delightful in form, color, and fragrance, its wayward tendency to "sport"—producing from each seed a plant the bloom of which might be like unto no other of its kind—precluded the possibility of perpetuating any distinct varieties, and for many centuries its cultivators seem to have simply amused themselves with its infinite diversity, seeking to effect no other improvement than increase of its size. In 1613 they had attained a strain of carnations that frequently were three-

and-a-half inches in diameter. Generally, those big flowers were variegated, though occasionally of pure single colors, and their range of tints, according to the records, was even more comprehensive than at present. There were blue carnations in 1700, and, as there have always been yellow ones, who can now affirm that blends of those primaries did not produce natural greens centuries before perverted taste employed aniline dyes to create such ghastly mockeries of nature?

About 1750 some of the leading floriculturists of France undertook "breeding off" the fringe of the carnation's petals. Their endeavor has been patiently continued by successive generations, down to the present time, and, as they have already, in merely a century and a half, progressed so far as to get erose petals instead of fringed ones, they are greatly encouraged to hope that, in a few centuries more, smooth round petals, like those of the rose, may be obtained. Meanwhile, they have picked up incidental prizes of perhaps greater value than that for which they have striven. It was while in pursuit of the elusive round petal that Dalmais—a Lyons gardener—discovered, fifty years ago,

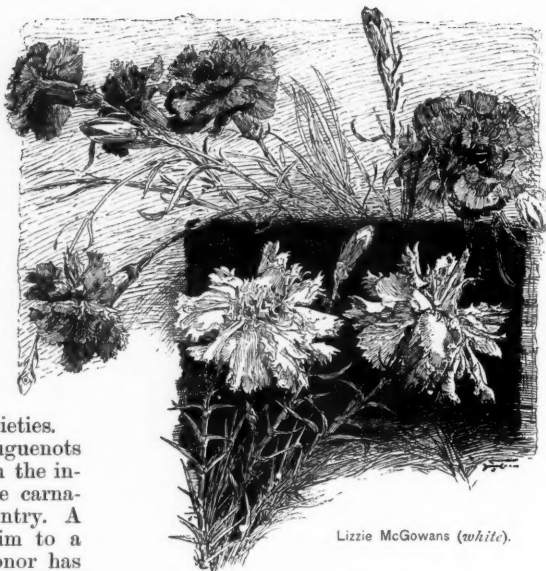
The Meteor (*crimson*).



the "remon-
tant," or perpet-
ual type of car-
nations, and that
Alphonse Alega-
tière — also of
Lyons — found,
in 1866, the win-
ter-blooming,
or "forcing" varieties.

Immigrant Huguenots
are credited with the in-
troduction into this country. A
half-hearted claim to a
share in that honor has
been made in behalf of
the Pilgrims, but though
these fair flowers certainly
flourished in English
gardens long ere Crom-
well's time, and the Pil-
grims did bring to Amer-
ica the "clove" or "Pais-
ley" pink and the Sweet
William, they did not
bring the carnation. By
whomsoever brought, the
carnation was widely
spread through American
gardens, the same freak-

Portias (*scarlet*).



Lizzie McGowans (*white*).

ish but ever lovable summer-blooming
beauty it was in the days of Diosco-
rides, long before our professional flori-
culturists attempted the cultivation of
its "forcing" varieties.

Zeller and Dailedouze, of Flatbush,
L. I., were the earliest to undertake the
growing of some of the Alegatière var-
ieties of winter-blooming carnations, and
their example was soon followed by
Thomas Seal and Charles T. Starr, of
Pennsylvania, and John Brightmeyer,
of Detroit.

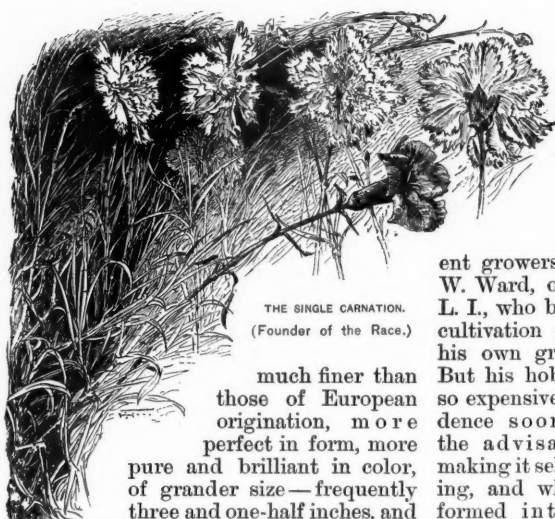
Up to eight years ago there were not,
in all the United States, more than half
a dozen men who knew much about
carnation culture, and, even among
those who essayed it, little disposition
existed for any considerable investment
of time, labor, or capital in development
of its possibilities. Consequently, our
winter-bloomed carnations generally
were second-rate flowers, poor in tints,
small, short-stemmed and ragged look-
ing by reason of their bursted calyces.
Suddenly there dawned a new era, in
which, within half a decade, has been ac-
complished more improvement in Amer-
ican carnations than was achieved in all
the time preceding, since their introduc-
tion into the country.

American hybrids have been produced,



The Meteor (*crimson*).

Eldorados (*Yellow Picotee*).



THE SINGLE CARNATION.
(Founder of the Race.)

much finer than those of European origination, more perfect in form, more pure and brilliant in color, of grander size—frequently three and one-half inches, and occasionally attaining even five inches in diameter—on full-foliaged stems twelve to thirty inches long and with calyces that did not burst. The credit for such success is due to a few enterprising, skilful, and indefatigable cultivators, the principal among whom were Joseph Tailby and Sewell Fisher, of Framingham, Mass.; Charles T. Starr, of Avondale, and William Swain, of Kennett Square, Pa.; W. P. Simmons, of Geneva, O.; C. W. Ward and John Thorpe, of Queen's, L. I.; and, most prominently, to Frederick Dörner, of Lafayette, Ind. The latter gentleman has devoted almost exclusive attention to the carnation, giving more care and a greater range of glass to the growing of hybrid seedlings than anybody else cared to bestow upon such a precarious and problematic venture, but found his reward in the production of a greater number of meritorious new varieties than any other individual grower in the world has discovered. "William Scott," "Meteor," "Bridesmaid," "Albertina," "Storm King," "Uncle John," "Richmond," and "Stuart," all are Dörner hybrids in high favor with carnation lovers at present, and the American Carnation Society's register for 1895 shows no less than thirty-five new varieties, including those named, of his production.

One of the most extensive of the pres-

The Storm King (*snow white*).



ent growers is Mr. C. W. Ward, of Queen's, L. I., who began their cultivation simply for his own gratification. But his hobby proved so expensive that prudence soon dictated the advisability of making it self-supporting, and when transformed into a business, it grew to great dimensions.

Other leading hybridizers and culturists are E. G. Hill, of Richmond, Ind.; J. A. May, of Summit, N. J.; Dailledouze Bros., of Flatbush, L. I.; W. R. Shelmire, of Avondale, Pa.; and E. Lonsdale, of Chestnut Hill, Pa.

In October, 1891, the American Carnation Society was organized, which now has a large membership scattered all over the United



The Storm King (*snow white*).

States, and takes in not only professional growers but lovers of the carnation generally. It has certain practical purposes, such as the interchange of cultural experiences, systematic direction of experiment for commonly desired ends, diffusion of knowledge about carnation diseases, testing and introduction of new varieties, etc., but the phase of its activities in which the public are most interested is the display annually made under the society's direction. Thus far it has had four exhibitions, in Buffalo, Pittsburgh, Indianapolis, and Boston. The fifth was held in New York, and opened on February 11, 1896. The one in Boston brought out more fine carnations, in a greater number of varieties, than had ever been seen together in any part of the world; but the entries for competition in the New York display were double those of Boston and represented some fifteen hundred American and European growers.

Exact apportionment of carnations into classes must always be impracticable, so infinite are their diversifications and ill-defined the lines between them. Even the broad, general division into summer- and winter-blooming varieties is believed to be more dependent upon the plant's capacity for accommodating itself to circumstances than based upon any fixed inherency of natural habit in specified varieties. The English system of classification by color only is necessarily indefinite and unsatisfactory. In France the lines are drawn more upon use and habit of growth, but even in the seven divisions made by the French, the "Malmaison" and "Marguerite" types have no place. The American classification is perhaps most serviceable and nearest to precision. It gives, as the divisions, "Grenadins" (single flowers, generally dark, grown for perfume-making mostly), "Border sorts" (used for out-door cultivation), "Malmaisons" (sturdy plants, bearing enormous fragrant flowers, pink or red, suitable for out-door growth, yet admitting of successful forcing, but with the common vice of bursting the calyx); "Forcing," or "Bench" carnations (grown for winter-blooming), and "Marguerites" (the semi-dwarf Italian type,

suitable only for garden cultivation, which blooms in five or six months from the seed).

All the remarkable progress made here in the development of the carnation has been, until very lately, in those of



William Scotts (*light, clear pink*).

the "forcing" class, and so long as culture is necessarily influenced by financial considerations, this limitation will prevail to a very great extent. In three years the varieties of carnations deemed worthy of registration by the American Carnation Society increased

from 420 to 562, and they all were in the "forcing" class. Recently, some enterprising growers have commenced giving part of their attention to improvement in the "border" class, but between one sort of flowers in bloom at

enrich our American gardens with "remontant" varieties, equalling in beauty those we already have in the winter-blooming class.

So popular in New York now are carnations that the consumption each winter exceeds fifteen millions of the cut flowers, and demand is ever ahead of supply in all the choice varieties and high grades thereof, at steadily advancing prices. The graceful loveliness of the flower, its delightful, spicy fragrance, and its quality of durability, in which it is far ahead of the rose, or indeed any other floral favorite, endear it to everyone. And, as even the poorest carnations brought to market now are such as would have been deemed fine a few years ago, nice discrimination is requisite to select the costly flowers that, by a slight superiority in size, perfection of form and color, beauty of foliage and length of stems are worthy to challenge the fastidious taste of the society belle, and prescribe those that for almost imperceptible lack in either of those particulars shall go to make glad the heart of the shop-girl, at a price within her means.

Luck is not a reliable factor in the difficult problem of carnation culture. It demands exhaustive knowledge of the habits, requirements, and diseases of the plant, unceasing watchfulness, and unremitting labor the year through. Even when all is done that seems possible to merit success, the grower is liable to the exasperation of finding that particular varieties, upon which he may have based his most sanguine expectations, obstinately refuse to flourish under his care. Almost every carnation culturist knows varieties that he "simply cannot raise" and neither he, nor anybody else, can tell the reason why. Of course, there must be something lacking, in soil, water, air, or treatment, which they require, but it seems as if they were capable of taking offence at him, or his surroundings, and preferring death, or at least unproductive life, to endurance of the association.

The methods used in carnation culture are both instructive and interesting. Cuttings are taken, at any time between September and May, from the most vigorous plants on the greenhouse



Bridesmaids (bright pink).

a season when they will only sell for a shilling a handful, and another sort produced when they are likely to command two dollars per dozen, it is not difficult to imagine which will most interest the professional gardener. At the same time, fortune awaits the man who will



Alaskas (snow white).

benches, and rooted in sand. In four or five weeks they are ready to be transferred to small pots, or boxes, of suitably prepared earth, and in these are grown on until about the first of April.

By the end of May they have been set out in the open field, in thoroughly pulverized and well-fertilized ground, and there are carefully tilled until autumn. As they grow tall, their tops are pinched off to make them sturdier and multiply their flowering stems, and all buds that appear are plucked off to husband their strength for the winter's blooming. Meanwhile, the old earth on the greenhouse benches is all replaced by fresh soil, the proper mixture and ripening of which has taken a year; and every square inch of the greenhouse structure is carefully cleansed and treated with chemicals, to kill the spores of fungi and exterminate insect enemies.

By the latter part of August the little "cuttings" will have expanded into vigorous "stocky" plants, each with a spread of from nine to twelve inches, and be ready for transplanting to the greenhouse benches. But before they are allowed to go there, each must be carefully examined for indications of disease. The plants, as taken from the ground, are carried upon big wooden trays to a table at one corner of the field, where every leaf is carefully inspected. The presence of a minute speck, a mere dot of brown or red color, shows the plant infected by the fatal fungus known as "rust," or the scarcely less dreaded "spot," while a pretty yellowish mottling betrays "bacterial disease," and in either case the whole plant goes at once to the fire. It seems hard, having to burn from one to five thousand plants, upon



Daybreaks (flesh pink).

which so much labor and care has been expended, merely on account of almost microscopic spots on their foliage, blemishes that nine times out of ten would escape notice by an untrained eye; but the magnitude of those spots is no measure of the mischief they indicate. The plants so marked are already doomed to death, as sure as by fire, for their tissues are pervaded by destructive fungi or bacteria; and though they might live and even bloom through the winter, they would be fountains of infection constantly for other plants, through the dispersion of spores from those spots, which would rapidly increase in number.

The plants that pass inspection are set shallowly on the benches, in rich soil four inches deep, at distances apart varying from 9×12 inches to 12×12 inches, according to their size and known habits of growth, which in different varieties vary greatly.

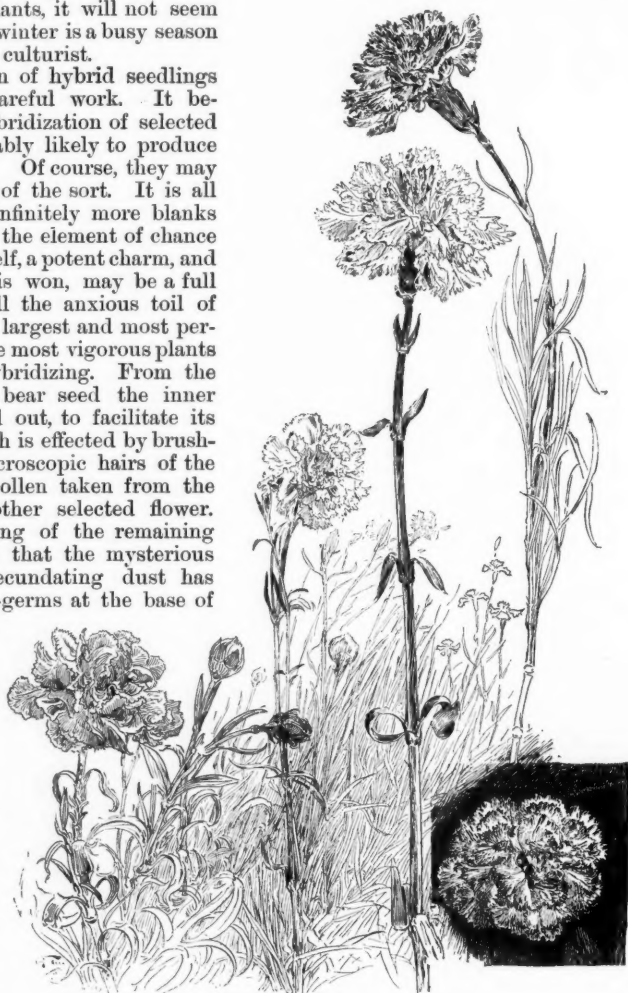
Root action starts very quickly among the benched plants, and in from four to six weeks they are in bloom. Twenty good flowers are considered a fair average yield from a plant, though some may produce a hundred. The number is, of course, reduced by "disbudding" much below what could be got if the plant were allowed to mature all the flowers it starts; but better flowers and longer stems are obtained when only the terminal buds are permitted to bloom. Three tiers of wire supports must be supplied to the plants during their growth, which continues until they are two or three feet high.

Every plant must be inspected daily, in order that any showing disease may be discovered, rooted out, and burned at once, and chemicals, supposedly preventive of disease, are frequently ap-

plied. Liquid fertilizers are given as required two or three times a week. The plants must be liberally showered daily, at such hours as will enable the drying of their foliage before night-fall, and temperature must be carefully regulated day and night. When to all these cares are added the cutting and packing of flowers for the market, and the taking of cuttings for the next year's stock of plants, it will not seem improbable that winter is a busy season for the carnation culturist.

The cultivation of hybrid seedlings demands very careful work. It begins with the hybridization of selected varieties presumably likely to produce desirable crosses. Of course, they may not do anything of the sort. It is all a lottery, with infinitely more blanks than prizes; but the element of chance involved is, in itself, a potent charm, and the prize, if one is won, may be a full recompense for all the anxious toil of securing it. The largest and most perfect flowers on the most vigorous plants are chosen for hybridizing. From the one selected to bear seed the inner petals are pulled out, to facilitate its fertilization, which is effected by brushing, upon the microscopic hairs of the exposed pistil, pollen taken from the anther of the other selected flower. The speedy closing of the remaining petals evidences that the mysterious energy of the fecundating dust has reached the seed-germs at the base of the pistil, and the careful hybridizer, having marked the impregnated flower with a little numbered tag, records the cross effected in a book kept for that purpose. Later on more related entries will follow; the number of seeds obtained from that cross; how many of them germinated and produced plants; where

the plants were potted and benched; where they were located in the field; the exact spaces to which they were transplanted for blooming; the number and quality of flowers they severally produced, etc., with casual remarks at various points along the chain of experiment, and a bewildering expansion of the record as the plants severally



The Jumbo. Malmaison seedling (reddish crimson).

The Goldfinch (Yellow Picotee).

The Samson (white ground, striped and edged with pink).

The Helen Keller (variegated, white ground).

emerge from the multitude of seedlings and attain individuality.

Last year one well-known grower made one hundred and twenty-five crosses. Some of the thousands of seeds planted failed to germinate; weak plants were thrown out; diseases carried off a certain portion, and the final outcome was about a thousand plants brought to the test of bloom. Out of a thousand seedlings allowed to bear their first flowers in the field, one hundred may be found deserving of further trial on the benches, but it is probable that not more than ten will be sufficiently promising. And, as they will be uprooted if they develop any faults in blooming, possibly none of them will be left in the spring. But should any remain apparently worthy of a second year's trial, their propagation by cuttings in the ordinary way would ensue, and all summer a close watch would be kept upon their habits of growth. In autumn the one or two dozens of the most vigorous plants of the new sorts under observation would be benched for the ordeal of a second winter's flowering. After all, the patient grower could deem himself exceptionally fortunate if he had found one new variety worthy of any further attention. Should he do so, his next serious task would be to obtain a sufficient stock of it for effective introduction to carnation specialists.

Each plant would afford from twenty to thirty cuttings for the third year's trial. Even then, he might discover some good reason for discarding it. But supposing he does not, he cannot, before the third or fourth year, have a large enough quantity of it to put upon the market. And, after all, a compensative return for his outlay of labor, time, and money—winter cultivation under glass being expensive—is by no means certain. It would not be strange if he were to abandon this game of chance, but it seems to have a fascination that, once felt, becomes irresistible. And it is like a serial novel, artfully constructed, so that there is no good point for the reader to break off. Just when the grower is most disgusted with the failures of one season, the new crop of seedlings most bright-

ly smile their promise of hope for the next.

Carnations soon wither, if sent to market immediately after being cut. They are therefore taken from the plants the day before they are to be sent away and given twenty-four hours in a cool cellar, with their stems plunged deep in clear cold water. This hardens them, so that they will last for days in the hands of purchasers. Indeed, carnations shipped across the ocean, from Long Island greenhouses, have been worn to the opera in London and Paris, still fresh, beautiful, and fragrant. The finest flowers are packed loose, like long-stemmed roses, in boxes—two hundred in each box. Others are put up in bunches of twenty-five, with a little printed tag attached to each bunch, specifying the variety and grade of the flowers and the name of the grower. This tag is a recent device, intended to not only afford a guarantee to the buyer, but to establish in his mind a close association between the names of individual growers and the quality of flowers they severally produce. It is expected that this will give such a market value to reputation as will stimulate production of even better flowers than at present. "Grading" classes the flowers into "thirds," "seconds," "firsts," "extras," and "fancies," according to a standard agreed upon by the leading floriculturists who constitute the co-operative "New York Cut Flower Co." The "fancies" must be, in all respects, of the highest attainable quality; hence they are necessarily few in number, and command prices often far out of proportion to those of other grades.

From Long Island, New Jersey, Connecticut, and a little way up the Hudson, come the fifteen millions of carnations sold each winter in the New York market. Probably seventy-five per cent. of the finer grades of them are handled by the corporation of associated leading growers already named, which has fine warerooms on Twenty-third Street near Sixth Avenue. Many also reach the retailers through the middle-men on Twenty-eighth Street. Some small growers still peddle their flowers in baskets among the florists' stores, as

they used to a dozen years ago, but more of them meet their patrons at a market they have established on Thirty-fourth Street.

The aristocratic retail shops on Broadway, Fifth Avenue, and Madison Avenue manage to secure pretty nearly all the "extra" and "fancy" grade flowers, however they get to town. The next best go to the florists on Third, Sixth, and Columbus Avenues and the uptown cross streets. The cheapest are bought by the street-venders, who are nearly all Greeks, though some Hebrews and a few German women have entered into competition with them. Not infrequently, when in the height of the productive season, a day's sup-

ply exceeds the demands of the stores, excellent flowers, even "firsts," get into the hands of the venders.

So highly does the carnation rank now in fashionable regard, that the especial favorites of fortune—those who can afford to have the things most people are only able to wish for—do not permit themselves to be dependent upon the market for supply, but grow their own. The Vanderbilts, Goulds, and a number of other rich persons in the vicinity of New York have greenhouses devoted exclusively to forcing carnations, buying their stock of plants in autumn, ready for the benches, from the best varieties in the hands of professional growers.



The Benches in a Carnation House, where there are about 80,000 Flowers in Various Stages of Development.

SARASATE

By M. L. van Vorst

SWEET Music, lend thyself unto my dream,
Low, melting tones and faint, shrill cries,
Now thrilling as the voice of love,
Now weak as some small wave that breaks and dies
There at our feet. . . .
My very soul seems to take wing and rise,
As, stirred by all these subtle harmonies,
First I am fain to laugh with happiness,
And then most tender tears spring to my eyes,
Strange, long quiet feelings stir and move.
Half faint with the warm flood of memories
Of dear days drifted on so far I thought
They never could come singing back to bless
My barren Now: I lie upon the stream
Of sweet delight, as on some summer day
We hear the splash against the shallop's side,
And see the sunlight in the lilies caught,
And green banks slipping by us, the slow tide
Carrying us on.

With rise and fall of these rare cadences
That seems no human hand or thing of wood
Could call to utterance, the Past, like a flood
Comes surging back my Now to bless.
I hear the gentle splashing of the stream
And singing words of love my silence greet;
I hear the thin fine music in a dream
Of memories strange and sweet.

FLORENTINE VILLAS

By Lee Bacon

WHEN Hawthorne wrote, "It would only be a kind of despair that would ever make me dream of finding a home in Italy," I do not think he could have seen the belt of beautiful country houses or villas which not only surround Florence, but are to be found on hundreds of Tuscan hills.

With all reverence, it could be said that God appears to have made these hills for just the use to which man has put them; each hill or eminence is broken into a score of smaller ones.

In a comparatively small circuit there are innumerable commanding sites to

suit all uses and tastes. There are upward of five hundred villas or country houses upon the official list, some noted for age and their connection with historic personages and events, some for the beauty of their gardens, others for a specially extended view; others have been the homes of men of letters, of great architects, painters, sculptors, statesmen, historians, and philosophers.

The Tuscans have ever been a stay-at-home people. They are in their towns during the winter; at their villas, of which they often own three to six, during the spring and autumn; at their

baths, seashore, and among their Apennines for the warmest months. They ask of themselves and others, "Why go away when all men come to us?" Many live and die without leaving Tuscany.

The history of the villas is hard to trace, for the names are changed with successive owners.* An Italian warned me not to call a villa by the name of a former owner, as it would suggest or imply that the present incumbent had not paid for it.

Many of them are not simple country places or homes on the hills, but are palaces and have been fortresses. They are of proportions and on a scale hard to understand from our nineteenth-century utilitarian stand-point. The dignity and magnificence of the great public buildings are repeated on a smaller scale. The halls are imposing, the rooms are vast, the ceilings are oft-times vaulted, and the walls are many feet thick.

Each contains from forty to several hundred rooms. From the exterior they do not always give an idea of the beauty within. They are often long and low—not more than two and a half stories, and set well upon their hilly sites. Some are grim and venerable, others gay and smiling. Some are castellated with towers, others are in plain straight lines, and almost Greek in form. They are of stone and brick generally overlaid with plaster, smooth or encrusted with pebbles; all are dignified, with cellars and outbuildings made to last forever. Generation follows generation, but time leaves little impress upon the villas, whose floors even are of cement, brick, or tiles. Many which now have but one great tower had three or four in centuries gone by. A large Italian family, if they so desire, can live in their south and east rooms all winter, and in summer can migrate to those in the north and west. Again, in other cases, the ground floor is unused during the cold months, and the upper rooms during the heated term. The dining-halls are often of such size that forty to sixty chairs can be ranged against the

four walls; and almost each villa of importance has its own chapel. There are sometimes several interior courts, surrounded with arcaded porticos, as at Petraia and Careggi. Some of the courts have fountains and beds of flowers, while others have old wells, which recall the time when each man could stand a siege within his own villa walls.

Varied as is the architecture and surroundings, there are one or two points of resemblance. It is noticeable that few are approached—as is the case with so many English homes—through avenues or stately rows of trees, for the original roads ran immediately under the villa windows. Often a great house was built from one side of the road to the other, the way running through the house, or under an arch across which the villa was built. This invariable point of resemblance is less noticeable now that many of the roads have been changed and pass farther off and away from the principal buildings.

The points of resemblance are few, the variety is infinite. On one façade a Maréchal Neil rose climbs to the third story, and is covered with golden bloom the whole spring through; at another villa the sun steals in and lights up the picturesque corner of an old court, and touches into life the "*stemma*" of a family long since run out; at another old home a Virgin and Child, by Luca della Robbia, appear to be the presiding spirits of the present as well as the past; at another an unexpected vista from a *loggia* hanging from the top of a garden wall shows the glory of the sun setting in rays of gold on the winding Arno and on the complete group, that all know so well—the Duomo, Campanile, Badia, and far-away San Miniato. Yet again the gentle flow of a fountain, by Tribolo or Jean de Bologna, would soothe the nerves of the most overwrought nature; in still another a great stair gives a majesty to an interior which recalls the proud Medici; again, the glimpse of walls, lookout, and battlements brings to mind skirmishes which have been lost and won by a people who knew no fear and no pity. The same people who, in spite of having the motto, "Jesus Christ is King of Florence," over the door of

*The writer acknowledges indebtedness for certain dates concerning transfer of property to Signor Carocci's volume, entitled "I dintorni di Firenze."

their great Palazzo Vecchio, grew tired of any way but their own way, which on one occasion was to hang the corpse of an offender from the same palace window, where it remained until flesh and bones were dried by the wind and scorched by the sun.

Many of these homes have now passed into the hands of foreigners; Russians, Germans, English, and Americans own much land about Florence. This has arisen from the need for retrenchment in many of the old Tuscan families.

Ah! the lovely life of an Italian villa. The winds' blow cold, to be sure; trees wave and rock as the winds sigh through them; if one season is not all it can be, the other is.

The villas in the Fiesole direction are among the most interesting. On this hill was a chain of castellated villas joined by high, strong walls; all traces of these walls have disappeared. This is the region of which Dante wrote, of which Milton, Boccaccio, Petrarch, Hallam, Landor, Galileo, Leigh Hunt, and the Brownings wrote and sung. The more we see and know these hill-homes, the more interesting they become. Nowhere in the world can just such another *entourage* be found, all, with one exception, within easy walking distance of one of the time-honored Florence gates.

The farthest one off is Poggio a Caiano. The word "poggio" means a hill. Poggio a Caiano was once the castle or home of the chancellors of Pistoia, but was sold to Lorenzo the Magnificent, under whose direction it began to grow, and to assume its present proportions. Caiano is an oblong, spreading villa, raised upon a colonnade which supports a broad stone portico extending around the four sides, to which the steps sweep up in graceful curves. From this portico is an excellent view down into the orangeries and over the *bosca* at the back of the house. The land slopes down and away in every direction, the general impression is cheerful and healthy. The ever-present Duomo and Campanile look like ghosts of themselves from the terrace of Poggio a Caiano, and the Apennines rise in importance from this very fact.

Lorenzo loved dearly this Poggio a

Caiano for its hawking, but died before his schemes for its embellishment were finished. It will to all time be classed among the Medicean villas.*

Poggio a Caiano is more associated with the Grand Duke Francis I. of Medici and the beautiful Bianca Capello than with any other historical personages. The mention of the villa is ever the signal for tales and legends of this captivating woman, the daughter of a great Venetian noble.

Her complexion was pale, her eyes were brown, and her hair a wonderful Titian red. Bronzino's portrait represents her with deep-set eyes and thoughtful countenance. What more than all these could be needed to turn the head of a simple bank clerk, for such was Bonaventuri, who himself a Florentine, had been sent to Venice by a rich uncle to carve his own fortunes. His clerking desk was near a window opposite the palace of the great family Capello. Bianca and Bonaventuri, both very young, fell in love at first sight and before a word had been exchanged between them. One morning they fled away together, he from his clerk's desk and she from her father's great palace. The first day they made good their escape as far as Ferrara, then an avowed enemy of Venice. Search was immediately begun by all the proper Venetian authorities, but the lovers remained hid away in Ferrara, until under cover of the darkness they again set forth and made their way to Florence, where

*Even a running sketch of these country houses, castles, and palaces as they are, is so interwoven with the life, friends, rise and fall of the Medici family, that the summing up from Dumas's history of that family is as well given in his concise way, as in a more lengthy description. Dumas offers as an apology for the history of the Medici, if indeed, as he remarks "any apology be necessary," that all must admit that art rose and fell with this family, and was subject to all the variations of their fortunes. With the steadily ascending power of Cosmo, "Father of his country," art rose in the persons and works of Cimabue, Giotto, and Masaccio; with Lorenzo the Magnificent came a pause while it acquired new vigor; Leonardo da Vinci, Bartolommeo, Michael Angelo, Titian, Raphael, and Andrea del Sarto were born; with Leo X. all that had been promised by such a galaxy was fulfilled, all that blossomed became fruit. Under Cosmo I., not to be confounded with Cosmo, "Pater patrie," this family and art with it reached the acme, the apogee of their glory. Then both together, unable to become greater, began to decline; the Medici in the persons of Ferdinando I., Cosmo II., and Ferdinando II., art in the works of Vasari, Barroccio, Allori, John of San Giovanni, and Matthew Roselli. At last they fell together, art with the Gabbianis and Dandinis, the Medici with Cosmo III. and Gastone. The Medici now sleep peacefully in their tombs of marble and porphyry, having done more for the glory of this earth than any before them, or than princes, kings, and emperors have since done.

Bonaventuri's family lived in the simplest manner in a little yellow house, now 1 Piazza San Marco.

All went smoothly for a time, but Bianca, like so many before and since, tired of love and simple surroundings. Ambition awoke and bid a final adieu to love, just about the time that the Grand Duke Francis, then twenty-two years old, rode beneath her window. Bianca was seventeen when she peeped from behind the second-story window and threw the Grand Duke a rose as he passed by. Catching sight of the smiling young face, Francis became deeply infatuated, and left no means untried of discovering the identity of his *innamorata*. Through the efforts of his chamberlain, Montdragon, a meeting was arranged, and Francis assumed to himself the care of the lovely *Venetienne*, while giving such employment to her young husband, Bonaventuri, that he was kept much too busy to be suspicious.

The lovely frescos in the house to which Bianca now moved can still be seen, and give some idea of the state and magnificence in which she lived. But Cosmos's edict had gone forth that Francis should marry Joanna, daughter of the Austrian emperor, and preparations for the bride's coming soon began.

After the death of Joanna of Austria, Francis married Bianca Capello; their home was this villa of Poggio a Caiano, and its beautiful terraces were the scenes of Bianca's daily walks and moonlight reveries.

But the pinnacle of Bianca's ambition was not yet reached. There was one person, Cardinal Ferdinando, who, next in succession to Francis, was supposed by Bianca to be casting longing eyes at the throne. She determined, if possible, to do away with this brother-in-law, and chose the great dining-hall at Poggio a Caiano to be the setting for what is a famous scene in legendary accounts. She invited the Cardinal to dinner, and with her own fair hands she made a large fruit-cake, an ever favorite dish with Ferdinando.

Now, the Cardinal possessed an opal ring, which legend said was given to him by his father, which ring had

been so treated by chemicals that it brought too near an acid, the color of the opal changed. When the poisoned cake was handed to Ferdinando, his opal became suddenly dim, and instead of tasting he put the cake aside. Bianca, in order to clear herself of suspicion, gave some to her husband and partook of it herself. Both were dead before morning. Francis was buried with ducal honors, while history says that Bianca's body, wrapped in a winding-sheet, was thrown into an unmarked grave beneath the Medici chapel.

Thus came to the throne and to the ownership of Poggio a Caiano, Ferdinando, who reigned twenty-one years without fear of assassin or usurper. He was a patron of music; he died regretted by all, and beloved by friends for his justice and bounty.

The exterior of the villa is the same as then; many of the hangings and belongings have been scattered. It was about to pass from the list of royal villas; was, in fact, offered for sale, but such fate was averted by Victor Emmanuel, who saw it, fell in love with it, and spent much of his rare leisure at Poggio a Caiano.

Beautiful Careggi, with its *cinque cento* court, and pillared *logetta*, is a trifle less old than Poggio a Caiano. Though utterly unlike it, there is one point in common. At Careggi, as well as at the former, the Medici *stemma* crowns battlements, walls, and doorways. The site was bought from the Lippi family by Cosmos, "Pater patrie," whose architect, Michelozzo, planned the castellated, brown-stone, and cement villa than which none are more interesting or romantic.

Careggi is four stories high, and in spite of sunny gardens, beautiful vines, and flowering shrubs, is grim and venerable. The wondrous centre court, with its arcades and picturesque old well, is damp even on a summer day. With the Medici wealth and judgment, and the taste of Michelozzo, Careggi became a pile which it is almost impossible to describe. The battlements of this fortress-like abode are capable of protecting hundreds of armed men; around the top runs the sentry-walk

with its lookout over rolling hills, olive groves, and gardens. The view of Florence, the Arno, and the Apennines is unrivalled, and yet a twenty-minutes' drive takes one to the centre of Florence!

There are at Careggi spacious halls, loggias, balconies, and terraces for warm weather; glass-covered, sun-exposed rooms, sheltered gardens, and covered courts for cold weather. The arcaded court is so solemn and sombre that one would not be surprised to hear "sobs of grief, sounds inarticulate" issue from any corner. The *loggetta* outside Lorenzo's special suite of rooms gives an idea of perfection and splendor unknown in our day; for the floor is inlaid with marble, while roof and pilarettes, as well as balustrade and table, are all of the purest marble.

The gardens play an important part in the plan of Italian villa construction. Nowhere is this more noticeable than at Careggi. Strip it of its gardens, which are gay and smiling, or transport the villa itself, and each would be hopelessly marred. The *bosca* is sheltered from the *tramontane* winds by the upper terraces and the great pile of the villa. Certain parts of the gardens are sheltered from the long midsummer sun by the almost encircling walls of the west façade, while another terrace is in such position that no ray of sun, even on the shortest winter day, would be prevented from reaching it. From the gardens on the west there is a sheer descent of many feet to the *podere* land below, and from this garden wall extend little overhanging projections from which the view is more easily imagined than described.

Careggi was more the home of Cosmo than anyone other of his various possessions.

At Careggi Cosmo hoped to have founded a great academy, or school of learning, but here he died in 1464, and his grandson, Lorenzo the Magnificent, carried out the scheme, and lived here surrounded by philosophers, *literati*, and men of learning. He gave little homes in the neighborhood to a galaxy of men of genius and repute. In the great upper hall of Careggi, with its hearth almost nine feet from side to

side, re-echoed such voices as those of Pico della Mirandola, Landino, Scala, and Alberti. Around this fire Lorenzo talked with his friends, and speculated upon the Platonic philosophy and the future state of man. At Careggi he watched over the education of his adopted son Marsilio Ficino, the son of his physician. Lorenzo once wrote, "Come to me, dear Marsilio, and do not forget to bring with you the book of the divine Plato upon the Sovereign Good; there is no effort I do not make to discover the path of true happiness."

The several restorations through which Careggi has passed have been so judicious, that all the picturesqueness of age is to be seen without the sadness of decay. The last renovations were at the expense of an English artist and owner, Sloan by name, who spent some hundred thousand dollars in restorations of various kinds.

The fountains, the box and evergreen trees, the cedars and yews, and beautiful banquetting-hall suggest the possibility of escaping at Careggi earth's cares, sorrows, and distractions.

One of the most charming villas in the Fiesole neighborhood is the Villa Landor. A steady climb and a sudden turn to the right bring us to the spur or eminence occupied by the villa, which is now the home of Mr. Willard Fiske, of whose interesting collections few men of letters of the present day are ignorant. This villa has been the property of various owners; the Da Filicaja, the Lippi, the Buonaccorsi, the Fiorini, and the Gherardesca have all owned it in succession. It becomes more interesting to all English readers because of its having been the home of Walter Savage Landor.

The present owner has retained the name then given, as well as the Landor coat of arms in the principal hall, and has added a chimney-piece bearing a bas-relief of that well-known author. It will now, doubtless, ever bear that name.

The villa is a story or two higher than most, is not too large to be comfortable in winter and homelike in summer, is furnished and supplied with every mod-

ern convenience, and is capped by one of the most charming loggias to be found in all the country round. The entire roof is in fact a kind of hanging garden, open on all sides to the air, covered by a roof, and supplied with all that one could wish. Books, flowers, and comfortable chairs, and a view of surpassing loveliness make this *loggia* one of the most sought-for retreats of Villa Landor. The encircling hills form a veritable necklace of pearls; and the Africo, the stream upon the banks of which Boccaccio is said to have written his "*Largo delle belle Donne*," runs through the villa grounds. While here Landor wrote his "*Pericles and Aspasia*," and many of his "*Imaginary Conversations*." Though he was the owner of this villa for a long time, there are twenty-three consecutive years in which, after a quarrel with his wife, he absented himself. He then returned for several months, only to quarrel again and again to leave. Another point of literary interest is that Leigh Hunt wrote many of his "*Sonnets*" at the Villa Landor. The sad decay into which the villa fell during Landor's ownership is a thing of the past, for, renovated and restored by its present owner, it is destined to be the home of the greatest Petrarch collection in the world and of the largest collection of Sagas.*

Vincigliata is a veritable castle; from far and near can be seen the noble battlements, graceful towers, and sturdy walls which appear too old to be new, but in reality do not date back twenty-five years. Then all was different, for this bold, wooded height was crowned by the ruins of a mediæval castle; not the remains, but the ruins of a court, a portal, a well, and straggling walls overgrown with moss and plants which had taken root in every crevice and corner. Such was Vincigliata; such was all that remained of a castle, a stronghold of 1031, which belonged in those early times to the Bisdomini, in the fourteenth century to the Usimbardi, then to the Ceffini da Figline, and the

Buonaccorsi. The Buonaccorsi were merchants of Florence, who like many others failed in 1345, and sold their home to the Abbizi, who in turn sold it to the Alessandri, to whom it belonged until bought by Mr. Temple Leader, an Englishman. He saw the ruins, at once wished to become the possessor of them and of the forest land adjoining. Vincigliata was to be rebuilt. The architect whom Mr. Leader commissioned to study up the ancient lines of the castle and rebuild it on the original scheme, studied the plans of many of the ancient Tuscan villas, began work, but alas! never lived to see it completed.

The principal building is dominated by a handsome tower; there are halls, loggias, and courts as of the fifteenth century. The well is in one of the courts, following the original idea of villa construction, for where a man may have to stand a siege he certainly must have water. The kitchen is apparently of the date when whole or half oxen were roasted before the fire; the spit is turned by clock-work—a system of pulleys and weights.

This villa is kept almost more as a museum than a residence, for the same Mr. Temple Leader owns four or five others. In spite of his love for their country and apparent interest in the environs, the *contadini* are a trifle jealous of Mr. Leader because of the many springs or water-supplies that he had bought up in various directions; the Tuscans resent the buying of their wells.

Classed among the royal villas, Petraia indeed deserves the name; for where, even around Florence, can be found a more beautiful approach, a nobler view, a more classic fountain, and more venerable ilex-trees? The villa stands on a hill; its great square tower can be seen for miles around, as it rises above the oblong, substantial building. The appearance of the villa itself is perhaps more pleasing at a distance than from the terrace. Petraia is one of the most noticeable features in the view from Careggi, and is from any point imposing, commanding, and vast. It is plain, unornamented; were it bereft of its

* The Sagas are the various recitals of myths, legends, and folk-lore of the North, as the Romances are the myths, legends, and folk-lore of the South.

beautiful gardens and park, it would somewhat resemble a great asylum or institution. Below the principal terrace is a large fountain or basin, so clear and cool that I am sure every visitor's first idea is to take a plunge. The ilex-trees are nowhere seen in greater beauty than in the Petraia Park; one tree near the terrace is of such size that as many as two dozen guests can draw around the tea-table which is arranged among the branches.

Petraia was once the property of the Brunelleschi family, who stood within their castle walls a regular siege. The Brunelleschi bought it from a Petruccia who had received it as a dowry, and reclaimed it from a religious order to whom it had passed for want of male heirs.

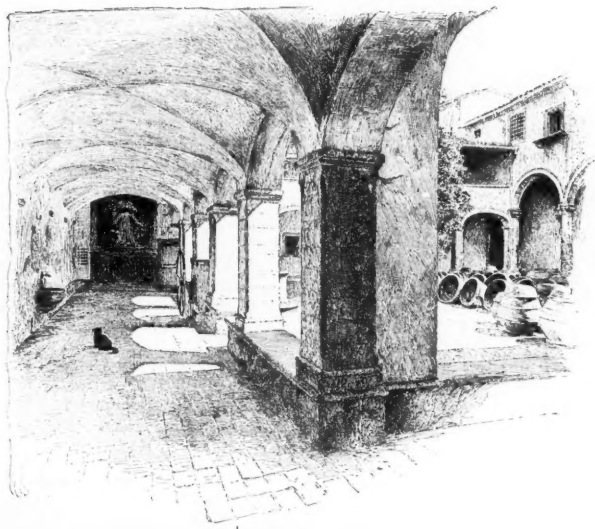
The Medici were perhaps longer in possession than any other great family, and left their mark, as they did everywhere else, in the splendor of gardens as well as in the frescos of the great court.

Victor Emmanuel, who bought the villa in 1859, had the frescos renewed and covered in the great court with glass. From the centre he hung a great crystal chandelier, thus doing away entirely

with its original purpose and picturesque-ness. At Petraia "Il re gallantuomo," as he was dubbed, passed most of his leisure time. Though a gallant king, true to his word, free from intrigue, straight to the point, and outspoken on all occasions, he was a difficult subject to keep in royal surroundings. He loved Petraia, for the park gave many good opportunities for good hunting and shooting. Several large halls of the villa are fairly bristling with antlers, said to have been captured by the king himself. There are also strange stories told of him on his return from his favorite pastime. He saw no reason for removing his mud- and dust-stained raiment, and still in hunting costume, booted and spurred, was wont to throw himself upon his bed. It is told on good authority that all upholstery, hangings, and carpets had to be of washable material, that an almost weekly change could be made without depleting the Italian exchequer. It was in the villa of Petraia that Victor Emmanuel married, on what he thought was his death-bed, the Countess Mirafiori; but he recovered his health, if not his liberty.

The fountain in one of the gardens is said by Vasari to be the most beautiful of all fountains; and the vines here, as well as at Castello, are noted for their delicious muscatel wine. This is due to the grafting of some of the best species of vines from Spain and the Canary Isles.

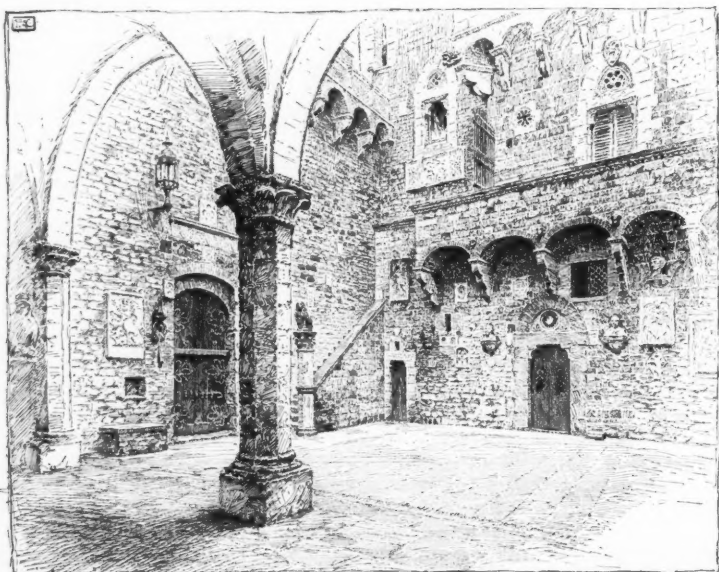
This villa of Bel Canto — beautiful corner — almost hangs between heaven and earth. Bold is its position, and sudden the declivity on three sides. A short ride and a little climb bring



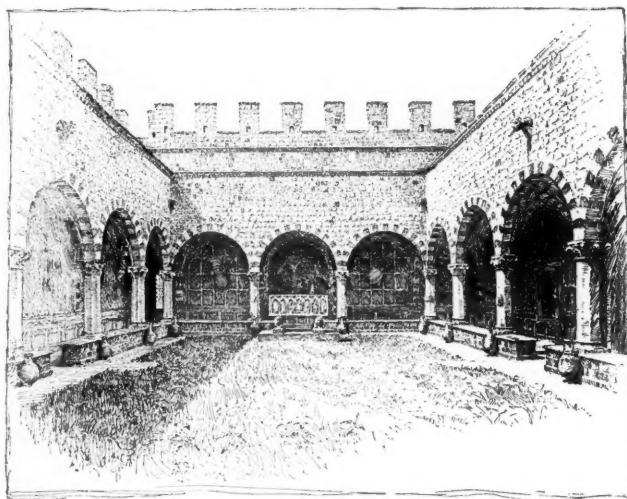
Villa Majano.

one to this villa, which has four or five names—Palagio, Bel Canto, Mozzi, and Spence. By all these names it has been and is known. I cannot tell which name was oftenest on our lips the afternoon that the genial owner of Villa Mozzi, W. B. Spence, dispensed tea to a half-dozen enthusiastic ones who had climbed the Fiesole hill, and who were alternately lost in admiration of the wonderful view, the fields of brilliant wild flowers, and the wind-blown olive-trees in their pretty gray dresses. The road winds up under the hill. It is hard to get a good view of the house as the

villa appears to climb up with the hill. From the lower entrance gate, with its coats of arms on both posts, is reached what can only be termed the first ground floor; up farther is another terrace on the level of certain other apartments, a second ground floor; higher still is the uppermost terrace on the same plane with other apartments, a third ground floor. In this suite are the principal salons, halls, library, banqueting-room, and large glass-covered *loggia* which appears to overhang a veritable precipice. Here in this *loggia* the tea-table is set; the talk, instead of being on the last



VIEWS OF THE CASTELLATED



fashions or international marriage, is about the Medici, the age of the villa, and the historic personages it has housed.

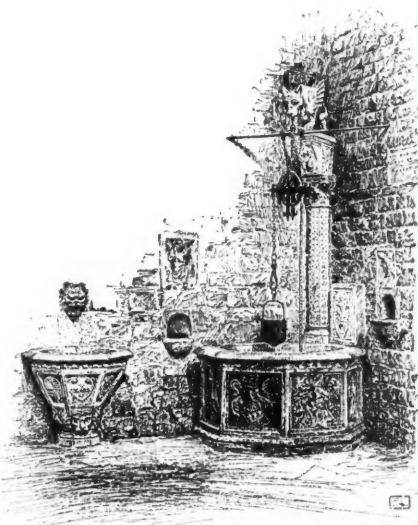
Villa del Bel Canto was built about 1450 for Giovanni de Medici. Here his sons Lorenzo and Giuliano lived with their tutor, Poliziano, and here it was that these two young Medici received the visit of Cardinal Riario, little thinking that he was in collusion with the Pazzi, the bitter enemies of the Medici. The Cardinal was, in reality, plotting against these young Medici's lives, but they received him graciously, showed him their treasures of art, their libraries and museum, and invited him to a banquet to be given in his honor, and to which his friends were to be bidden. No chance could be more favorable; the Cardinal accepted the invitation, and at once arranged with the Pazzi that Lorenzo and Giuliano were to be put to death on this festive occasion of their own making. But fate had ordained it otherwise; for some apparently slight cause Giuliano sent word of the postponement of the banquet.

But he was not long to escape the assassin's blow. Shortly after this another conspiracy was formed: Lorenzo and Giuliano were attacked in the Duomo at the moment when the host was

elevated and all heads bowed. Giuliano fell a victim, but Lorenzo's life was saved by the devotion of an attendant, Francesco Nori, who received in his own breast the blow intended for Lorenzo. Nori was buried in Santa Croce, the Westminster of Florence, and it is believed to this day that each Ave Maria said at Nori's tomb

lessens the penitent's sojourn in purgatory a hundred days.

But there was no one found to bury Giuliano; all feared the powerful Pazzi. Finally a beautiful young woman, having heard the news, rushed into the great cathedral, and threw herself upon her lover's body. So great was her agitation that she soon afterward gave birth to a child, Giuliano's child, who



VILLA OF VINCIGLIATA.

became in after-years Pope Clement VII.

Bel Canto remained in possession of the Medici until the death of Giovanni Gastone, the last of that race. Here Gastone lived, and his bust in colored marble, as well as that of his secretary, are still in one of the corridors. After passing through several hands it was bought by Lady Orford, an aunt of Horace Walpole. Much of the decoration dates from her time and is due to her good taste. There are sets of beautifully inlaid and enamelled furniture, dainty cornices over doors and windows, mantel mirrors, decorated with delicate wreaths and festoons, which put to shame all of modern manufacture. The floors are many of them of antique yellow and blue tiles, and in some rooms the papering is of the glazed papers, made in squares before rolls of paper were manufactured. These are about a foot and a half square; the designs are all well matched, and the colors as fresh as if put on yesterday.

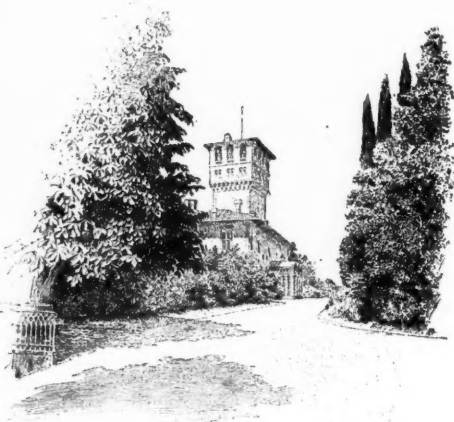
One of the façades of Bel Canto is inlaid with medallions by Luca della Robbia, and faces the terrace said to have been Lorenzo's favorite walk. From here he could see all Florence, its undulating environments, and the far-away Apennines.

The present owner of Villa Mozzi, a man of wit and humor, nigh on to ninety years of age, sketched Wellington long years ago, and has entertained at his villa Queen Victoria, Pietro d'Alcantara, the Queen of Servia, and the greatly beloved Italian Queen, Marguerite. On the library table lie the poems of Francesco to Bianca Capello, as if only written and sent from the publisher's yesterday. Near by is a graceful spinet bearing the Medici coat of arms, and a harp of beautiful workmanship stripped of every string. The upper floor, that of the bedrooms, is also of great interest; over several doors are the names of great men entertained at Villa Mozzi in years gone by: Leo X., Pico della Mirandola, Landinus, Poliziano are among the prominent ones.

The Ughi, if we believe history and legend, was a family of credit and renown

and lent their name to an entire section outside the Porto San Gallo of Florence. This district is called Montughi, and here they doubtless carried on their loves and hates when even Fiesole was young. The villas have passed, with the hills upon which they stand, from one great family to another.

The little church opposite the roadside shrine of Saint Antonino—good Saint Antonino he was called—crowns one little knoll. It is old and full of story, and now looks over, with its quiet, venerable air, to the next hill where several villas and villinos have



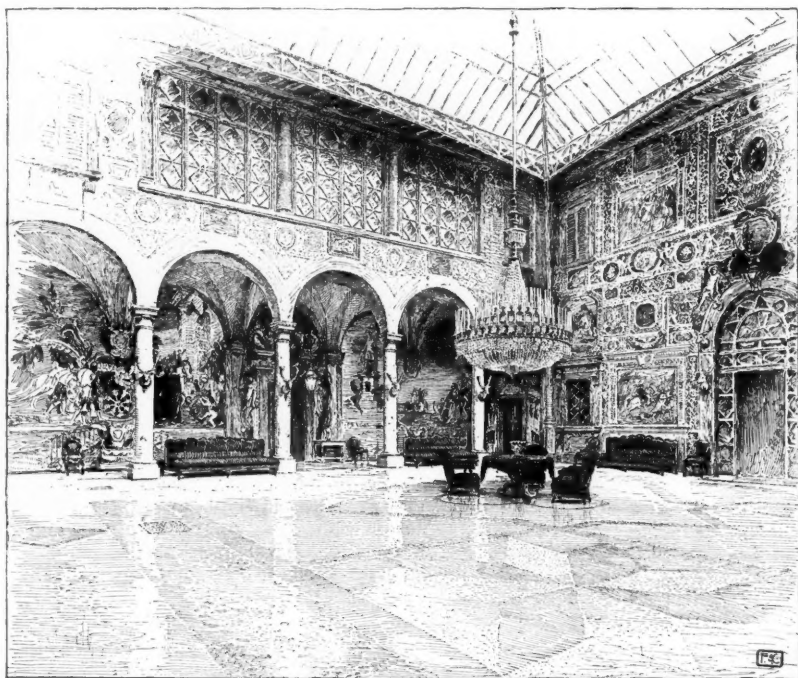
The Royal Villa of Petraia.

been joined together to form the home of an unusually beautiful collection of antique and curious arms and armor, furniture, tapestries, old crosses, and marriage chests, Chinese and Japanese implements of defence and warfare. These are so well disposed throughout this villa Stibbert that neither from without nor within is the overwhelming effect of a museum produced. Room has been joined to room, hall to hall, one stairway built, then another; terrace rises upon terrace, all arranged with much knowledge and taste by the owner, Frederick Stibbert, Esq., whose life-work has been the making of this collection. Begun before the mania for collecting was at its height, Mr. Stibbert was fortunate in securing many pre-

cious and priceless objects of art and interest. Tapestries of the highest order of perfection, snuff-boxes and watches, each a prize in itself, are among the objects too numerous for mention.

of many of the homes of the various *podestà*.

The motto on one of the villa walls, "Deus nobis hæc otia fecit," dates back,



Court of Petraia with Musicians' Gallery.

Villa Stibbert has no air of romance like Careggi, has no old legends like Poggio à Caiano, no fountains like Castello. It is not grim and venerable, it is not essentially Italian in its present aspect, but rather English. The *bosca* has a greater variety of trees than most; the approach is through English rather than Italian gardens, with apparently unstudied rather than set Italian effects, and the pull up the hill to the principal entrance and façade quite a little triumph in engineering. The castellated walls of a portion of the villa, the old coats of arms, the *stemme* of many old families which are introduced into the masonry, are eminently Italian, give an air of age and interest, and recall the walls and old cornices

perhaps, to the time when San Donato was the property of the Cistercian monks, or, earlier still, to the Umiliati. This section of country is said to have been subject to continual inundations from the Arno, to have been little more than a marsh, but became the property of a rich pagan by whom it was drained, and by whom San Donato was built. He was afterward converted to Christianity and left San Donato to a monastic order.

San Donato and its surrounding country is therefore historically interesting, but more connected in all minds with the Demidoffs than with aught else. Count Demidoff, a rich Russian, was given the title of grand duke or prince by the Florentines because of



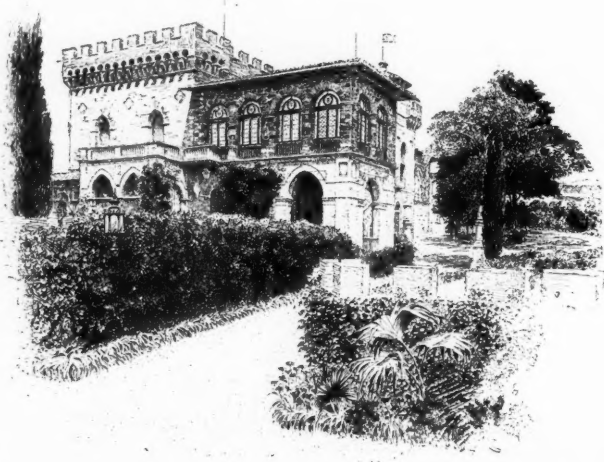
his many public-spirited deeds. His name was Nicolo, and he passed away leaving the villa to his son Anatole, who continued in his father's footsteps, and also added greatly to San Donato, which was already of vast proportions. Unlike most of the Florentine villas, San Donato lies low, has little view, and is approached by an uninteresting road, though it can also be gained through the beautiful Cascine grounds. The villa is imposing because of its great size, is built around three sides of a green parterre, and has halls, rooms, and salons numbering in all several hundred. There are great stairways and a picturesque chapel. The green-houses are very extensive, and in other days could be arranged *en suite* with reception and banqueting halls.

As I stood in the deserted gardens, the

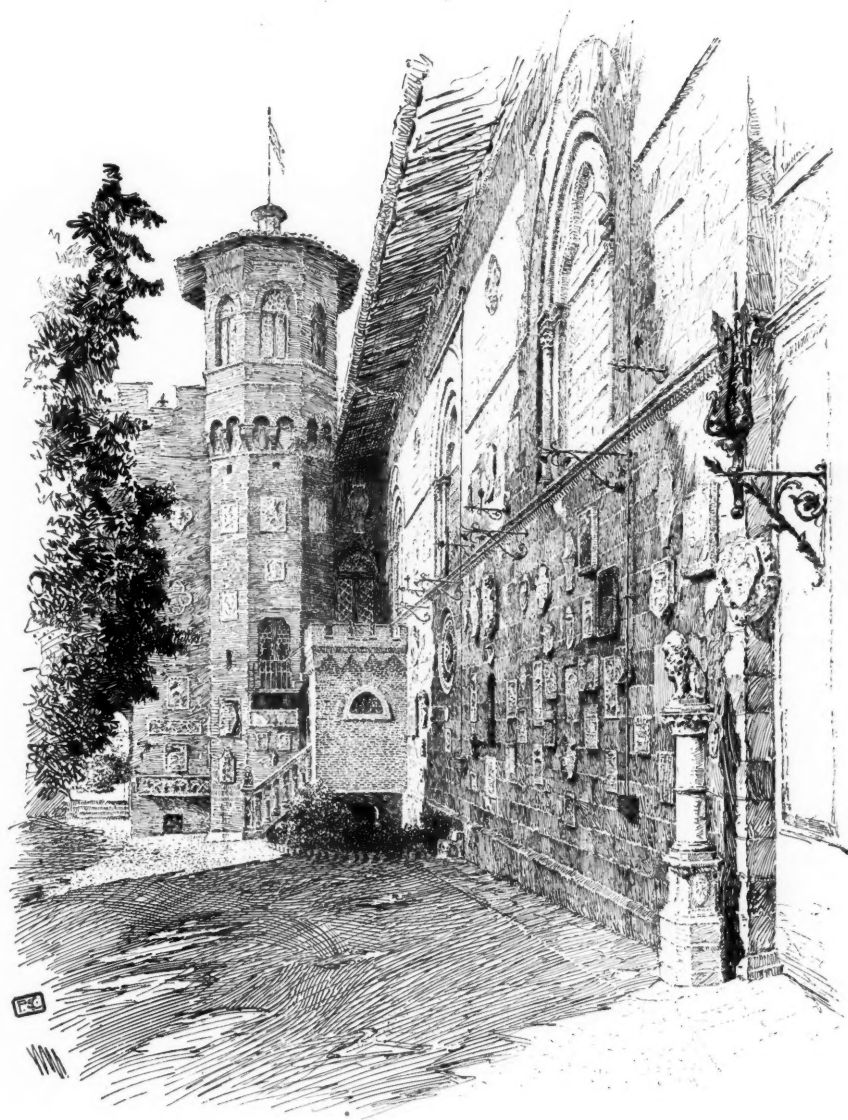
old gardener filled my hands with flowers—almost wild flowers they are now—while he talked on and on of the balls, illuminations, and beautiful fêtes that were given at San Donato. For at San Donato all distinguished men from far and near were entertained. Prince Anatole changed the name of the villa to Mathilde, in honor of his wife Mathilde Bonaparte.

The park is as cleverly constructed for entertainment as the villa. There is a complete Russian bathing establishment, and a cleverly arranged water-course for

small pleasure-boats, which winds in and out among the trees. Without going beyond the bounds of the *bosca*, one can float or row quite a long distance. Here the gayly bedecked little pleasure-boats once moved along in the dense shade of the trees by day, or under the lights of many lanterns by night. The old gardener grew



VIEWS OF THE

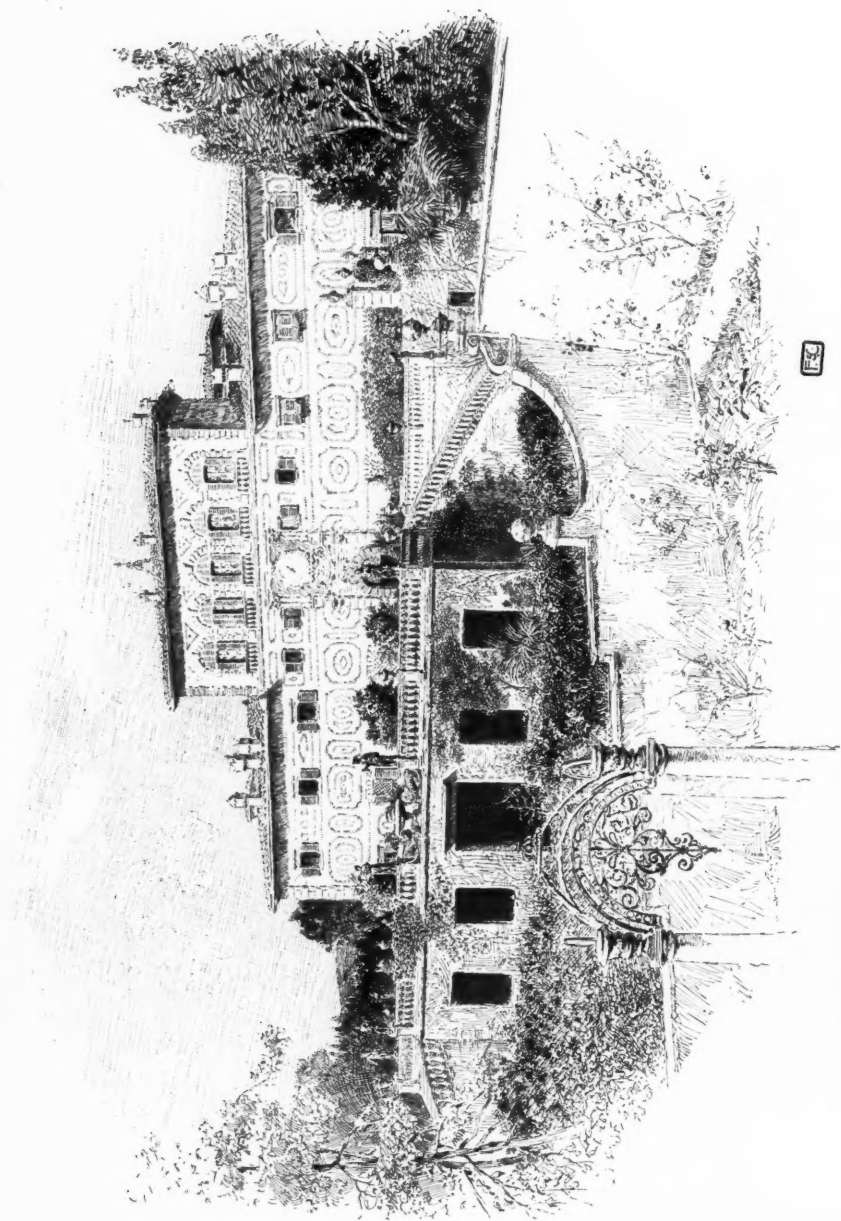


really eloquent in describing the many lords and ladies he had seen wandering about among his rare exotics. Forty gardeners were always at work in those Demidoff days, and twenty to thirty extra men were added to this corps when the great entertainments were

VILLA STIBBERT.

given. When this great Russian held high court at San Donato, the Grand Duchess Maria, aunt of the late Czar, owned an adjoining villa.

If the grounds of San Donato failed to provide all the necessary amusement, the *al fresco* changed over to this



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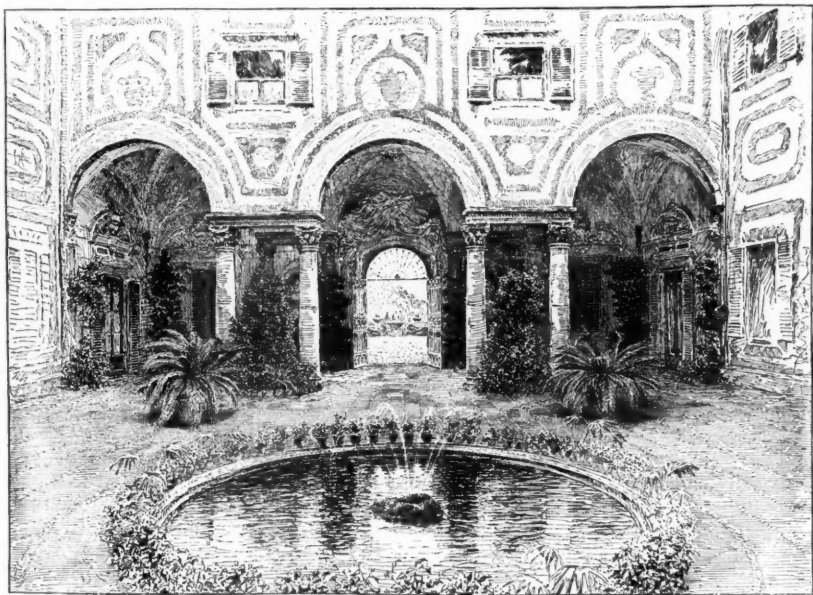
THE VILLA PALMIERI (where, according to tradition, Boccaccio retired with his friend during the plague in Florence).

Villa Maria, and there all who felt so disposed continued their games and contests. A favorite pastime was to hide numbers of eggs, containing valuable gifts, among bushes and undergrowth, for which all went a-hunting. A charming Italian lady often tells of the impromptu races in which all the young people took part, and remembers clearly an especial one in which she ran with him who was until this year the Czar of all the Russias; what is more, she was long, lithe, and light, and distanced him.

On one of the less frequented roads leading to the right of Fiesole, is a villa unique in its history and association. The old records prove almost beyond doubt that this was once the home of the great poet Dante, and was sold by him to the Alighieri, the family of Beatrice. The proofs were collected about the time of the Dante centenary in 1865, and the honor belongs to the late owner of Villa Bondi, Signor Giuntini. The Alighieri sold it to the Portinari, whose arms are carved upon the cross-beam of the well in the court. The

Portinari family was intrusted with the care of one of the great gates of Florence, and this coat of arms, like those of the other families who held this position, shows the fact in one of its quarterings. The Alighieri parted with the villa in 1332, and the Portinari owned it until 1532.

The restorations have been carefully carried out by the family of the present owner, Signor Bondi, who some twenty or thirty years ago began to dig out and uncover the original building, which had for so many centuries been overlaid, overbuilt, and overplastered almost out of all semblance to its original plan and design. The villa is built around a picturesque court, about which runs a two-story arcaded portico, or two-story cloister, like that of the Badia in Florence. So carefully have the restorations been made that the designs on the rafters of this arcaded portico are similar to those of yore. The pillars or pillarets which support the roof belong to the fifteenth century, and go to prove that to the Portinari are due the original decorations.

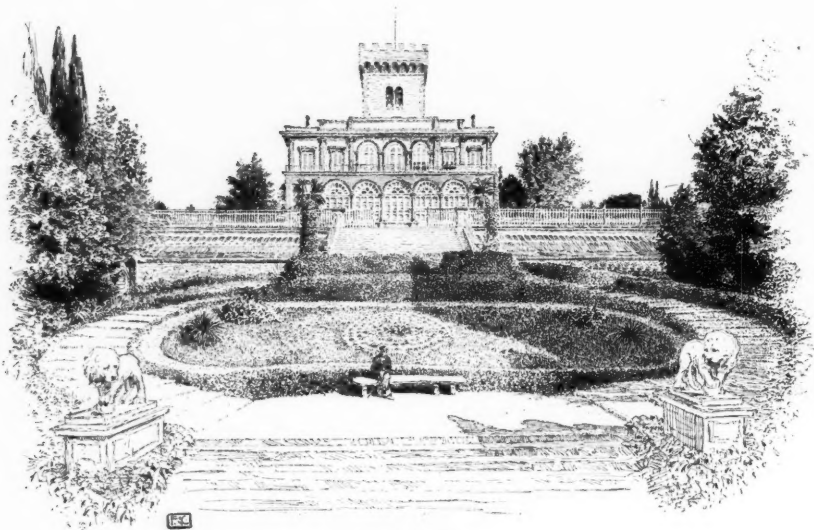


Interior Court of the Villa Palmieri.

Nothing can be more sudden than the transition from one side of Villa Bondi to the other. On one side the road runs right under the windows; one enters by the great *porte-cochère* into the arcaded court, with its old wells and medallions of Dante and Beatrice; while in the new villa all is modern comfort and gay embellishment.

What was the villa in Dante's time

upon the eye itself. Most of the villas save their choicest decorations and impressions for those who are within them, for those who are close to them or in love with them; but Palmieri is pleasing to any passer-by, looks beautiful from a distance, is gay and joyous from any point of view, within or without. Built around a court of exquisite size and proportion, the walls of which, like the exterior, are covered



Villa Fabbriotti.

was surrounded by a battlemented wall, all traces of which have disappeared. Nor is the beautiful view of Florence—framed in by several giant pines—what Dante looked down upon. For, as all know, the Duomo was not then as now the centre of all, nor did the lily-like Campanile hang and preside over all until Dante had come and gone.

It would be hard to cite a villa more pure in style, more Italian in decoration, more Renaissance in its gay, smiling surroundings than the Villa Palmieri. It is not the quaintest, it is not the most interesting historically, but it is of a real type, and produces as clear an impression upon the mental retina as

with stucco, ornamented with bold, effective stencil designs in different soft shades of brown and gray.

The upper terrace is of stone, with handsome stone balustrade; it is on a level with the principal rooms and court of the villa, is ornamented with palms and exotics, and, as it were, joins house to the gardens, which are on a lower plane. It is almost more an esplanade than a terrace, is pure in style, and essential to the general construction and effect. Nothing is more entertaining by day, or more romantic on a moonlight night, than a stroll on this terrace or along the walks of the lower garden, with its gay borders of flowers, through the hedge of box or hawthorn—I forget which—down to the



Terrace of the Lion—Villa Fabbricotti.

dreamy pond or small lake with its overhanging *loggia* and weeping-wil-lows. In America we should think of fever and microbes, and all kinds of practical disadvantages to this lake, but under Italian skies and in an Italian garden it takes on another aspect.

The legend has it that it was to this villa Boccaccio retired with a circle of admirers and friends during the terrible plague in Florence. Within sight of their native city, this coterie is said to have given itself up to songs and feastings of the coarsest description, while below in the city all was desolation and death.

Villa Palmieri is now the property of Lady Crawford, who has several times in late years lent it to her Majesty Queen Victoria. In the *loggia* overhanging the weird lake, Queen Victoria is said to have dictated many letters to Gladstone.

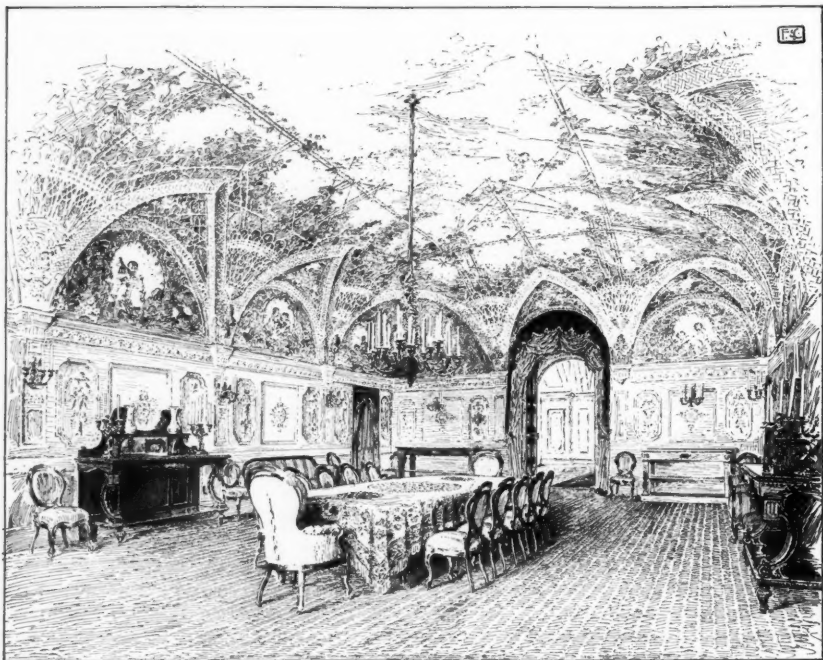
In the gardens is an unusually classic little chapel, not under the same roof as the villa, but separate and distinct, the single instance I recall of a chapel not included in the villa building.

Of the many villas around Florence, this is perhaps one of the most showy

and modern in all its decorations and comforts. There is nothing historical about Villa Fabbriotti, very little of interest which is even legendary. It has been restored a bit after the fashion of Petraia as it now is, with one great square tower. The terraces rise one after another from the public road, and would be very pleasing with their gay, flowering rhododendrons, at least in the spring, but for the presence of many whitewashed gods and goddesses with no pretensions to beauty or picturesque effect. But the Villa Fabbriotti was leased for some weeks to the Queen of England, whose presence is, of course, a never-failing source of in-

The drawing-rooms, salons, and dining-hall are furnished with many handsome things, the appointments are costly; but until the Queen's occupancy, the Villa Fabbriotti would scarcely have been included in a list of the most interesting villas about Florence, for this villa would seem to be only beginning its history, and as such belongs more to future than to present tales.

Queen Victoria here laid aside much of the necessary state and ceremony with which she is surrounded, and enjoyed her daily drives through the *bosca* of the villa and along the neighboring country roads in her little donkey carriage. It was rather a sad little



Dining Hall, Villa Poggio a Caiano, where Bianca Capello offered the poisoned cake to the Cardinal.

terest. As the Queen and royal party enjoyed tea on the beautiful terrace of the Lion, with its extended view of city and hills, her Indian servants were often to be seen in the top of the great square tower; a strange foreign touch in the otherwise Italian scene.

procession as the now very old lady moved slowly along, a groom at the donkey's head, a lady in waiting walking at one side, two faithful Scotchmen in plaids and kilts following the carriage, and the beautiful collie dog bringing up the rear.

Her Majesty had tea on the terrace of first one villa, then another: her servants, tea, and sketching materials preceded her. From each villa she had a new and unexpected vista, and a fresh memory to take away from each of these wondrously beautiful Italian homes.

Majano is the name of a whole section of country as well as of Mr. Temple Leader's most beautiful home. Majano is a neighborhood much written of by Boccaccio, who praised the "beauty of the skies, the perfumed air, the half-hidden valleys, tranquil lakes, winding streams, shady woods, and fresh springs with which the hill-side abounds." Villa Majano bears evidences of having been a veritable castle, with towers, bastions, moat, and drawbridge; of having in fact every means for keeping out marauders and rival factions. It is now the handsomest villa of the section, and gives the impression of an old palace.

Mr. Temple Leader has added to and beautified Majano, which seems well to deserve these additions and care. There is nowhere a bolder position, a nobler view, or more interesting surroundings. Every comfort and luxury have been added to this place, which was once the home of the warlike Pazzi family—the family which is said to have



The Royal Villa Poggio a Caiano.

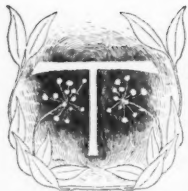
brought the sacred fire from Jerusalem to Florence.

The chapel of the villa has been renovated and refrescoed, and in the gardens has been built a swimming-pool, generous in size and supplied from several springs. The changes at Majano are as characteristic of its present owner as those at San Donato were of its Russian princely possessor, or those of the Villa Stibbert which suggest the home of an English gentleman of leisure, or those at Petraia which recall the history of the rather Bohemian King Emmanuel. In turn the owners of these various homes stamp upon them something of their individuality, some of their national characteristics or proclivities, but the foundations, the *fonds*, remain ever delightfully Italian.



THE LOST CHILD

By H. C. Bunner



THE best of life in a great city is that it breeds a broad and tolerant catholicity of spirit: the best of country life is that it breeds the spirit of helpful, homely, kindly neighborliness. The suburban-dweller, who shares in both lives, is perhaps a little too ready to pride himself in having learned the lesson of the great metropolis, but the other and homelier lesson is taught so gradually and so unobtrusively, that he often learns it quite unconsciously; and goes back, perhaps, to his old existence in the city, only to realize that a certain charm has gone out of life which he misses without knowing just what he has lost. He thinks, perhaps, it is exercise he lacks. And it is, indeed—the exercise of certain gentle sympathies, that thrive as poorly in the town's crowded life as the country wild-flowers thrive in the flower-pots of tenement-house windows.

It was between three and four o'clock of an August night—a dark, warm, hazy night, breathless, heavy and full of the smell of grass and trees and dew-moistened earth, when a man galloped up one of those long suburban streets, where the houses stand at wide intervals, each behind its trim lawn, or old-fashioned flower-garden, relieved, even in the darkness, against a great rear-wood screen of lofty trees. Up the driveway of one of these he turned, his horse's hoof-beats dropping clear and sharp on the hard macadam. He reined up at the house and rapped a loud tattoo with the stock of his whip on a pillar of the veranda.

It was a minute or two before the noise, loud as it was, had reached the ears of two sleepers in the bedroom, just above his head. A much less startling sound would have awakened a whole city household; but slumber in the country has a slumber of its own: in summer time a slumber born

of night-air, laden with the odors of vegetation, and silent except for the drowsy chirp of birds that stir in vine and tree. The wife awoke first, listened for a second, and aroused her husband, who went to the window. He raised the screen and looked out.

"Who is it?" he said, without nervousness or surprise. Though ten years before in his city home such a summons might have shaken his spirit with anxious dread.

"I'm Latimer," said the man on the horse, briefly. "That boy of Penrhyn's—the little one with the yellow hair—is lost. He got up and slipped out the house, somehow, about an hour ago, they think, and they've found one of his playthings nearly half a mile down the Romneytown Road."

"Where shall I meet you?" asked the man at the window.

"At the Gun-Club grounds on the hill," replied Latimer; "we've sent a barrel of oil up there for the lanterns. So long, Halford. Is Direk at home?"

"Yes," said Halford; and without another word Latimer galloped into the darkness, and in a minute the sound of his tattoo was heard on the hollow



"I'm Latimer," said the man on the horse, briefly.

pillars of the veranda of the house next door.

This was the summons—a bare announcement of an event without appeal, request, suggestion, or advice. None of these things was needed. Enough had been said between the two men, though they knew each other only as distant neighbors. Each knew well what that summons meant, and what duty it involved.

The rat-tat of Latimer's crop had hardly sounded before a cheery young voice rang out on the air.

"All right, old man! I heard you at Halford's. Go ahead."

It was Dirck's voice. Dirck had another name, a good long, Holland Dutch one, but everybody, even the children, called him by his Christian name, and as he had lived to thirty without getting one day older than eighteen, we will consider the other Dutch name unnecessary. Dirck and Halford were close friends and close neighbors. They were two men who had reached a point of perfect community of tastes and inclinations, though they came together in two widely different starting-places—though they were so little alike to outward seeming that they were known among their friends as "the mismates." Though one was forty and the other but thirty, each had closed a career, and was somewhat idly seeking a new one. As Dirck expressed it, "We two fellows had played our games out, and were waiting till we strike another that was high enough for our style. We ain't playing limit games."

Two very different games they had been, but neither had been a small one. Dirck had started in with a fortune to "do" the world—the whole world, nothing else would suit him. He had been all over the globe. He had lived among all manner of peoples. He had ridden

everything ridable, shot everything shootable, climbed everything climbable, and satisfied himself, as he said,

that the world was too small for any particular use. At the end of his travels he had a little of his fortune left, a vast amount of experience, the constitution of a red Indian, and a vocabulary so vast and so peculiar that it stunned and fascinated the stranger. Halford was a New York lawyer, gray, clean-shaven, and sharp of feature. His "game" had made him famous and might have made him wealthy, but he cared neither for fame nor wealth. For twenty years he had fought a host of great corporations to establish one single point of law. His antagonists had vainly tried to bribe him, and as vainly to

bully him. He had been assaulted, his life had been threatened, and altogether, as he admitted, the game had been lively enough to keep him interested; but having once won the game he tired of that style of play altogether. He picked out a small but choice practice which permitted him to work or be idle pretty much as the fancy took him. These were two odd chums to meet in a small suburban town, there to lead quiet and uneventful lives, and yet they were the two most contented men in the place.

Halford was getting into his clothes, but really with a speed and precision which got the job over before his impetuous next door neighbor had got one leg of his riding-breeches on. Mrs. Halford sat up in bed and expressed her feeling to her husband, who had never been known to express his.

"Oh, Jack," she said, "isn't it awful? Would you ever have thought of such a thing! They must have been awfully careless! Oh, Jack, you will find him, won't you? Jack, if such a thing happened to one of our children I should



That boy of Penrhyn's.

go wild; I'll never get over it myself if he isn't found. Oh, you don't know how thankful I am that we didn't lose our Richard that way! Oh, Jack, dear, isn't it too horrible for anything!"

Jack simply responded, with no trace of emotion in his voice:

"It's the hell!"

And yet in those three words Jack Halford expressed, in his own way, quite as much as his wife had expressed in hers. More, even, for there was a grim promise in his tone that comforted her heart.

Mrs. Halford's feelings being expressed and in some measure relieved, she promptly became practical.

"I'll fill your flask, of course, dear. Brandy, I suppose? And what shall we women take up to the Gun Club besides blankets and clean clothes?"

Mrs. Halford's husband always thought before he spoke, and she was not at all surprised that he filled his tobacco-pouch before he answered. When he did speak he knew what he had to say.

"First something to put in my pocket for Dirck and me to eat. We can't fool with coming home to breakfast. Second, tell the girls to send up milk to the Gun Club, and something for you women to eat."

"Oh, I sha'n't want anything to eat," cried Mrs. Halford.

"You must eat," said her husband, simply, "and you must make the rest of them eat. You might do all right without it, but I wouldn't trust the rest of them. You may need all the nerve you've got."

"Yes, dear," said his wife, submissively. She had been with her husband in times of danger, and she knew he was a leader to be followed. "I'll have sandwiches and coffee and tea; I can make them drink tea, anyway."

"Third," went on Jack Halford, as if he had not been interrupted, "bring my field-glass with you. Dirck and I will range together along the river. If

I put up a white handkerchief anywhere down there, you stay where you are and we will come to you. If I put up this red one, come right down with blankets and brandy in the first carriage you



Lanterns and hand-lamps dimly lit up faces.

can get hold of. Get on the north edge of the hill and you can keep a line on us almost anywhere."

"Couldn't you give us some signal, dear, to tell us if—if it's all right?"

"If it was all wrong," replied the husband, "you wouldn't want the mother to learn it that way. I'll signal to you privately, however. If it's all right, I'll wave the handkerchief; if I move it up and down, you'll understand."

Two minutes later he bade her goodbye at the door.

"Now remember," he said, "white means wait, red means ride."

And having delivered himself of this simple mnemonic device, he passed out into the darkness.

At the next gate he met Dirck, and the two swung into step together, and

walked up the street with a steady stretching tread of men accustomed to walking long distances. They said "Hello!" as they met, and their further conversation was brief.

"River," said Halford, "what do you think?"

"River, sure," said the other; "a lot of those younger boys have been taking the youngsters down there lately. I saw that kid down there last week, and I'll bet a dollar his mother would swear that he'd never seen the river."

"Then we won't say anything about it to her," said Halford, and they reached along in silence.

Before them, when they reached the end of the road, rose a hill with a broad plateau on its stomach. Here through the dull haze of the morning they saw smoky-orange lights beginning to flicker uncertainly as the wind that heralds the sunrise came fitfully up. The soft wet grass under their feet was flecked with little grayish-silver cobwebs, and here and there they heard the morning chirp of ground-nesting birds. As they went farther up the hill a hum of voices came from above; the voices of people, men and women, mingled and consonant like the voices of the birds, but with a certain tone of trouble and expectancy. Every now and then one individual voice or another would dominate the general murmur, and would be followed by a quick flutter of sound denoting acquiescence or disagreement. From this they knew that most of their neighbors had arrived before them, having been summoned earlier in the journey of the messengers sent out from the distant home of the lost child.

On the crown of the hill stood a curious structure, actually small, but looming large in the grayness. The main body of the building was elevated upon posts, and was smaller at the bottom than where the spreading walls met the peaked roof. This roof spread out on both sides into broad verandas, and under these two wing-like shelters some three or four score of people were clustered in little groups. Lanterns and hand-lamps dimly lit up faces that showed strange in the unfamiliar illumination. There were women with shawls over their shoulders and women with

shawls over their heads. Some of the men were in their shirt-sleeves, some wore shooting-coats, and a few had overcoats, though the night was warm. But no stranger arriving on the scene could have taken it for a promiscuous or accidental assemblage. There was a movement in unison, a sympathetic stir throughout the little crowd that created a common interest and a common purpose. The arrival of the two men was hailed with that curious sound with which such a gathering greets a desired and attended accession—not quite the sigh of relief, but the quick, nervous expulsion of the breath that tallies the coming of the expected. These were two of the men to be counted on, and they were there.

Every little community such as this knows its leaders, and now that their number was complete, the women drew together by themselves save for two or three who clearly took equal direction with the men; and a dozen in all, perhaps, gathered in a rough circle to discuss the organization of the search.

It was a brief discussion. A majority of the members of the group had formed decided opinions as to the course taken by the wandering child, and thus a division into sub-groups came about at once. This left various stretchings of territory uncovered, and these were assigned to those of the more decided minority who were best acquainted with the particular localities. When the division of labor was completed, the men had arranged to start out in such directions as would enable them to range and view the whole countryside for the extreme distance of radius to which it was supposed the boy could possibly have travelled. The assignment of Halford and Direk to the river course was prompt, for it was known that they habitually hunted and fished along that line. The father of the boy, who stood by, was reminded of this fact, for a curious and doubtful look came into his face when he heard two of the most active and energetic men in the town set aside to search a region where he had no idea that his boy could have strayed. Some excuse was given also for the detailing of two other men of equal ability to take the range imme-

diately above the river bank, and within hailing distance of those in the marshes by the shore. Had his mind not been in the daze of mortal grief and perplexity, he would have grasped the sinister significance of this precaution; but he accepted it in dull and hopeless confidence. When after they had set forth he told his wife of the arrangements made, and she heard the names of the four men who had been appointed to work near the riverside, she pulled the faded old Paisley shawl that the child's nurse had wrapt about her across her swollen eyes, and moaned, "The river, the river—oh, my boy, my boy!"

Perhaps the men heard her, for being all in place to take their several directions, they made a certain broken start and were off into the darkness at the base of the hill, before the two or three of their sex who were left in charge of the women had fairly given the word. The tramp of men's feet and horse's hoofs died down into the shadowy distance. The women went inside the spacious old corn-crib that had been turned into a gun-club shooting-box, and there the mother laid her face on the breast of her best friend, and clung to her without a sound, only shuddering once and again, and holding her with a convulsive grip. The other women moved around, and busied themselves with little offices, like the making of tea and the trimming of lamps, and talked among each other in a quiet way with the odd little upward inflections with which women simulate cheerfulness and hope, telling tales of children who had been lost and had been found again all safe and unscathed, and praising the sagacity and persistence of certain of the men engaged in the search. Mr. Latimer, they said, was almost like a detective, he had such an instinct for finding things and people. Mr. Brown knew every field and hollow on the Brookfield Road. Mr. MacDonald could see just as well in the darkness as in the day-time; and all the talk that reached the mother's ears was of this man's skill of woodcraft, of that man's knowledge of the country, or of another's unfailing cleverness or tirelessness.

Outside, the two or three men in charge stood by the father in their own way. It had been agreed that he should wait at the hilltop to learn if a trail had been found. He was a good fellow, but not helpful or capable. . . . It was their work to "jolly" him, as they called it; to keep his hope up with cheering suggestions, and with occasional judicious doses of whiskey from their flasks. For themselves, they did not drink; though their voices were low and steady they were more nervous than the poor sufferer they guarded, numbed and childish in his awful grief and apprehension. They were waiting for the sounds of the beginning of the search far below, and presently these sounds came, or rather one sound, a hollow noise, changeful, uneven, yet of a cruel monotony. It was a cry of "Willy! Willy! Willy!" rising out of that gray-black depth, a cry of many voices, a cry that came from far and near, a cry at which the women huddled closer together and pressed each other's hands, and looked speechless love and pity at the woman who lay upon her best friend's breast, clutching it tighter and tighter. Of the men outside, the father leaned forward and clutched the arm of his chair. The others saw the great drops of sweat roll from his brow, and they turned their faces away from him and swore inaudibly.

Then, as the deep below began to be alive with a faint dim light reflected from the half awakened heaven, the voices died away in the distance, and in their place the leaves of the great trees rustled and the birds twittered to the coming morn.

The day broke with the dull red that prophesies heat. As the hours wore on the prophecy was fulfilled. The moisture of the dew and the river mist rose toward the hot sky and vanished, but the dry haze remained and the low sun shone through it with a peculiar diffusion of coppery light. Even when it reached the zenith, the warm, faintly yellow dimness still rose high above the horizon, throwing its soft spell upon all objects distant or near, and melting through the dim blue on the distant

hilltop into the hot azure of the great dome above.

For an hour the watchers on the hill remained undisturbed, talking in undertones. For the most part, they speculated on the significance of the faint sounds that came up from below. Sometimes they could trace the crash of a horse through dry underbrush; sometimes a tumultuous clamor of commanding voices would tell them that a flat boat was being worked across a broad creek or a pond; sometimes a hardly audible whirr, and the metallic clinking of a bicycle bell would tell them that the wheelmen were speeding on the search. But for the best part of the time only nature's harmony of sounds came up through the ever-lightening gloom.

But with the first of daylight came the neighbors who had not been summoned, and they, of course, came running. It was also noticeable of this contingent that their attire was somewhat studied, and showed more or less elaborate preparation for starting on the already started hunt. Noticeable also it was, that after much sagacious questioning and profoundly wise discussion, the most of the new-comers either hung about peering out into the dawn and making startling discoveries at various points, or else went back to their houses to get bicycles, or horses, or forgotten suspenders. The little world of a suburban town sorts itself out pretty quickly and pretty surely. There are the men who do and the men who don't, and very few of the men who *did*, in that particular town, were in bed half an hour after the loss of that child was known.

But, after all, the late arrivals were useful in their way, and their wives, who came along later, were still more useful. The men were fertile in suggestions for tempting and practicable breakfasts; and the women actually brought the food along; and by the time that the world was well alight, the early risers were bustling about and serving coffee and tea, and biscuits and fruit, and keeping up that semblance of activity and employment that alone can carry poor humanity through long periods of suspense and anxiety. And the first on

the field were the last to eat and the least critical of their fare.

It was eight o'clock when the first party of searchers returned to the hill. There were eight of them. They stopped a little below the crib and beckoned to Penrhyn to come down to them. He went, white-faced and a little unsteady on his feet; his guardians followed him and joined with the group in a busy serious talk that lasted perhaps five minutes—but vastly longer to the women who watched them from above. Then Penrhyn and two men went hastily down the hill, and the others came up to the crib and eagerly accepted the offer of a hasty breakfast.

They had little to tell, and that little only served to deepen the doubt and trouble of the hour. Of all the complication of unkind chance the searchers had to face the worst and the most puzzling. As in many towns of old settlement a road ran around the town, roughly circumscribing it, much as the boulevards of Paris anciently circumscribed the old fortifications of the city. It was little more than a haphazard connection of roads, lanes, and avenues, each one of which had come into existence to serve some particular end, and the connection had ended in forming a circuit that practically defined the town limits. It had been made certain that the boy had wandered this whole round, and that he had not left it by anyone of the converging roads which he must have crossed. Nor could the direction of his wandering be ascertained. The hard, dry macadam road, washed clean by a recent rainfall, showed no trace of his light, infantile footprints. But sure it was that he had been on the road not one hour, but two or three at least, and that he had started out with an armful of his tiny belongings. Here they had found his small pocket-handkerchief, there a gray giraffe from his Noah's ark; in another place a noseless doll that had descended to him from his eldest sister; then a top had been found—a top that he could not have spun for years to come. Would the years ever come when that lost boy should spin tops?

There were other little signs which attested his passage around the circle

—freshly broken stalks of milkweed, shreds of his brightly figured cotton dress on the thorns of the wayside blackberries, and even in one place the clear print of a muddy and bloody little hand on a white gate-post.

There is no search more difficult than a search for a lost child five or six years of age. We are apt to think of these wee ones as feeble creatures, and we forget that their physical strength is proportionately much greater than that of grown-up people. We forget also that the child has not learned to attribute sensations of physical discomfort to their proper sources. The child knows that it suffers, but it does not know why. It is conscious of a something wrong, but the little brain is often unable to tell whether that something be weariness or hunger. If the wandering spirit be upon it, it wanders to the last limit of physical power, and it is surprising indeed to find how long it is before that limit is reached. A healthy, muscular infant of this age has been known to walk nearly eight or ten miles before becoming utterly exhausted. And when exhaustion comes, and the tiny form falls in its tracks, how small an object it is to detect in the great world of outdoors! A little bundle of dusty garments in a ditch, in a wayside hollow, in tall grass, or among the tufts and hummocks of a marsh—how easy it is for so inconspicuous an object to escape the eye of the most zealous searcher! A young animal lost cries incessantly; the lost child cries out his pitiful little cry, finds itself lifted to no tender bosom, soothed by no gentle voice, and in the end wanders and suffers in helpless, hopeless silence.

As the morning wore on Dirck and Halford beat the swampy lands of the river-side with a thoroughness that showed their understanding of the difficulty of their work, and their conviction that the child had taken that direction. This conviction deepened with every hour, for the rest of the countryside was fairly open and well populated, and there the search should have been, for such a search, comparatively easy. Yet the sun climbed higher and higher in the sky, and no sound of guns fired in glad signal reached their ears. Hith-

er and thither they went through the hot lowlands, meeting and parting again, with appointments to come together at spots known to them both, or separating without a word, each knowing well where their courses would bring them together. From time to time they caught glimpses of their companions on the hills above, who, from their height, could see the place of meeting on the still higher hill, and each time they signalled the news and got back the despairing sign that meant "None yet!"

News enough there was, but not *the* news. Mrs. Penrhyn still stayed, for her own house was so situated that the child could not possibly return to it, if he had taken the direction that now seemed certain, without passing through the crowd of searchers, and intelligence of his discovery must reach her soonest at that point. Perhaps there was another reason, too. Perhaps she could not bear to return to that silent house, where every room held some reminder of her loss. Certainly she remained at the crib, and perhaps she got some unreasoning comfort out of the rumors and reports that came to that spot from every side. It was but the idle talk that springs up and flies about on such occasions, but now and then it served as a straw for her drowning hope to clutch at. Word would come of a farmer who had seen a strange child in his neighbor's wagon. Then would come a story of an inn-keeper who had driven into town to ask if anybody had lost a boy. Then somebody would bring a report at third or fourth hand of a child rescued alive from the river. Of course story after story, report after report, came to nothing. The child seen in the wagon was a girl of fourteen. The inn-keeper had come to town to ask about the lost child, but it was only because he had heard the report and was curious. A child indeed had been rescued from the river, but the story was a week old. And so it went, and the hot sun rose to the zenith and declined, and the copery haze grew dim, and the shadows lengthened, and the late afternoon was come with its awful threat of impending night.



"The river, the river—oh, my boy, my boy!"

Dirck and Halford, down in the riverside marsh, saw that dreaded change fall upon the landscape, and they paused in their search and looked at one another silently. They had been ceaselessly at work all day, and the work had left its marks on them. Their faces were burnt to a fiery red, they were torn and scratched in the brambles, their clothes were soaked in mud and water to the waist, and they had been bitten and stung by insects until they looked as though some strange fever had broken out on them.

They had just met after a long beat, each having described the half of a circle around a piece of open water, and had sunk down in utter weariness on a little patch of dry ground, and for a minute looked at each other in silence. Then the younger man spoke.

"Hal," he said, "he never came this far."

By way of answer the other drew from his pocket a child's shoe, worn and wet, and held it up.

"Where did you find it?" asked Dirck.

"Right over there," said Halford, "near that old wagon-trail."

Dirck looked at him with a question in his eyes, which found its answer in the grave inclination of the elder's head. Then Dirck shook his own head and whistled—one long, low, significant whistle.

"Well," he said, "I thought so. Any trail?"

"Not the least," replied Halford. "There's a strip of thick salt grass there, over two yards wide, and I found the shoe right in the middle of it. It was lying on its side when I found it, not caught in the grass."

"Then they were carrying him, sure," said Dirck, decisively. "Now then, the question is, which way."

The two men went over to the abandoned roadway, a mere trail of ruts, where, in years before, ox-teams had

hauled salt hay. Up and down the long strip of narrow grass that bordered it, they went backward and forward, hunting for traces of men's feet, for they knew by this time, almost beyond doubt, that the child was in the hands of tramps. The "tramp-hole" is an institution in all suburban regions which are bordered by stretches of wild and unfrequented country. These tramp-holes of camps are the headquarters of bands of wanderers who come year after year to dwell sometimes for a week, sometimes for months. The same spot is always occupied, and there seems to be an understanding among all the bands that the original territory shall never be exceeded. The tramps who establish these "holes" are invariably professionals, and never casual vagabonds; and apparently they make it a point of honor to conduct themselves with a certain propriety while they are in camp. Curiously



The father leaned forward and clutched the arm of his chair.

enough, too, they seem to come to the tramp-hole, mainly for the purpose of doing what it is supposed that a tramp never does, namely: washing themselves and their clothes. I have seen on a chill November day, in one of these places, half a dozen men, naked to the waist, scrubbing themselves, or drying



They had just met after a long beat.

their wet shirts before the fire. I have always found them perfectly peaceable, and I have never known them to accost lonely passers-by, or women or children. If a shooting or fishing party comes along, however, large enough to put any accusation of terrorism out of the question, it is not uncommon for the "hoves" to make a polite suggestion that the poor man would be the better for his beer; and so well is the reputation of these queer camps established that the applicant generally receives such a collection of five-cent pieces as will enable him to get a few quarts for himself and his companions.

Still, in spite of the mysterious system of government that sways these banded wanderers on the face of the earth, it happens occasionally that the tramp of uncontrollable instincts finds his way into the tramp-hole, and there, if his companions are not numerous or strong

enough to withstand him, commits some outrage that excites popular indignation and leads to the utter abolition of one of the few poor out-door homes that the tramp can call his own, by the grace and indulgence of the world of workers. That such a thing had happened now the two searchers for the lost child feared with an unspeakable fear.

Dirck straightened himself up after a careful inspection of the strip of salt grass turf, and looking up to the ridge, blew a loud, shrill whistle on his two fingers. There was no answer. They had gone a full mile beyond call of their followers.

"I'll tell you what, old man," said Dirck, with the light of battle coming into his young eyes, "we'll do this thing ourselves." His senior smiled, but even as he smiled he knit his brows.

"I'll go you, my boy," he said, "so far as to look them up at the canal-boats. If they are not there we've got to go back and start the rest off. It may be a question of horses, and it may be a question of telegraphing."

"Well, let's have one go at them, anyway," said Dirck. He was no less tender-hearted than his companion; he wanted to find the child, but also he wanted, being young and strong and full of fight, to hunt tramps.



On a chill November day, . . . half a dozen men, naked to the waist, scrubbing themselves.

There were three tramp-holes by the riverside, but two were sheltered hollows used only in the winter-time. The third was a collection of abandoned canal-boats on the muddy strand of the river. Most of them were hopeless wrecks; in three or four a few patches of deck remained, enough to afford lodgement and shelter to the reckless way-

farers who made nothing of sleeping close to the polluted waters that permeated the rotten hulks with foul stains and fouler smells.

From the largest of these long, clumsy carcasses of boats came a sound of muffled laughter. The two searchers crept softly up, climbed noiselessly to the deck and looked down the hatchway. The low, red sun poured in through a window below them, leaving them in shadow and making a picture in red light and black shades of the strange group below.

Surrounded by ten tramps; ten dirty, uncouth, unshaven men of the road, sat the little Penrhyn boy, his little night-shirt much travel-stained and torn, his fat legs scratched and bruised, his soiled cheeks showing the traces of tears, his lips dyed with the juices of the berries he had eaten on his way, but happy, happy, happy—happier perhaps than he had ever been in his life before; for in his hand he held a clay pipe which he made persistent efforts to smoke, while one of the men, a big black-bearded animal who wore three coats, one on top of the other, gently withdrew it from his lips each time that the smoke grew dangerously thick. And the whole ten of them, sitting around him in their rags and dirt, cheered him and petted him and praised him, even as no polite assemblage had ever worshipped him before. No food, no drink could have been so acceptable to that delicately nurtured child of the house of Penrhyn as the rough admiration of those ten tramps. Whatever terrors, sufferings, or privations he had been through were all

forgotten, and he crowed and shrieked with hysterical laughter. And when his two rescuers dropped down into the hole, instead of welcoming them with joy, he grabbed one of the collars of the big brute with the three coats and wept in dire disappointment and affright.

"For God, boss!" said the spokesman of the gang, the sweat standing out on his brow, "we didn't mean him no harm, and we wouldn't have done him no harm neither. We found de little blokey over der in the ma'sh yonder, and we tuck him in and fed him de best we could. We was goin' to take him up to the man what keeps the gin-mill up the river there, for we hadn't no knowledge where he come from, and we didn't want to get none of you folks down on us.

I know we oughter

have took him up two hours ago, but he was foolin' that funny like that we all got kinder stuck on it, see, and we kinder didn't want to shake him. That's all there was to it, boss. God in heaven be my judge, I ain't lyin', and that's the truth!"

The faces of the ten tramps could not turn white, but they did show an ashen fear under their eyes—a deadly fear of the two men for whom anyone of them would have been more than a match, but who represented the world from which they were outcasts, the world of Home, of whose most precious sweetness they had stolen an hour's enjoyment—the world so strong and terrible to avenge a wrong to its best beloved.

Then the silence was broken by the voice of the child, wailing piteously:

"I don't want to be taken away from the raggedy gentlemen!"



The mother knew that her lost child was found.

Dirck still looked suspicious as he took the weeping child, but Halford smiled grimly, thoughtfully, and sadly as he put his hand in his pocket and said: "I guess it's all right, boys, but I think you'd better get away for the present. Take this and get over the river and out of the county. The people have been searching for this baby all day, and I don't know whether they'll listen to my friend and me."

The level red light had left the valleys and low places, and lit alone the hill-top where the mother was watching, when a great shout came out of the darkness, spreading from voice to voice through the great expanse below, and echoed wildly from above, thrilling men's blood and making hearts stand still, and as it rose and swelled and grew toward her out of the darkness, the mother knew that her lost child was found.

THE LITTLE FIELD OF PEACE

By Charles G. D. Roberts

By the long wash of his ancestral sea
 He sleeps how quietly!
 How quiet the unlifting eyelids lie
 Under the tranquil sky!
 The little, busy hands and restless feet
 Here learn that rest is sweet;
 For sweetly, from the hands grown tired of play,
 The child-world slips away,
 With its confusion of forgotten toys
 And kind, familiar noise.

Not lonely does he lie in his last bed,
 For love o'erbroods his head.
 Kindly to him the comrade grasses lean
 Their fellowship of green.
 The wilding meadow companies give heed—
 Brave tansy, and the weed
 That on the dyke-top lifts its dauntless stalk—
 Around his couch they talk.
 The shadows of his oak-tree flit and play
 Above his dreams all day;
 The wind, that was his playmate on the hills,
 His sleep with music fills.

Here in this tender acre by the tide
 His vanished kin abide.
 Ah, what compassionate care for him they keep,
 Too soon returned to sleep!
 They watch him in this little field of peace
 Where they have found release.
 Not as a stranger or alone he went
 Unto his long content,
 But kissed to sleep and comforted lies he
 By his ancestral sea.



MISS MARY CASSATT

By William Walton

THE number of picture exhibitions in New York City, in the winter season of 1894-95, was very considerable, but, as among other institutions, those only of these displays make durable impressions which are endowed with strongly marked characteristics, and there are only a limited number that are worthy of permanent record. One of these in this case was undoubtedly that of a certain number of the works of Miss Cas-

satt, in which the strong individuality of the artist seemed to move and live, as it were, behind the mask of her works, and the spectator was impressed by a new personality with which he was brought almost into contact. The technical problems of their art, which have so great an importance in the eyes of the painters, interest only in slight degree, as everybody knows, the larger body of laymen, and it is the character-

istics of the painter himself, as he makes them manifest, that lend their value in the eyes of the public to these technical processes. Miss Cassatt's works, oils, pastels, and dry points, seemed to have so much a style of their own as to at once attract attention—even among those more conventional or more timid who preferred milder methods of painting pictures. So many things are required in the successful practice of this art, that the translation of impalpable qualities by tangible and material applications assumes all sorts of interests to different appreciations, and this little exhibition, somewhat peculiar in this respect, while appealing most strongly to the visitor with a certain amount of information, was yet interesting to everyone. The subjects were mostly simple studies of women, or of women and children, frequently of the same sitters; a certain superficial family resemblance characterizing the very important group of pastels and paintings executed within the last five years, and a similar bond uniting the very different series of dry points printed in colors, somewhat better known to the ordinary New York picture-seer. Of still different methods were the earlier pictures in oils, some of them painted as far back as twenty years ago. One of the most important and one of the best known of these early works was the portrait of Mrs. Cassatt, all in white, glasses on nose, reading the *Figaro* with a surprising naturalness of attention. Another, of about the same date, was the beautiful color study of a lady with a fan, vaguely contemplating nothing with her very dark blue eyes, and which, in its harmony of luminous and warm mellow yellows and grays and browns, suggested in a general way the painting of Alfred Stevens before his decline began, and was different in color scheme from anything else in the collection. The figure is represented at half length, seated in an upholstered easy-chair, the back of the lady's head and the top of her chair reflected in the bottom of the large mirror behind her.

Of these early pictures, however, the most surprising when viewed from the stand-point of the latest works, is the

earliest here shown, the Spanish balcony scene painted in Seville in 1873. It is not so much the careful academic rendering as the fine, old-fashioned, deliberately intelligent getting-up of the incident with which we used to be so familiar, that makes this work contrast so strongly with the direct modern way of presenting the subject. The man behind emerges from the dusky background in an effective fashion, the shawl of the pretty lady at the left is in dark red, and that of the heroine much lighter and yellowish, and ornamented with a flower pattern that is about the only thing in the whole picture that connects it with the painter's recent canvases. In the theatre scene, "In the Box," painted five years later, we seem to see the influence of Manet in the much freer and simpler rendering; a lady in profile, in black, seated in a box in the foreground and seen at half-length, looks through an opera-glass. Beyond her, in the distance, can be followed the long curving sweep of the stalls, brilliantly dark red and pale yellow in the warm artificial illumination, and spotted with vivid little black and white figures.

From these urban and somewhat conventional themes, Miss Cassatt seems to have turned in later years to the consideration of the simplest domestic and rural subjects, mothers with babies, or without their babies, seated on the grass, or on garden benches. Many of these are midsummer scenes, set in the greenest of landscapes. In all of them may be felt that directness and vigor of presentation which has caused this lady to be claimed by the impressionists; but hers is scarcely impressionistic painting as generally understood, vague as is that term. In all of them may be felt a certain sentiment, or charm, or poetry—something much more than mere good painting. The feeling of nature, of summer air and space, of the charm of green apple orchards, or parks, and, very frequently, the mystery of mother love and the pulchritude of the Baby. But seldom indeed has that inefficient but most valuable of potentates been more carefully studied and faithfully rendered, in many of his various moods, and in his relations with the mother



A SPANISH SCENE—IN OLD SEVILLE.
One of the artist's early works.

that bore him or the nurse that tends him. In this little exhibition alone might be seen a dozen variations on that old, old group of the Madonna—posing only as "Mother and Child," or "The Young Mother," or "Nurse and Child," with a fine affectation of being only painter's studies, with that aversion to the appearance of being sentimental so characteristic of the works of the artist of the day. In one painting only, the "Maternal Solicitude," has

the painter ventured to give the real title of her work—the wonderful, infinite motherly yearning over the queer little unresponsive, responsive being of which she knows so little. The mystery, real and fictitious, of these small, naked infants counts for even more in the obsession of the painter than the thorny technical problem of presenting their bodies—and she seems to render it even more truly. That later prophet, Nordau, in his character as general

scold, could never say of her infants as he does of those of Miss Kate Greenaway, that they are the disordered products of an unfortunately diverted love of children. Miss Cassatt seems to have two of these youthful sitters, one dark-haired, dark-eyed, and the other with scant yellowish hair, but also very effective dark eyes. The latter appears in the important painting reproduced in the frontispiece, and also in the "In the Garden" of the smaller illustration. For both of them she renders most sympathetically that imposing air of infancy, that putting-on of strangeness and unutterable knowledge, which no consciousness on our part of its unreliability deprives of its power over us. In art, as in real life, a first-rate make-believe is frequently just as good as the real thing.

In her rendering of the adults that hover round these infants, or occasionally occupy themselves without them, there is the same search for character and truthfulness, with even less regard for that mere prettiness of expression that was once thought so requisite in similar subjects. The old doctrine of "Beauty" has been superseded among the moderns by a haunting fear of falling into the pretty-pretty. Miss Cassatt is probably too conscious of her strength to be much troubled by this dread, but the unregenerate spectator will sometimes wish for a little more pandering to his prejudices in this matter. To adopt his point of view for the moment, we may say that there was a fine sentimental picture among these, in which the blonde sitter who appears so frequently is represented on a bench under the trees, and looking at a pink or a geranium which she holds somewhat stiffly before her. Her physical beauty in this instance is even less than usual; of that youthful charm and grace, which were formerly considered indispensable under these circumstances, there is scarcely a trace. The probabilities are, however, that by avoiding the conventional and the pretty the painter has evolved a better and more artistic situation—the suggestion perhaps of the upspringing of all these tender, youthful, feminine longings and aspirations, and half-

formed ideas in some soul more worthy of our interest than the usual one. A sort of variation on Hegel's theory of the beautiful—"the presence of the idea in limited phenomenon." This replacing of the pretty by something better is also very noticeable in "The Caress," suggesting the old renderings of the mystic marriage of Saint Catherine, and, like them, apparently meaning much more than it says. The baby's head is quite dignified and noble, and quite baby-like; and the settling of his fat, little shapeless body, creased by the mother's fingers in the mother's lap is excellently given. The thoughtfulness behind the good painting gives all these pictures their human interest.

In the technical rendering, the painter has apparently addressed herself, as the important thing, to the solution of the unsolvable problem of painting flesh. In this great problem even those are now beginning to be interested who, despite their interest in pictures, considered flesh as something unprofitable. Something ugly, meaty, and indecent, to be covered up on all occasions and not mentioned outside the bath-room. They are not yet converted to the artist's belief that it is the most beautiful substance in nature, and one of the most wonderful; that neither the Japanese, Barbedienne, nor Thiébaud frères can make such bronze as the clear, translucent brown of a young negro. The nature of the pigments supplied to the painter by his dealer is such that he is able, approximately, to render either the superficial color and form of this integument or something of its texture, but not both, and he is immediately called upon to decide. Many, and some of them of great renown, elect to try for the beautiful, smooth, delicately tinted surface; the more analyzing and tormented souls resolve, at all hazards, to give the substance and qualities of this baffling epidermis. The method of the intransigents is well known—to construct, as it were, the substance with varying and violently colored pigments, and then leave the putting on of the finishing and smoothing outer cuticle to the judicious spectator and his duly elonga-



The Family.

ted point of view. The solution of this problem by some of the masters, three or four hundred years ago, has been accepted as very nearly satisfactory without anyone's being able to discover just how they did it; at least one distinguished American painter devoted a large part of his working life to the attempt to solve the problem of "Titian's flesh," and is said to have

died in the belief that he had succeeded, without convincing his fellows. An experiment made upon a Rembrandt in the Louvre, a few years ago, seemed to determine what had been suspected, that the yellow and golden glow of the picture was due in great measure to time, Spanish licorice, and many coats of varnish; but the new Rembrandt underneath was thought to be

even finer. The qualities of this admirable substance with which we are clothed are such that it is difficult even to describe it; Fuseli's apparently idiotic phrase for Rubens's flesh, "the

Miss Cassatt's selections and compromises, among the various methods of flesh-painting known, constitute one of the most interesting features of her work. She cannot reconcile herself to



CHILD WITH THE ORANGE (PASTEL).

brawny pulp of slaughtermen," is not to be despised. The conscientious painter thinks he must at least suggest all the qualities of this "brawny pulp"—its color and form, contexture, resilience and other properties, even to its muffled resonance when struck. And his pigments and chalks naturally abandon at once any such unequal contest.

the painting of a beautiful, smooth, hard substance like tinted ivory, and she is not satisfied with the coarsely hatched structure of many of her contemporaries, which at least suggests the depth of the fleshly integument, if not the finish. By wise and vigorous painting, with the full strength of her palette and a careful observance of the local variations, she secures the in-

trinsic quality of her fleshy tones—so that you can well imagine that her rendering would feel under your fingers much as the naked body does in life—and she is much aided in securing this

or the creases and dimples which her fingers make in his sides. In her painting, to supplement this rendering of the structure, she contrives, by a certain care in blending and finishing,



IN THE GARDEN (PASTEL).

desirable effect by a free use of that hard outline which the impressionists so generally disregard. In her etchings, also, this skilful use of the outline is of the greatest service in securing this truthfulness—an almost flat rendering of a baby's torso is made at once to seem both pulpy and solid by the strong folds of the lower part of his body when seated on his mother's arm,

to invest it with more of that smooth and pleasant outer surface than do generally the practitioners of the newer schools; but her main care is, evidently, to make sure of the pulpy and kneadable quality rather than of that pinkness and whiteness and exquisite smooth coolness which make a baby's or a young girl's cheek such a delight to the touch. There is much to be said on both sides

of this question—the delight of the eye is to be considered by the artist, and it may be doubted whether such flesh as sailors and laborers wear, and many painters paint, would ever have led civilized man to the invention of caresses and kisses. Something more than usual of this care for the outer finish may be seen in the beautiful pastel study of the child with the orange. This little maid's countenance, her round, white forehead, are so truly and beautifully rendered as to furnish a permanent joy—even her little nose is gently fleshy and compressible, instead of being hard and osseous in structure.

The modelling of the flesh in the dry points is generally summarily done by fine lines running in one direction, frequently diagonally, with none of the regular etcher's care for the individual black line. For the curious, decorative dry-point plates printed in colors, a flat, conventional grayish flesh tone generally does duty for all exposed portions, both of mother and infant, and the careful and sometimes eccentric outline finishes the rendering. The hair, on the contrary, is carefully done in detail, generally giving the light and shade and the contour of the head. The outline drawing of the infants, and sometimes of the adults, is a species of compromise between nature and Japanese methods. In her neglect of these structural qualities for the elaborate repetition of pattern on wall or drapery, Miss Cassatt also follows the traditions of the Japanese artist, who wreaks himself on the infinite detail of the *kimono* to the total neglect of the body it covers, because he is so constituted. The color is pleasant, decorative, and cool, running to grays and keeping within a reasonable distance of nature. Occasionally on tea-pots or other important substances, as well as on the human head, it breaks into a little modelling and roundness.

The color in the later pastels and

paintings ranges through a long scale, sometimes very rich and decorative, and at others much quieter and simpler. In the "Child with the Orange," one of the most sumptuous, the fruit makes a sudden and brilliant spot of color in the centre of the shining, beautiful greenish-blue of the dress, the silky yellow hair is crossed with a red rib-



The Lesson (etching).

bon, the vase behind has strong blue accents, and the background has apparently been constructed by striking a luminous green across a solid, rich reddish-brown. The advancing and receding planes are sometimes carefully attended to and sometimes neglected in these works, as the painter thought them important in her scheme or not, but the solidity of the figure is always taken care of; and the roundness, generally. There is also no hampering by definite rules about "finish"—in the lower part of the skirt of our little orange girl the gray pastel paper has been left almost wholly uncovered, because the painter found she had given enough of the luminous satiny color of the gown. The "Maternal Solicitude" and the mother and child in the garden are also very handsome and pompous; in the latter, the large, dark-red flowers in the background, which perhaps, keep their places, and perhaps do not, are all but dominated by the brilliant spots of orange, green, and yellow in the mother's dress. The bodice of the lady who stoops so tenderly over her black-headed little son, is in yellows

and oranges, very rich in color, and her skirt is pale pink with dark-greenish spots. In the large painting in oil reproduced for the frontispiece of this number—which the French Government vainly desired for the Luxembourg—the sturdy naked body of the baby is very delicately relieved against the nurse's pink dress, of almost similar value and color. The heavily laden boughs come down very solidly over their heads, and the stretch of grassy lawn behind them is painted almost flat—this painter believing that we see much less aerial perspective than we think we do.

Among the paintings shown in this exhibition was a large one, representing a section of a boating party, the back of the rower in the foreground, nearly life-size, being clothed in flat, very dark blue, pure color, and his sash of a paler blue, much like the flat water beyond. At the top of the picture was a strip of landscape of about the same value as the water; the corner of sail shown was distinctly greenish in hue, and the boat was painted in green and white, amidst all of which the baby in the stern-sheets was of a species of shrimp pink. As a contrast to this cheerful navigation there was a little marine very like a Manet, a flat, grayish-yellowish expanse of sea spotted with three or four little black boats. Miss Cassatt's large painting for the decoration of the north tympanum of the Woman's Building at Chicago, two

years ago, will be remembered by many visitors notwithstanding the very inconvenient height at which it was placed. In this she had worked in the methods exemplified in the later pictures shown in the New York exhibition, and her theme was not dissimilar—carefully selected but not idealized figures of women and children gathering fruit in a long, green orchard. It may also be remembered that some of the Western "Lady Managers" thought this conception of "Modern Woman"—her theme—somewhat inaccurate.

To the first exhibition of the impressionists in Paris, in 1878, Miss Cassatt was an important contributor, and her works have appeared in the Salons both before and since that date and in this country—as in the galleries of the Society of American Artists and at the Loan Exhibition of Portraits of Women in New York, November, 1894—but in general she seems to have attained to that desirable condition, coveted of artists, of being able to dispense with the annual exhibitions. An art so learned, so well-inspired as hers, which so well combines the letter and the spirit, and knows how to present the prettiest and most popular of themes in a large and comprehensive way, preserving all the tenderness and avoiding all of the little and the commonplace, is sufficiently rare even in this age of over-production, and any knowledge of it is to be accounted as gain.

FRENCH BINDERS OF TO-DAY

By S. T. Prijeaux

FRENCH craftsmen of to-day, as far as binding is concerned, fall naturally into two classes, those who still repeat and adapt old models and those who are bent upon seeking some new thing. The first consider that the right traditions of ornament have been given once and for all, and need only be followed with ever-increasing skill and technical perfection; the second feel that new departures are necessary if the art is to respond to modern needs.

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The conservatives restrict their ornaments to the strictly traditional, admitting no further novelty than that which consists in fresh adaptations of the same "tools," the reformers will sooner go out of the lines hitherto recognized as legitimate, than continue to work in the well-worn grooves. It is the old opposition between "les classiques" and "les jeunes," often recurrent in the literary history of France, and permeating, as it would seem, the whole

artistic life of the country in a way that has no parallel here. Such a cleavage, well defined among poets and painters of the moment, is thus repeated in miniature in the humbler arts, greatly to their benefit, and to that of the public as well.

That the old traditions of any art at its best and most inspired periods should be kept green is a safeguard against its deterioration, and lapse into the merely novel and eccentric. That efforts should be made on the lines of a new interpretation of the scope and possibilities of that art prevents the lifeless copying of past achievement. It is thus that such opposition benefits the art or craft itself; but for the public too it is of equal value. They have on the one side, not only the actual models of the past, of which perhaps they must go in search, but their translations in the hands of the modern worker; and on the other side the attempts to get away from these models and to invent anew. The tendency toward the approval of mere eccentricity, which we must admit to be prevalent at the present time, has thus a chance of being held in check by the constant presence of that which has become classical. The art of binding will never be able to free itself from the support of tradition. If there are modern books belonging exclusively in initiation to our own age, and therefore lending themselves most appropriately to new experiments by the binder, who is original and personal in his work, there will always be others, numerous and valuable as well, that it will be impossible to fitly decorate without a profound study of all that was best in the past.

In noticing some typical French binders of to-day, we propose to take them in the following sequence: those who are purely classic in their decoration; those who, mainly classic, have yet a sympathy with new departures and have contributed toward them, and lastly those who, in the attempt to break fresh ground, have more or less invented a style of their own.

If there seems less to be said about the first than about some of the others, it is only because they are content not

to challenge criticism and because their work is confined to lines well known to all amateurs of binding.

And first we will take M. Chambolle, whose house was founded about 1834 by Duru. Duru learnt his solid "forwarding"—what the French so aptly call "*le corps d'ouvrage*"—as a pupil of Bauzonnet, in whose workshop Trautz was then a "finisher." He was desirous of setting up together with Trautz, but Bauzonnet, who had the same idea, carried the day, and his firm became that of Trautz-Bauzonnet, while Duru started on his own account. His Jansenist bindings soon became famous, and later on, with Marius Michel as gilder, and a clientèle of the richest booklovers of his day, he did much elaborate work, though always of a traditional kind. His reputation was so great that even old bindings were destroyed that the books might be clothed afresh by Duru. In 1861 he began to think of retirement, and associated Chambolle with him for the next two years, that he might pass on to a worthy successor the habits and practices of his house. These Chambolle has kept up, and although in the matter of style he has never adventured upon new paths, his bindings are among the best of their kind.

Another name, equally well known, is that of M. Marcelin Lortic, who, since the death of his father in 1892, has carried on his business alone. It was in 1840 that Lortic père came to Paris determined to make a name for himself in the craft that he loved. With patient resolution he gradually gained greater mastery over it, winning medals from time to time at different exhibitions, until the government finally recognized his services to art by giving him the Legion of Honor in 1878. The secret of his success, though an open one, is none the less difficult of imitation. A stern critic of his own results, he was never satisfied with falling below his own standard of perfection, and in the attainment of this ideal he would often strip and re-do the work until it met with his approval.

His feeling with regard to books was of the same order. Nothing short of the most perfect specimens were fit for

his efforts as an artist, and when he died there were some two hundred volumes, the best of their kind in bindings, executed by himself.

One son, M. Edmond Lortic, has inherited his taste for books and is well known as a librarian of valuable editions.

Marcelin was apprenticed as a binder at fourteen, and continued to learn "forwarding" for four years, when he became a "finisher," and has ever since devoted himself to that branch of the business. Like M. Chambolle, he prides himself upon being a pure classic, and it is not often that he deviates from the most beaten tracks.

We pass on to M. Émile Mercier, successor to François Cuzin, who died in 1890, and for whom he worked as gilder. M. Mercier began his apprenticeship in 1869 with M. Magnier, where he remained three and a half years. After that he was in two houses of second-rate importance until 1876, when he took over the whole bound morocco work at M. Smeers. In 1882 he joined M. Cuzin from whose taste and counsel he benefited greatly, and of whose friendly aid he can never say enough. For eight years their collaboration was of the closest and warmest nature, only ending with M. Cuzin's death. Two years later M. Mercier took over the direction of the business, and his great object ever since has been to sustain the reputation of his predecessor. All the gilding exhibited on the bindings of M. Cuzin in 1889 was done by M. Mercier, and a contemporary binder, writing of this display, describes it in the following terms: "We have rarely seen 'finishing' executed with such vigor; the decoration seems to be chased in massive gold. It is certainly of extraordinary solidity and will retain its brilliancy during many years." The French have a higher standard of the technical qualities of "finishing" than exists elsewhere, and criticise it entirely apart from design, or anything else connected with the binding. It is interesting to observe that in the opinion of his brother craftsmen M. Mercier is the finest gilder of the moment.

M. Léon Gruel's business is the old-

est established of all described in this paper. Founded in 1811 by M. Desforges it was given over to his son-in-law Gruel in 1825. On the death of her husband in 1846 Madame Gruel continued the conduct of the house till 1851, when she remarried with M. Englemann, a printer of note. Henceforth the firm, under the name of Gruel-Englemann, organized a new departure in the issue of fine editions of Service books, missals and the like, of which it has since made a specialty, but at the same time the binding department was kept up to its former level of excellence. In 1875 Madame Englemann, again left a widow, associated her two sons with her, M. Léon Gruel, son of the first marriage, became head of the bindery, and M. Edward Englemann, eldest son of the second marriage, took over the direction of the printing and publishing department. From its earliest days the business has always had the highest reputation, both for initiative in artistic matters, as well as for irrepachable execution in the detail of its many-sided achievements. It has indeed been the nursery of all the chief binders of the time, and no other house in any country has a roll-call of such distinguished names. Marius Michel père remained there twelve years, and only left it to establish himself as the most celebrated gilder of the century. Chambolle and Thouvenin were there also, as well as David, Thibaron, Motte, Joly, Loisetier and others, who have since founded binderies of their own. Nor must we omit the names of Rossigneux, a designer of extraordinary genius, Liénard, the designer and carver in wood, the brothers Sollier, enamellers of exquisite taste, all of whom contributed toward the revival of mediæval bindings, of which M. Gruel discovered anew the traditions. To the French the Prayer Book is a form of luxury, and on the occasion of a first Communion or of marriage affords the opportunity for a costly offering. It will thus easily be seen that on devotional works can be lavished a variety of binding that finds no place in the ordinary library. M. Gruel has employed all the decorative arts as adjuncts to the embellishment of the "livre de piété." Painted mosaics,

enamels, wrought metal in clasps, corners and panels, sculptured wood and ivory, the monastic invention of "cuir ciselé," all these arts of many kinds and many ages have been applied in faultless workmanship to the Service book of this century.

The work of his house is perhaps better known in America than that of any other, on account of the important collection sent to the Chicago Exhibition, which comprised a carefully studied variety of book-covers, including most of the kinds above mentioned. The possession of a very fine collection of ancient bindings has enabled M. Léon Gruel to become an authority on the history of binding and to make researches which took shape a few years back in the "*Manuel historique et bibliographique de l'amateur des relieurs*." This book, finely illustrated, is the most important work of reference we possess, though since its publication, M. Thoinan and others have written much and learnedly on the subject.

Besides the conduct of his varied and important business, of which he became sole head and representative in 1891, M. Gruel finds time to take a real interest in the technical education of the coming generation of binders.

He has been president of the *Chambre Syndicale Patronale des Relieurs*, etc., since its foundation in 1891, and it is through the genial and generous attitude he has always maintained toward his brother binders, as well as through his disinterested labors, that it is now established on a thoroughly sound basis.

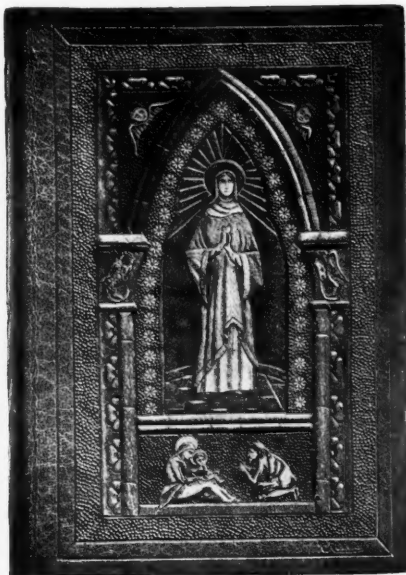
His help and advice are always forthcoming to the genuine lover of bindings, and the present brief account of what is being done in Paris at the present time owes its existence to his friendly aid.

We pass on now to another binder, who together with M. Gruel may be said to form a connecting link between the old and the new. M. Henri Michel is the son of the great gilder of that name. His father, born in 1821, made his first apprenticeship at Lyons, but came to Paris in 1838, and worked for a short time in the atelier of Reiss. But in 1839 he went to M. Gruel, where he

remained as gilder for ten years, getting more and more perfection of touch with every year that passed. In 1849, he set up for himself, and from that time, till 1876, he worked as finisher for all the chief binders in Paris. His first clients were Duru and Capé, but very soon others followed, till his employers included David, Hardy, and Chambolle, Thibaron, Cuzin, and every other binder of note. During more than a quarter of a century, Jean Michel, or Marius Michel, as he by that time called himself, continued to put forth the most exquisite "tooling" that has ever been seen. His taste was excellent, for while at that period there was no idea of invention in the matter of design, but only of copying the old masters, Marius Michel went straight to the very best period for his inspiration. The great unknown designer of the Renaissance, who decorated the books of Henri II., was his master, and to that style, the most purely classic in the best sense, he kept faithful throughout his life. Some of his best work is in the library at Chantilly, for the Duc d'Aumale, during his exile under the Empire, entrusted to Capé a succession of books, which, gilt by Marius Michel, constitute the former's chief title to fame. Unfortunately, most of Marius Michel's work bears only the name of the binder, who employed him, but after a time amateurs demanded his signature as well, and the volumes that have it are of great value in consequence of their limited number. Michel died only five years ago, at the age of seventy. His son, Henri, born in 1846, went into the workshops at sixteen, but he also attended the lectures at the *École des Arts décoratifs*, which have ever rendered much service to French industries. In 1866, he undertook the important task of making tracings for his father of all the historic bindings; and he gave especial study to the decoration of the backs that were in keeping with the sides, while he himself executed many of the most important backs for his father's clients. In conjunction with Marius Michel, he wrote two important works on Binding, the first serious attempts toward a literature of the subject. These were "*La Reliure*



A Binding by Repartier for "Herodas."



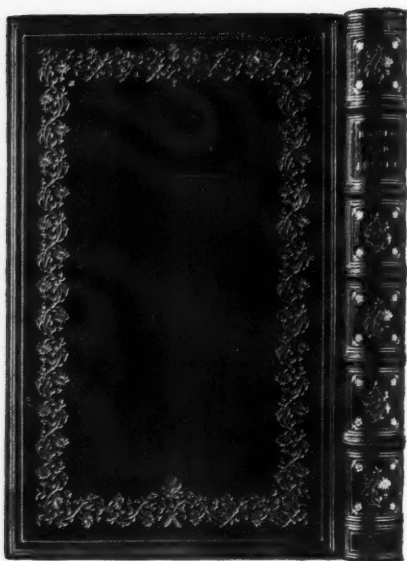
A Binding by Repartier.

Française depuis l'invention de l'Imprimerie jusqu'à la fin du XVIII^e siècle," and "La reliure Française commerciale et industrielle depuis l'invention de l'Imprimerie jusqu'à nos jours," published in 1880 and 1881, respectively. In 1889, he published "L'ornamentation des reliures modernes," which sets forth, with admirable clearness, his views upon design. He was the first in this treatise to advocate novelty of treatment, and to deprecate the prevailing fashion of putting *fac similes* of the great masters on every book, new as well as old. He shows that the distinction of the nineteenth century binding is the attempt to get appropriateness of design, and dares even to find it amiss in the old masters that they clothed their most serious as well as their lightest works with the same fashion of ornament. Such a point of view, coming, as it does, from so perfect a reproducer of past *chefs-d'œuvre*, marks an era in the modern history of the art. Not less important are his remarks on the servile copying

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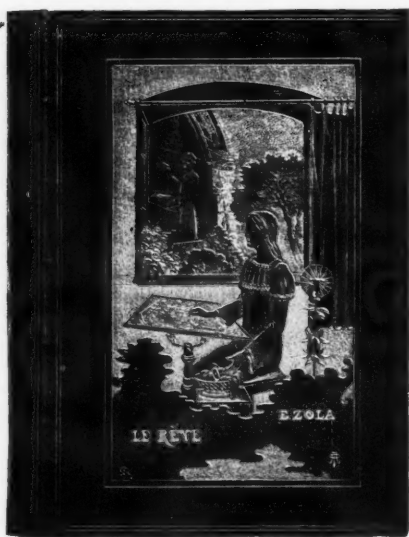
A Binding by Lortic fils for Poe's "Tamerlane" (1894).



A Binding by Mercier for "Romeo and Juliet."

of patterns. The artist and artisan in former days made his careful sketch in church or museum, till, penetrated with the spirit of that which he admired, he was able to reproduce at will from memory, adding at the same time a part of himself. Now, in these days of cheap

reproduction, everyone buys a print or photograph, and all that is demanded of the workman is to copy it with slavish accuracy. Thirty years ago everything was good except what was modern, and the collector forgot that had the amateur of the past, himself a collector also, not appreciated the best that was modern in his time, some of the finest traditions in art could never have existed. Neither Mazarin nor Fouqué made Le Gascon copy Grolier. A style is not made in a day, but certainly entire preoccupation with the past will do much to hinder the possibility of that pressure of taste that constitutes a style. In this same treatise he insists further on the necessity of not mixing different motives, of keeping the details in harmony with the general scheme, and of letting the main idea always remain prominent, instead of being lost in accessories. The binder, too, should recognize the natural limitations of the craft, and abide by them. He should not attempt to entrench upon other arts, nor try to express more than he is able in his own field. The spirit of the text should be suggested in color and decoration, but the direct imagery of material motives should be left to the



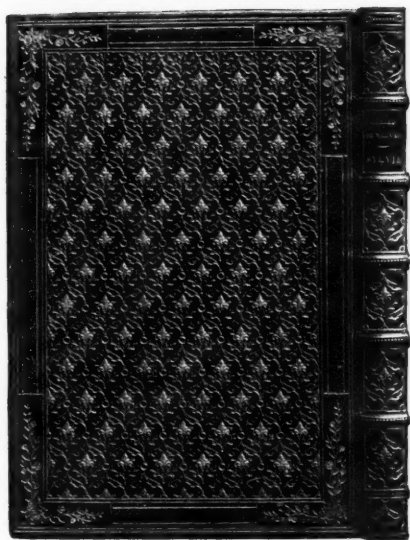
A Binding by Gruel for Zola's "Le Rêve."



A Binding by Gruel.

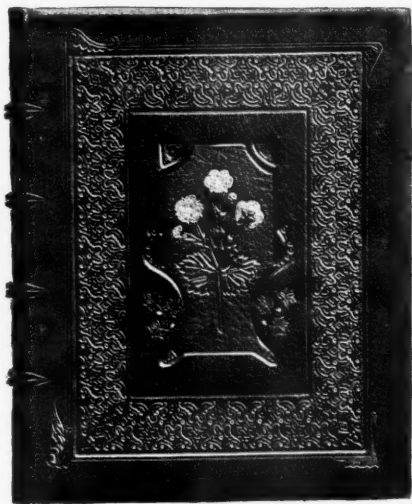
gift book and the advertising cover. It must be said that M. Michel has exemplified in his own work all that he here lays down as canons of taste. He set the example of fresh initiative by being the first to employ floral motives in the decoration of his bindings, drawing the flowers in the first instance straight from nature and subsequently conventionalizing them for the tool-cutter. His advice—to leave the making of copies and try new roads—has been adopted by several of the younger men, as we shall show later, but the restrictions of taste he advocates have, in some cases, not been adopted, and the bizarre and rococo are apparently thought to constitute a sufficient claim to originality.

The illustrations here given of M. Michel's work are not worthily representative, but he is reserving twenty-six of his best books for reproduction in M. Bérardi's "*La Reliure du XIX^e siècle*." An extremely facile and versatile designer, his styles are numerous and always undergoing fresh developments. Besides those styles already alluded to, we find one more recent, showing a certain reaction against gold. In this the mosaics are executed with

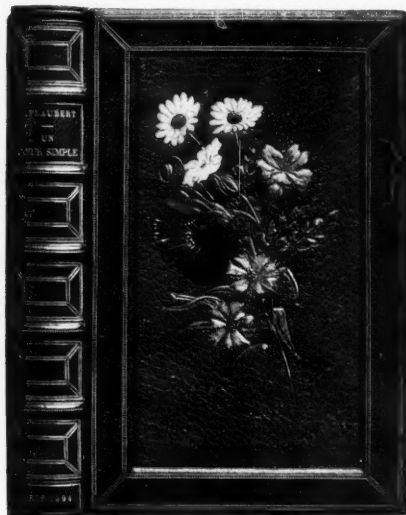


A Binding by Ruban for Gérard de Nerval's "*Sylvie*."

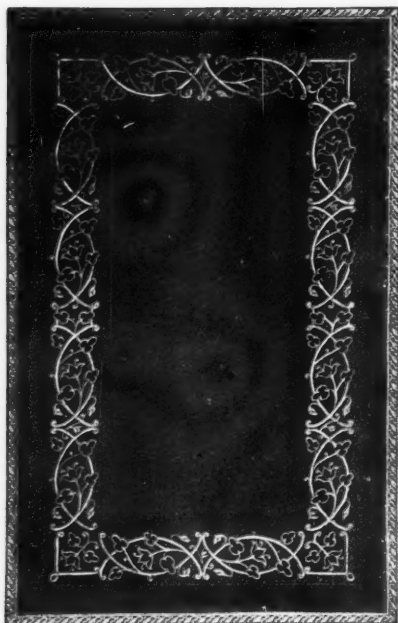
fine gradation of color, and all the tooling is blind. In some of the mosaic work, in which real iridescence of color is obtained, the effects are got by staining. But everywhere there is such mastery of line and curve, such perfect feeling for tone and tint, as well as



A Binding by Ruban.



A Binding by Ruban for Flaubert's "*Un Cœur Simple*."

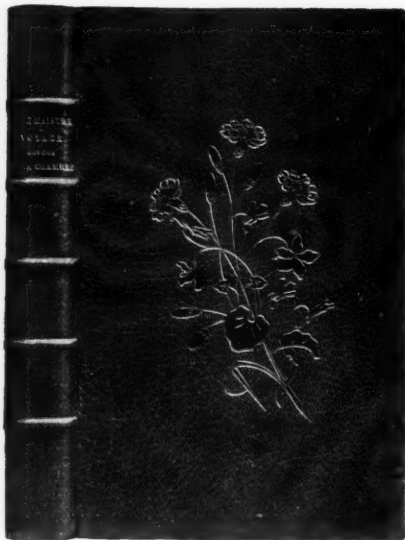


A Binding by Marius Michel for Gérard de Nerval's "Sylvie."

such exquisite workmanship, that gold would seem but a vulgar adjunct. M. Michel recently exhibited a case of bindings in this style at the Champ de Mars, of which all the decoration was done by his own hands.

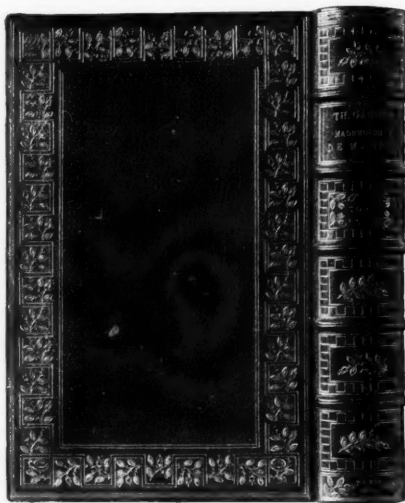
His influence on the most modern school of binding has been considerable, as it may well be, considering how sound he is as a theorist and how inspiring as a practitioner.

We come now to the younger generation of binders, the innovators of their day, who strike the personal note in what they undertake. Part of their work is often subjected to the criticism that it is not "binding," though it may be accepted as a new form of book-decoration, but this remark is hardly applicable to the first we shall mention, M. Pétrus Ruban, who founded his business in 1879 and gained a silver medal at the Exhibition of the Palais de l'Industrie in 1886. Only about six years ago he started the special kind of binding to which he now chiefly devotes himself, and only within the last two years



A Binding by Marius Michel for Xavier de Maistre's "Voyage autour de ma Chambre."

has he signed his books inside with name and date—a new departure that he considers marks the time when he ceased to do any but the most highly finished work. His latest efforts are in morocco modelled by hand in relief, with lit-



A Binding by Chambolle for Gautier's "Mlle. de Maupin."

tle or no gold. An admirable example of this work may be found in the cover of a fine paper copy of the celebrated "*Histoire des quatre fils d'Aymon*," illustrated by Grasset, and now of extreme rarity. The foundation is a bronze-morocco with mosaics of different colors that blend rather than contrast with it, and all the work is "blind," with the exception of a little dull "old gold" in the mosaics, and the flowers which are studded with brilliant gold dots. This book, like the work of M. Marius Michel, somewhat similar in character, shows how mistaken are the majority who think no binding decorated unless it glistens with gold. The methods employed in this kind of modelling, for which none of the stamps are used that constitute the "tools" of the ordinary finisher, may perhaps be seen better on a copy of Flaubert's "*Cœur Simple*," where a bronze morocco is inlaid with naturalistic flowers of different colors modelled by hand in considerable relief and also without gold. Another style is found on a doubleure of a binding of "*Sylvie*" by Gérard de Nerval. The outside is already figured in Bouchot's "*De la Reliure*," but the inside is given here as representative of a very attractive variation on the ordinary mosaic. The convolvulus flowers and leaves are stained and shaded by hand on a cream-colored morocco ground and delicately outlined in gold. There is no inlay, and the effect is excessively dainty, though slighter, and less emphasized than where different leathers are used. The cover is of the tan-colored leather known as *La Vallière*, inlaid with small flowers of a pale green, and has a design that, gilt three times, according to French custom in the best houses, took forty-five days to complete. M. Ruban is known for the care with which he suits his designs to the books they decorate, and even the accessories are studied in the same way, the brocaded silks that he employs as "ends" belonging to the period corresponding with the book. His work will be well represented in M. Béraldi's next volume.

As in all the ateliers described, with the exception of those of MM. Gruel and Marius Michel, the personnel of the

establishment does not consist of more than three or four workers, one of whom is a son of M. Cuzin and a promising "finisher." For such conditions to prevail as are found here and elsewhere in Paris, which include confidence on the part of the master, and leisure to work without pressure on the part of his subordinates, the workman must be worthy of his trust. "What saves France in her industries at the present time," said one of the great binders the other day, "is that her workmen are still artists." And it is true, whether French taste in matters of art coincides with our own, or is often at variance with it, the fact remains, that the majority of French workmen have the conscience, if not always the inspiration, of the artist.

M. Raparlier is the most enthusiastic innovator and the boldest in his deviations from the traditions of the craft. "*Le genre Raparlier*" consists in representing on the cover of a volume some typical subject or scene in the book, by an entirely original process. The book, after being covered in morocco, has the design roughly modelled on it by means of small sculptor's tools made in metal instead of boxwood. These tools are heated, by which means the leather is slightly burnt and shadowed in greater or less degree. Inlays of other colors are then applied of various thicknesses according to the relief required and the modelling proceeds, the whole being kept very wet until it is sufficiently worked up. A certain amount of acid or coloring matter is added, if required, to give vigor to the design, which, when completed, is perfectly hard and can be subjected to the ordinary pressure. M. Raparlier was a pupil of the *École des Beaux Arts*, and only a thorough training in design and modelling could possibly give the ability for this sort of work, which is more allied to sculpture than to anything else one can think of. The designs on each side of the cover are always different and not one is ever repeated. The artist's exhibit at the *Exposition Internationale du Livre* in 1892, for which he obtained a gold medal, attracted much curious attention on account of its undoubted originality, and of the

obvious artistic feeling shown in the harmony of color displayed throughout. M. Raparlier is a young artist, very keen to make his way, and at present asking but modest prices for work which involves the qualities of the inventor as well as the skill of the craftsman. The adventurous book-lover might do a good deal worse than encourage this attempt to open out a fresh field of book-decoration.

We have been dealing hitherto with binding of a special class—morocco work hand-tooled in all its variety, but it would not be fair to close this account of modern French binders, without mentioning a type of binding which the French have made peculiarly their own and which is now associated with the name of M. E. Carayon. This is known as "*cartonnage à la Bradel*." Supposed to be of German origin, it bears the name of the binder who first adopted it in France. It has always been considered as binding of a purely provisional nature for books which it was proposed at some time or another to habit in a more costly manner. The main features of such a binding are that the sections are not "sawn in" at the back and remain intact, being sewn upon ribbon, that the edges are left untouched by the plough, and that the boards of the book instead of being made one with the back and being fixed in the joint, are removed a certain distance from the back, leaving a hollow in which the covering of paper, silk, or vellum is impressed. This hollow is peculiarly suited to vellum work on account of its stiffness, but not less to thin materials from the opposite reason that these are liable to give way at the hinge, when the board works sharply, as it does in the ordinary mode of binding. M. Carayon's work has, then, for its aim, the preservation of the book, so that it loses none of its value on changing hands, and the purchaser gets it exactly in the same state as when it was first issued. It may be mentioned in passing that this is the only

style which the French allow to open perfectly flat, the only really comfortable form of binding we get from them, but that is a natural idiosyncrasy which it seems we must accept. The nature of M. Carayon's work enables him to use all varieties of material that the most eccentric amateur can imagine; quaint, old-fashioned papers and cloths, silk brocades, snake and crocodile skins, Japanese leathers with their striking colors and curious designs. These *revêtements de fantaisie*, in whole or half-bindings, are of endless diversity and are carried out with great taste and with a delicate freshness of handling that finds no parallel elsewhere. He is especially famed for bindings in vellum, the sides of which are decorated with sketches in water-color or pen and ink by the first illustrators of the day, such as A. Robaudi, Louis Morin and Henriot, whose talent in that particular line has no equal. These sketches are either original or represent some part of the story, and when both book and binding is decorated by the artist, the whole has a special fitness and value. M. Carayon does plenty of morocco work as well, gilt by skilful finishers, but even then it is always put through in the same way, the book left untouched and the boards not laced in. His varied exhibit at the Exposition de Livre in 1892 gained for him a gold medal. Such work, it is needless to say, can be intrusted to but few hands and those carefully and leisurely trained to delicate manipulations, and the workman who has been the shortest time with M. Carayon, has been helping him for more than fifteen years.

We cannot do better than quote in conclusion his own explanation of his success, a success, it may be added, not sufficiently recognized outside his own country. "*Le secret de mes succès, c'est tout simplement que je suis un amoureux du livre, que mon métier me plaît, et que je ne saurais à aucun prix massacrer un volume, fût-il le plus infime.*"

BRITISH OPINION OF AMERICA

BY RICHARD WHITEING

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND has builded better than he knew with his famous Message. He has compelled us, on both sides of the Atlantic, to revise our judgments of each other. National feeling has become self-conscious; it has been a time of searching of heart. From first to last it has been all "a matter of opinion." Opinion dictated the Message; opinion, too, averted the danger of war. British opinion of America is, as a rule, represented exclusively by the utterances of the cultured and cosmopolitan persons who take the toast of the evening at public dinners, and who have large interests all the world over. These are excellent mouthpieces of national sentiment, but they are not exactly the nation. There is still with us, as with you—for you have the same class in postprandial authority—the masters of that class, and of every other in the community; that is to say, the community itself, the whole that is greater than the parts. One of those parts, and the largest, here as elsewhere, is the Man in the Street.

Our Man in the Street does not know much about America. It is an abstraction to him. He bears it absolutely no ill-will, but he is not aware of it in any sense derived from his familiarity with literature, institutions, or, above all, by personal contact. In spite of your annual exodus, our average man rarely meets an American. Now and then America becomes a concrete reality to him in the results of a boat-race, a yacht-race, or an athletic contest, and for a moment he becomes very much aware of it indeed. The Message had a startling effect upon him, for it seemed to bring his remote and unknown cousin to town. Hitherto he had only known his cousin by report, and scarcely by the report of history. Of history in the larger sense he has little or none. The little he ever had he has long since forgotten. It is but an affair of dates

and names at the best. He does not start fair, therefore, with your Man in the Street, or with his analogue in France or Germany. These are all taught history to practical ends of patriotism. Our Man has never learned the true meaning of America, nor of a certain declaration which Mr. Evarts once called "a capital transaction in human affairs." This ignorance, or this indifference, cuts both ways, and equally as against patriotic pride and patriotic searching of heart.

Our typical figure has a general sense that his country has done pretty well in the world, in glory, as in riches and possessions and the good things of life. More he has never been taught of set purpose. His indifference on these points is such that it required quite a "movement" to induce the authorities to place a national flag here and there in some of the larger common schools. Our banner is occasionally used as a business sign, and it usefully distinguishes one line of omnibuses from another, in which function it promises rest for the weary in the shape of a garden-seat on the roof. But no human being to the manner born thought of hailing it as "the Mother Flag of Destiny," until Miss Frances Willard wrote her amiable lines to "The Flag on the Omnibus." As Artemus Ward said of Shakespeare's conceivable defects as a contributor to the *Sunday Herald*, we "lacked the rekisit fancy and imagination." With us anniversaries pass absolutely unheeded. The regiments more immediately concerned are understood to do something on Waterloo Day, but the nation at large takes no account either of that or of the date of Trafalgar. We have nothing to correspond to the German Sedan Day, nor to your Fourth of July. A private association, moved thereto by Captain Mahan's treatise on sea-power, lately bethought itself of the date of Trafalgar, and placed a furtive wreath or two at the base of the Nelson

Column. But the Man in the Street simply looked on without the slightest interest in the performance. He is just as indifferently acquiescent when another association annually decorates the statue of the Martyr King, who would have made slaves of him and his heirs forever. He gets all his history from the newspapers, as he wants it, and just as he gets his tea or his beer. There is nothing kept in store. The papers, when it suits the party purpose of the moment, invite his attention to "the swelling act of the Imperial theme," and with some success. They give him the impression that England is the centre of things in general, and that his stand-point marks the centre of England. Our current history, as presented in daily report, is particularly seductive. It is all about fortunate little wars—now a Zulu kingdom wiped out, and now a robber kingdom in the Himalayas brought to his knees. This tends to a good workaday self-glorification which answers all the purposes of the more highly elaborated product of self-complacency manufactured by the historians and the bards.

Anything that tends to disturb this frame of mind gives our Man a very rude shock. The Message tended to disturb it. It did not frighten him. It did not even anger him. It annoyed him, it put him out, it hinted at a fault in the reckoning, at something wrong somewhere to which his historiographers of the hour had failed to direct his attention. Could it be that things were not going as well as possible in Venezuela, as they went everywhere else? Where was Venezuela—to begin with? The papers made haste to show him, and out came the maps. Then he felt much as a citizen of old Rome might have felt about vague reports of trouble on the Parthian frontier. It was very inconsiderate of the Parthians. It was sure to come all right. There were people whose business it was to look after these things, and they had offices in Downing Street. His music-halls, which have replaced the old bardic organizations of the earlier tribes—Modred at a shilling a head—foster this mood of cheery optimism. The patriotism is a part of the entertainment. It

is cheap in every sense; and it sends one comfortably to bed. It is, above all, appetizing—a good, strong, full-flavored blend of Imperialism and beer. For this reason Liberal parties, which sometimes have searchings of heart, or of stomach, about either the beer or the Imperialism, have never been popular at these places of entertainment, especially in the capital. This tends to make the Man in the Street a Conservative. The Liberals owe no small part of their discomfiture at the late election to the exertions of the "Lion Comiques." They were sung out of power for their treason to the conception of Britannia, the pride of the ocean, the home of the brave and the free.

There is another thing that helps to account for this frame of mind. As newspaper enterprise is now conducted few of us get the best view of any country. The paper is, in no sense, a "*chronique du bien*," a record of the finest in a nation's life. Of the immense amount of good work done by men and women in every land—in your land above all—we hear next to nothing. Our American report is all about the dreary Dunraven squabble, the lynchings, the peculations, the fierce and bloody strikes that have almost the proportions of civil wars. The American of popular conception is therefore a ruthless competitor, who, in his determination to win, is often indifferent to the rules of the game. All the nations of the Old World, and all classes in them, according to their degree of intelligence, share that view. Their typical "Yankee" is a pushing fellow, ever knocking at the door of the local Holy of Holies, and bound to come in at last. Nothing is sacred to him, as nothing French is sacred to a Sapper. He finds his way into the choicest clubs, conventions, social sets. He is as the Englishman abroad—only more so. He wants to enter the mosque without taking off his boots. Exasperation is heightened by the fact that he often does enter it, and that generally he contrives to make himself very much at home in places which most of the natives never dare approach. The Man in the Street is of that unprivileged majority. The American seems to him

omnipresent at the distribution of the pleasant things of life. Remember that the grievance of a Marlborough wedding affects both halves of the race. If you lose your heiress, we gain but an interloper in a ducal seat. It is "the Americans" once more. The new-comer is in the big drawing-room, while the disconsolate native can hardly come near the lodge gate. Nothing is so odious to us as another's excess in our dominant quality. The obtrusiveness of the person from Maine would try the patience of a saint. So thinks the Man in the Street.

But the Man in the Street is not everybody, and we must not make too much of him. There are the classes, and, in this connection, the working class above all. America, as a Land of Promise, has no longer the hold upon them that it once had. Mr. Burns on Chicago need not be quoted, for, no doubt, you remember it well enough. The latest deliverance of this sort is by Mr. Keir Hardie. The two leaders of the workmen differ in all things else, yet they agree in this, that America is no Paradise of their class. Mr. Keir Hardie, but just returned from the United States, seems disposed, like George III. on a memorable occasion, to "glory in the name of Briton." "There is not the same rush here as there," he says, "and, strange as it may appear, there is more personal freedom. Wages in most cases, not all, are higher in America; but it costs more to live, and whilst the standard of living is higher, there are more solid home comforts this side the Atlantic."

No, America has not its earlier meaning for our working folk. As it grows older it exhibits the same economic conditions as Europe. In its youth, of course, it had those conditions in the germ, but they were tempered by many circumstances favorable to the settler. It mattered little to him that some might easily grow too rich at the expense of the community, when he might so easily grow rich enough. There was a whole mighty land waiting to be tickled into harvests of gold. Theories of capital and labor, and of the state as against the individual, seemed futile, when you had only to labor with a will

to have your fullest need supplied in land or goods. The economic problems slumbered till the people multiplied. They awakened when America began to pick and choose in her welcome to the human race, and, after closing one gate, to keep the other on the jar. The rush for wealth had created a proletariat among the failures. The tramp became one of your common objects of the roadside. The shums of some of your great cities were more awful object lessons in misery than anything to be found in the old world. For, with your self-reliant national character, you naturally had the misery without the assuagements. Your society was not organized for those ministrations, as from wealth to poverty, which are dictated even more by prudence than by philanthropy on this side of the great sea. We must go back in imagination to the Forties or the Fifties—to the latter especially—to realize all that America once meant to the poor man of the Old World. Above all, we must be able to hum an old song to an old tune. One day it will be shown by some student of our ballad literature how a few popular songs served to people a continent. The author of "Cheer, Boys, Cheer," and "To the West," was not a great writer, but he achieved this feat. Millions "trekked" to his verse across three thousand miles of sea. He summed up a whole movement of thought and aspiration, and pointed the moral of our welter of Chartism with words of courage and hope. He was the Carlyle of the masses, and his songs were a versified "Past and Present" without the bitterness, and, above all, with a Future thrown in.

Cheer, boys, cheer! no more of idle sorrow;
 Courage! true hearts shall bear us on our way;
 Hope points before to show the bright to-morrow,
 Let us forget the darkness of to-day.

The darkness was the worse than Egyptian gloom of the period of the potato famine in Ireland, and of the infancy of the trades-unions. Labor was the bondman of capital, and Manchester was winning the manufacturing lead of the world by reducing a whole

population to industrial slavery. To men in this condition, without a vote, and too often without a dinner, these songs were a trumpet-call.

To the West, to the West, to the land of the free!
Where mighty Missouri rolls down to the sea,
Where a man is a man if he's willing to toil,
And the humblest may gather the fruits of the soil.

It was not exactly the finest blossom in the garland of Victorian poesy, but it was matchless criticism of life from the bread-and-butter point of view. It is still the song of the emigrant, though it has lost much of its import. Yet it has enough of that left when its echoes reach the saloon from the steerage o' nights on the great deep.

I have seen great theatres packed from floor to ceiling by its magic of hope, and huge audiences held spell-bound, especially in the region of the roof. The writer, Charles Mackay, is long since dead; the composer and singer, Henry Russell, has faded into the obscurity of a comfortable independence, and is now an old and, to this generation, an unknown man. The force of the appeal lay in its truth. It was a song of promise, and a song that kept its word. The West is still the land of the free, but it has lost its special gift of touching for the king's evil of poverty. In the opinion of our laboring people, it is now but a region very much like other regions. You may find a "job" there or you may not, and it is quite likely that you may land in the midst of a Pittsburg or a Pullman strike, or find your expected entertainers wholly absorbed by a Vanderbilt wedding. The New World, in fact, has become very much like the Old. You cross the ocean only to find the same social state. The word America has reverted to its uses as a geographical expression, and it no longer retains the virtues of a wonder-working charm. Precisely the same thing may be said of Australia, and for the same reasons; but America is our theme. There is no land of promise now, for the masses, in all the broad earth.

This has inevitably thrown us back

upon ourselves and lessened that interest in America which is but self-interest adapting its means to its ends. As America no longer has the same need of our toiling masses, they, perforce, must learn to have less need of America. Since America accepts them very much as matters of course, when she accepts them at all, they naturally return the compliment. The romance of their old relations has died out. That romance notoriously led the Lancashire weavers to starve during the cotton famine rather than join in the infamous cry for intervention to the detriment of the Union. At that time it seemed to be John Bright against a nation, but it was nothing of the sort. The great leader had the rank and file of the people with him, because the love and reverence of America was still fresh in every heart. The ruling and influential minority wished to see the republic divided, but the nation was sound. Its leader had only to appeal to a sentiment which was still a living force. The weavers were but a more shining and a more heroic example of the whole mass. The working folk throughout the land were sound for the Union, because they knew that their bread was still buttered on the American side, and, when all other reasons failed, because they loved America without knowing why. If they have ceased to love it, it is not by any means because they cherish the contrary feeling. A thousand times No. It is only that there is now a void where there was once a living spring of affection and regard. Perhaps the truest way of putting it is that a sentiment which was once active has now become dormant. People and people are still cousins, if you like, but they are cousins who have "ceased to write." There is no blame, either, to give or to receive. America, so far as our knowledge goes, has never knowingly wronged us in thought or deed. It has simply been very persistently minding its own business of late years, as we have been minding ours.

And ours—I am still speaking of the mass of the people—has been mainly to create an America for ourselves. "Here or nowhere is America," says Goethe's wise man of his own land and of his own strip of earth. Goethe's

countrymen, who form the bulk of the nation, have taken it to heart in the attempt to find their land of promise at home, as against Kaiser and Junker who wish to keep Germany as their own preserve. This is now the meaning of their political movement as it has long been the meaning of ours. We are for making our own democracy, our own republic, if you will, and we are strongly of opinion that we have already done wonders in that line. Our greatest pride is to see you sometimes coming here for lessons in the arts of our own teaching—inspecting our common schools and sending home glowing accounts of Glasgow or Birmingham as the most successful municipalities in the world. We like to think that we have been before you, thanks in great part to the splendid initiative of George Peabody, with the great problem of the housing of the poor. Our Socialists are all for this motto of "Here or nowhere is America." The French variety have never had any other thought. They do not want to cross the sea for the right to live, they want to make France itself perfectly habitable for every mother's son. They take no other community as a model, because their principle has ever been to evolve the desirable conditions from the inner consciousness. We are doing the same thing, and this has naturally weakened the hold of America on the popular imagination. And the change in us corresponds to a like change in you. As your tremendous national and individual prosperity has ministered more and more to the pride of life, you now have your strongest hold on the English classes and persons by whom that pride is fostered. The tie is now formed between American wealth, culture, and distinction, and the same things at home. All the "nice" things said as between country and country are said by travelling millionaires, or other persons of position. The democracies no longer exchange cards. The prophets of international good-will are Sir Henry Irving and Mr. Chauncey Depew. Our educated people have a readier access to the data of statesmanship and empire, and they know something of what America means. They can see it in its present popula-

tion and power, and foresee it in its growth. The moneyed and manufacturing classes pay homage to its achievements in their own line. Its significance as a democracy is, I firmly believe, lost on all classes whatsoever. But the material evidence of power is enough to insure respect with those whose apprehension is of material things.

Society, so called, has long since come to the conclusion that American Republicanism has no danger in it, as danger is estimated in Mayfair. Its members have been told that our system is really more democratic than yours, yet they find that ours suits them well enough, and does not preclude the highest possibilities of cakes and ale. The smooth things they prophesy at public dinner-tables about you are, therefore, quite sincere. Extremes meet: next to this worldly sentiment, the thing that binds us closest to America is the religious sentiment, as it exists in the dissenting bodies. There the solidarity seems perfect. The various churches that represent the principle of Independency on either side of the ocean are still as one in the communion of ideas. They are bound together by their scheme of Church government, which involves Republicanism in politics—of course only a latent Republicanism in our case. I always think that Deep of History and tradition is calling unto Deep when I see your Free Churchmen, of whatever stamp, exchanging greetings with ours, across the ocean, or across the table—the tea-table usually in this case. This keeps lower middle-class sentiment in England strong for the Union, and enshrines the image of America in the hearts of what may be called our yeomanry of the towns. An enormous intercourse takes place between the two great sections of what is virtually the same religious body. It leaves but slight traces in the newspapers, at any rate in those that reach the Man in the Street, but its signs and tokens are to be found on a thousand platforms, and in ten thousand homes. The intercommunication in philanthropic, temperance, and other works of that nature is enormous. The agreement of opinion, civil and religious, and the identity

of stand-point toward life are almost perfect. The much abused "Nonconformist Conscience" is for peace with America as the first of human concerns, and even of Divine.

The only danger lies in the too complete capture of the unthinking part of the nation by the astute and self-seeking promoters of the imperialistic idea. That idea has now come to mean business in the most literal sense of the term. Our cumbrous economic system of interests and classes which, after all, is with a difference the system of the whole world, needs a perpetual expansion into fresh markets. We have a pushing middle class all eager to become rich, and a resolute upper class determined to keep so. It is not to be done within the ordinary area of affairs; so there is a constant need of new sources of demand and supply. This means the extension of empire, on the part of a country like ours which would perish of inanition if left to itself. Other countries in Europe are in much the same position, and thus colonial extension is the all but universal policy of the time. It is the policy of Germany, and the policy of France—till now the most home-keeping nation, in its instincts, in all history. It has made Italy cast a longing eye on Tunis and the Argentine, and stretch forth a greedy hand toward Abyssinia. In our case, it is regarded as the only corrective to Socialism. The rich are to exploit new worlds, the poor are to find their account in the process by the increase of their opportunities as hewers of wood and drawers of water. The system, like some thriftless methods of farming, demands an ever fresh supply of virgin soil—in this case, the virgin soil of empire. To do the best with what we have involves problems in redistribution which the happy possessors of good things do not care to face. It is easier to take up new land abroad, and work it on the old lines. The late election marked the triumph of this policy carefully prepared in advance. It was fought to the cry of "Leave our time-honored institutions alone," which really meant, "Hands off our vested interests." The first result of it was a ministerial circular to the colonies in-

viting information as to the best methods of promoting trade. The mass were entertained with the more generous idea of empire for the sake of the fraternity of race, and they accepted it with the disinterestedness of their ignorance. The prudent liberals who feared the general hatred of the world in this wild scramble for territory, and that part of the working class under Socialistic influence which has small sympathy with the Imperial idea, were utterly overborne. They even contributed to each other's defeat by jealousies bred of the cross-purposes of party. The election was won, and the triumphant interests lost no time in setting to work. The first result of their activity is before the world as I write. They have promoted a filibustering expedition into the Transvaal on the shallowest of all pretexts of race grievance, and have brought upon us the bitterest humiliation we have had to endure since Majuba Hill. There cannot be the slightest doubt that the whole affair of Johannesburg was a put up job. The Boers were to be forced into a South African Confederation, whether they liked it or no, and were to cease to be masters in their own house. In fact their house room was wanted by their neighbors. The "City" has long had its eye on the Transvaal, as well as its hand, and it covets the vineyard all the more eagerly because of the gold beneath the soil. There was money in the raid, and money behind it. The pretext for the march of Jameson was that fellow-countrymen at Johannesburg who suffered oppression, also feared massacre. Yet the victims were careful to inform the deliverer, in their message of despair, that they would "guarantee his expenses." The success of his freebooting enterprise would have brought upon us the hate of the world, if not something worse. The Government itself was shocked by this hideous distortion of its own general policy, and worked in good faith to lay an effective veto on the adventure. The interests growled disapproval of the promptitude of the Minister, Mr. Chamberlain. The *Times* was evidently inspired by the conspirators. Things seemed in a very bad way, when the

rifles of the Boers once more settled the whole difficulty, national and international, and saved us from what might have been the greatest shame in our annals. The success of the South African Ring and their bagman buccaneer might have caused a deterioration in British public opinion, of which our re-

lations with America would have been the first to feel the effects. I have tried to tell you something of that opinion as it affects the United States. I hardly dare think of what would have been American opinion of Britain, if this abominable crime could have been carried out as it was planned.

THE SPRING

By Rupert Hughes

OYEZ! Oyez! a girl has run away!

She's truanting from Winter's convent-halls;
Stampeding all the world with fieldward calls,

And breeding mischief in the general clay.

She romps along the lanes and mimics May;

The savor of her blown, soft hair enthralls

The air. The snows melt where her footprint falls

On greening meads whose startled flowers betray

The coaxing tune her fleet vagary hums.

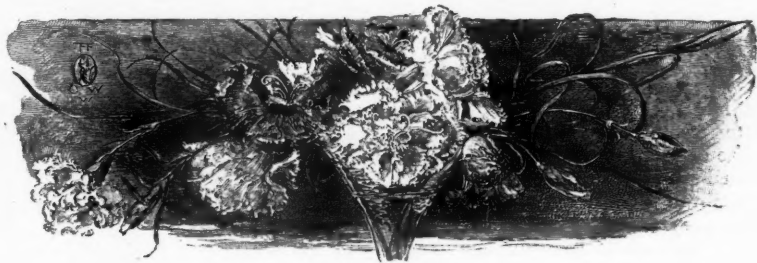
The leaves look out to watch her where she comes,

And pell-mell brooks break jail to scamper after;

And hill-homed cattle frisk that she is near.

She teases even the towns with fetching laughter.

Oyez! Who's seen the tomboy of the year?



A CHAMELEON

By Horace Annesley Vachell



MADE his acquaintance some ten years ago at the Hôtel Flaurent, Concarneau, Brittany. He introduced himself, I remember, at the *table d'hôte* and

entertained me with much lively small talk.

"My name," he said, with a delightful laugh, which disarmed formality, "is Green. Apelles Green, of California. Pray don't touch that *ordinaire*. It's rank poison. Try the cider. I'm really awfully glad to see you, and I told old Flaurent to give you a good room facing the sea, and away from the smells."

I expressed my thanks.

"Not at all. The sight of a compatriot and a brother craftsman warms the cockles of my heart. I saw Jean Baptiste snake out your easel. What? Only an amateur! So much the better. We shall not quarrel. Do I know the ropes? Well, I should smile. Flaurent swears by me. And Madame—I must introduce you to Madame—she is my particular friend."

I scanned him critically, but he met my glance frankly, an amused smile hovering upon his lips. His physiognomy, no less than his physique, indicated remarkable vitality. A round, brown, hairless face it was, redeemed from the commonplace by a pair of sparkling hazel eyes, and a wide mouth, filled with dazzling teeth. His hair, fine as silk, was auburn in color; his small nose tilted skyward; his jaw, a trifle heavy for so young a man, protruded, and his forehead was low and broad. Sitting at table, I could form no just estimate of his physical proportions, but I learned subsequently that he had posed for Cabral, the sculptor, and the admirable symmetry of his limbs had found permanent expression in a bronze Discus Thrower, which had excited the enthusiastic admiration of "Tout Paris." I judged him to be some five and twenty years of age.

"Been here long?" I asked.

"Six months."

"Anything for the Salon?"

"Yes. A marine. Sky, sand, and sea. Figures are not my forte. I never had the patience to learn to draw really well."

We fell into art talk, and Apelles, under the influence of coffee and cigars, waxed confidential.

"I wish you had come earlier," he said, regretfully. "I must leave Concarneau soon and look up a dealer in Paris. I've half a dozen pot-boilers to dispose of, and it's folly selling 'em by proxy. It may amuse you, but I've a queer gift of the gab. I can screw fifty francs extra out of old Levy any day. Not to put a fine point on it, I'm stone broke. Not an obolus left! But Flaurent—God bless him—is my banker. He thinks the world of me, does Flaurent. Strange, isn't it?"

Soberly considering this question, I answer in the negative. The personality of this gay Californian was irresistibly pleasing. He had talent which counts with the Latin race; good looks which obtain recognition everywhere; and a twinkle in his left eye which commended itself to old and young. Some Englishmen, stopping at the hotel across the quay, had christened him "Joyous Green." The adjective was happily chosen.

"Un bon garçon," said Monsieur Flaurent to me, "il ira loin."

"No," cried a black-browed student from the "Beaux Arts." "No," he repeated, in broken English, snapping his powerful, spatulate fingers, "you have great wrong. He is a good fellow, yes, but he will not go far. He is—how do you call it—*l'eau de Seltz*?"

"Charged with gas," I suggested.

"Parfaitement; sparkling, you say. He has the gift of color, *bien entendu*, but his drawing—*Ciel!* He has no patience, he cannot work, work, work."

None the less, during the weeks we spent together I developed an amazing

friendship for "Joyous Green." He was good enough to say that my liking was returned. We fished together, walked together, and painted the same models. The latter, I remarked, were susceptible to magnetism. Indeed, wherever we went the eyes of the maidens rested boldly or shyly, as the case might be, upon Joyous Green.

But the time came—all too soon—when Apelles and I bade each other good-by. His trip to Paris could be no longer postponed. Standing upon the top of the diligence, he took an affecting leave. In his hand was a modest grip-sack; by his side a battered paint-box of japanned tin. His trunk, his easel, a crateful of canvases, and other impedimenta he intrusted to the care of Madame Flarent. I can recall the scene. Francine, the chambermaid, in tears; Jean Baptiste staring stolidly at Apelles and muttering unintelligible nothings; Monsieur Flarent gesticulating wildly; Madame waving a musk-scented pocket-handkerchief and crying shrilly "*Bon Voyage! Bon Voyage!*"

Apelles descended from his perch, kissed Madame upon each red cheek, shook hands once more with Flarent and myself—I detected tears in his eyes—and remounted.

"*Je reviendrai*," he sang, in the words of a *chanson d'atelier*, "*Mardi, je reviendrai!*"

The stout Breton driver cracked his whip, the horses sprang into their collars, and the diligence clattered noisily down the stone-paved street.

"*Un charmant jeune homme*," murmured Monsieur Flarent in my ear, as we re-entered the *café*, and I called for a couple of "bocks." . . . "*Un charmant jeune homme!*"

We sorely missed his pleasant face and cheery ways, but as the days sped by, we wondered vaguely at his silence. We watched the mails, but no letter came from Apelles. He never returned to Concarneau!

His trunk was burst open in my presence: it contained a pair of sabots, a paint-stained coat, some frayed underlinen, several numbers of an art journal, and a broken revolver.

"*Ce sacré Green*," cried mine host

between his set teeth. "*C'est un voleur, voyez vous, un voleur!*"

"*Mais charmant, tout de même*," sighed Madame.

"He owes me," shouted her husband, "seven hundred and fifty francs. Do you hear that, Madame Flarent? Seven hundred and fifty francs, for board bills and cash advanced. Sappppppppristi!"

Three springs later I had the pleasure of meeting "Joyous" at Florence. He was accurately attired in fawn-colored cashmere cloth. A camellia adorned the silken lapel of his frock-coat. Upon his well-shaped feet were pointed, patent-leather boots. Upon his head a fashionable, tall hat. He had grown a small mustache, the ends of which were carefully waxed. In other respects he was unchanged.

"Why, Green," I cried, "this can't be you."

"Hush!" he whispered, laying his hand upon my arm. "Don't yell, dear boy, and don't call me Green. I am Green no longer. My salad days are over. I am Browne, with the final 'e,' if you please, Apelles Browne."

He winked. The twinkle evoked the sunniest memories. I saw once more the stone *digue* at Concarneau, the green surges of the mighty Atlantic, the white-coifed maidens, the gleaming stretches of wet sand, the brown-sailed fishing-smacks.

"Do you still paint?" I asked.

"Paint! *pas si bête, mon vieux*. I am private secretary to Mrs. Gideon T. Boal, of Philadelphia."

"Boal's axle-grease," I ejaculated.

"Yes, my boy. That blessed compound has limbered me up. What do you think of this, and this, and this?"

He pointed significantly to the pear-shaped pearl in his tie, the camellia, the patent-leather boots, the lemon-colored gloves.

"You never met Boal? No. He was a type. I ran across him at Forges les Eaux. He was taking the cure there, but it did him no good. He passed in his checks and I found myself alone with the widow. Five millions, old man, and no children. Think of it. I had paint-

ed the portrait of the dear departed, and the widow could not speak a word of French. Finally, she offered me two thousand a year as Private Secretary. I have been with her a little over a year, and—and—" He paused. I waited for the inevitable confession, but it did not come. He glanced quickly at my face and concluded his sentence, "and you must dine with us this very evening!"

"I am hardly in condition," I began, "to—er——"

"Come as you are," he said, eagerly. "Mrs. Boal is not particular. Bless you, you ought to have seen old Boal. He took life easy in a flannel shirt. And see here, my dear chap, the world does not seem to have wagged with you as it has with me. I've got more money than I know how to spend. Let me——"

"Stay," I said, holding up my hand. "I am not a subject for charity. And, Apelles, before we pick up the strands of our friendship, you must tell me why you changed your name."

"You suspicious old crank," he replied, lightly. "You look at me as if I'd robbed a train. However, I'll gratify your harmless curiosity at once. Let's hunt a shade-tree."

We walked down the Cascade, until we found an unoccupied seat. As we strolled along, I noticed that my companion frequently raised his hat in response to bows and greetings.

"You know all the world and his wife," I observed.

"I'm in the swim," he answered, carelessly, "but between you and me these society people are a dull crowd. But I'm awfully glad to see your picturesque old phiz again. Someway you inspire confidence, and I want to unbosom myself."

We sat down presently and lighted a couple of cigars.

"You have been in California?" said Apelles, abruptly.

"Yes—many times."

"Did you ever meet the Rev. Jerome White?"

"The man who wrote 'Tertullian and his Times?' Yes."

"He was my father. That astonishes you, eh? Oh, yes, he had other children

by another wife, but I was the eldest son, his Esau," he added, emphatically.

During our previous intercourse no bitter word had dropped from my friend's lips. His greatest charm in my eyes had been an easy "*bonhomie*," a "sweet reasonableness"—as Matthew Arnold would have it—which confronted alike good or ill-fortune with philosophical suavity.

"I was a fairly good boy," continued Apelles, gloomily, "not a godly youth, of course, but straight as a string, and plastic as clay in the hands of the potter. The old gentleman might have moulded me into a parson, if he had gone to work the right way, but he lived, among his books, way back in the centuries, and my step-mother was a regular devil. She sowed discord between us, and the governor had a hot temper. Every week or so he would have a row until the thing became monotonous. One morning, he dubbed me a 'son of Belial.' I told him, with a grin, not to revile himself. That made him boil. We had a frightful scene and I—I was nineteen—threatened to leave his roof. 'Go,' he said, pointing to the door, 'go, and disgrace my good name.'"

"I don't call White a good name," I retorted, "and from now on I propose to discard it."

"I left his house with a derisive laugh on my lips and shipped aboard a sailing ship bound to Havre, around the Horn. Before we were out of Golden Gate Bay, I regretted my rashness, but it was too late. The second mate asked me my name. 'Green,' I said. He eyed me curiously. 'Green, is it,' he said, not unkindly. 'Well, my lad, Green is a better name than Black.'"

Apelles laughed and slapped me on the shoulder.

"And that's how I filched the name of Green," he added, resuming his natural manner. "But I never liked the name. It smacked of a youthful verdancy, and, accordingly, some two years ago, I dropped it. I am no longer Green, but brown I always was, and Browne, with the final 'e' remember, I propose to remain."

"And your father?" I asked.

"When I landed at Havre I learned

by chance that he was dead. A little money came to me from his estate, but, like a fool, I spent it. I was always, you know, *un panier percé*. Then I drifted into Art, painted bon-bon boxes for a living. You know all about it."

"And now," I said, slowly, "you propose to marry Mrs. Boal."

"She proposes to marry me," he amended, "and why should I say her nay. I tell you, Horace, I'm not built for a poor man. My appetite for all the good things of life is too large, and my morals, you see I am honest, too slim. But it's easy—as dear Becky says, to be virtuous with ten thousand a year, and it must be easier still with an income of half a million. I used to wonder why the deuce Boal had been permitted to accumulate his vast pile. No one was the better off, not even his wife—poor woman—as long as he lived. But his death emphasized the eternal fitness of things. I could not hope to rake up a million dollars in a million years, but, by Jove, I can oil the wheels of a thousand lives with the proceeds of Boal's axle-grease. I mean to keep the Recording Angel busy jotting down my credits in the ledger. The poor little debits will soon be wiped out. I dare say you thought I had treated the Flaurents scurvily. So I did. I intended to remit, but my marine was skied at the Salon, and the pot-boilers went for a song. However, I paid the old dears in full a few months ago, and sent Madame a gold watch and chain. Well, old man, I have confessed and cried *mea culpa*. Is it all right?"

"It is all right," I replied, and we shook hands.

"And you will dine with us to-night at Doney's, hey?"

"With pleasure."

I had expected to find in the person of Mrs. Gideon T. Boal the typical American parvenu, a large, loud-voiced be-diamonded female. I was agreeably surprised to meet a pretty little woman, a sugar-blonde, of genteel (I apologize for the word) bearing, with precise manners and a "prunes and prisms" voice. Her chin and nose, faintly encarmined, were sharply moulded, and

I learned from Apelles that she suffered from dyspepsia, and had passed her thirty-fourth birthday.

During dinner, "Joyous" was in high spirits, but the widow spoke seldom. She watched Apelles out of the corner of her eye, and smiled approvingly at his quips. The approaching marriage was discussed, and my friend made no secret of his change of name.

"First White," he said, "then Green, now Browne. I am a chameleon, by Jupiter, a chameleon. I take my color from my environment. White in California, white with dust, white, too, of soul, a dear little innocent. Then green, green as the pleasant vineyards of France, and here in sun-baked Italy, brown. Brown as the eternal hills, brown as the faces of the *contadini*!"

"I must leave you two for five minutes," he observed, carelessly, after the coffee had been brought in. "I promised to meet a man at the Club. Be sure and take your Lacto-Peptine, Alethea." The widow's name was Alethea. "Fifteen grains, my love, in half a wineglassful of water."

"He has a beautiful figure," said Mrs. Boal to me, "but he is very young."

"You, too, are young," I replied, bluntly.

"No, I am no longer young, I don't feel young. Nobody feels young who takes Lacto-Peptine. Yes, thank you—fifteen grains. Ten used to be sufficient, but I had to increase the dose."

"You and Apelles intend to live in Philadelphia?"

"No. People are so unkind at home. They will say he married me for my money. He is not rich in this world's goods, but in morals, in morals," she repeated dramatically, "he is a millionaire!"

A bitter-sweet savor about this authoritative statement both amused and saddened me. Her confidence in Apelles was touching.

"He is very lucky," I murmured, "very lucky indeed."

"Mr. Boal," she observed, whimsically, "considered me a fool."

At the urgent request of this queerly assorted couple I consented to remain in Florence until after the wedding, and made thereby two discoveries, to

wit: Mrs. Boal was childishly fond of society, and, further, a devout church member, a Presbyterian of the straightest sect.

"My disposition," said Apelles to me, "is changing for the worse. This simple, pastoral diet of family prayers, tea-fights, and lawn-tennis palls on my jaded palate. Alethea is as good as gold. You mustn't think I'm kicking, the fact is I've not got a kick left in me. But—hang it all—the thought of measuring out that Lacto-Peptide three times a day, till death do us part, does make me squirm! There—pussy's out of the bag, and I feel better already!"

"My friend," I said, severely, "have you ever heard of the Doctrine of Compensation?"

"Damn the Doctrine of Compensation. I say," he whispered, "let's take a run up to Paris, and take in the Folies Bergères, etc."

"Are you mad?"

"Saner than you, I'll be sworn."

He pressed my arm affectionately.

"One little, harmless bust," he urged, "before the final catastrophe. It will do us both good. We shall return rejuvenated. I can invent a thousand excuses, a million, if necessary. Come, let us go; my feet are aching for the asphalt. We will dine at Bignon's, sup at——"

"You are not mad, Apelles," I said, angrily. "You are a fool!"

"You won't come with me?"

"Certainly not."

"Then I shall go alone."

"If you do that, Apelles, if you trifle with the feelings of a loving woman, I shall call you knave as well as fool. Confound it, man, have you no loyalty, no gratitude?"

"Come with me," he persisted.

"Come with me?"

"No."

"Shake hands, you old curio, I was only joking."

I held out my hand reluctantly. Somehow, in my obtuse fashion, I failed to appreciate the jest. A strange light gleamed in my friend's eyes. In his hazel eyes some imp of unrest was dancing a fantastic *pas-seul*, a measure set to the music of Bohemia, those magical cadences of no time, no country,

which surely wooed the fancies of Sappho, Catullus, Murger, De Musset.

We walked in silence the length of the Lung' Arno, and then parted for the night. Apelles sought his club, and I my lodging, near the Mercato Vecchio. During the greater portion of the day following, I was busily employed collating a curious Latin manuscript at the monastery of the Certosa. Returning to Florence late in the afternoon, I met a young Englishman.

"Your friend Apelles," he said, laughing, "had better sacrifice to the gods that pear-shaped pearl of his. His luck is too good to last."

"What do you mean?"

"Mean? Why, haven't you heard? He was playing baccarat at the club last night, and won fifteen thousand francs. Fortune comes to him with both hands full."

As I mounted my steep staircase, I questioned the truth of this story. Mrs. Boal regarded all forms of gambling, even progressive euchre for bon-bons, with Pharisaical horror. Apelles cared little for card-playing. He had often assured me that he disliked the winning of a friend's money, and to gratify the widow he had renounced whist. Why—I asked myself—why this sudden indiscretion?

As I unlocked the door of my modest apartment, *sous les toits*, I perceived a letter lying upon the floor. I picked it up and opened it with sundry qualms.

"*Jacta est alea*," it began. "I leave Florence this afternoon for Paris, and ultimately Norway. Indirectly *you* are responsible for this flight into Egypt. Till you appeared on the scene I was satisfied with my condition. I hugged my chains. But the sight of your old velvetene coat suggested forbidden fruit. I began to sigh for Liberty, with a large 'L,' and that cursed phial of Lacto-Peptide, which I packed around in my vest pocket, grew heavier each day. I am awfully sorry for poor Alethea, but Capo di Monte will console her. He measures forty-four inches round the chest. The fact is she is a saint with an infirmity of stomach; I, alas, am a sinner. *Nous ne marchons*

pas dans le même chemin. I made a winning last night which will keep my feet out of miry places.

"Ever thine,

"APELLES."

"P.S. You know my idiosyncrasy, my chameleon-like habit. You will not, therefore, be surprised to learn that I have decided to drop the name Browne. It reminds me painfully of Boal. You can write me, care of the American Consul, Christiania, addressing Apelles Gray. Gray is a nice, neutral name, non-committal, in harmony with northern skies, granite cliffs, seething, swirling waters, and salmon leaping in lonely pools. Think kindly of me. *Vale.*"

I laid the letter down with a sigh. Why had this fellow twice crept into my life, and out of it? What subtle chord of sympathy connected us? Why did I feel so horribly, miserably lonely? To these and other questions I could find no answer.

The widow took, weeping, to her bed. Ariadne, lying lonely upon the strand of Naxos, shed no more acrid tears than she, but Don Giovanni Capodi Monte ultimately consoled her. She is now a principessa with three children and a triple-chin. I understand that Lacto-Peptine is not to be found in the princely medicine chest, and that Her Excellency enjoys superb health. She attends mass regularly, she plays poker, she rides a bicycle to reduce her flesh, and dances the cotillon! *Varium et mutabile semper femina!*

Seven years later I was in London, at the Westminster Aquarium. My small affairs had prospered. I was no longer out of elbows, nor out of pocket. But apart from material prosperity I had been singularly unfortunate. I had married and within eighteen months buried a young wife. I still walked the world alone, without kith or kin, a solitary man.

As I strolled idly from tank to tank, my attention was riveted upon the name "Apelles," in flaring type. Unconsciously my mind reverted to "Joyous Green." I had written him care of the American Consul, Christiania, but

the letter had been returned to me. I had also made inquiries in Berlin, Paris, New York, and London, but my *débonnaire* friend had disappeared.

"Who is Apelles?" I asked of a saleswoman.

"The Perfect Man," she replied, promptly. "He shows three times a day. Eleven to twelve. Three to four. Nine to ten. Go and see him."

"But who is he?"

"Nobody knows. He wears a mask. They say," she added, mysteriously, "that he's no end of a toff, a Westender, a reg'ler swell! Let me sell you his picture? Only a 'bob.'"

She pushed a photograph across the counter. I glanced at it, paid for it, and retired.

It was, indeed, Apelles. The face was hidden by the mask, but the rather coarse chin and magnificent throat were not to be mistaken. I consulted my watch—half past eight—and scribbled a line upon a card.

"Give that to Apelles," I said to one of the Aquarium servants.

"Hapelles don't see nobody," he replied. "Thank ye, sir, I'll send in the card, but 'e don't see nobody."

He returned, however, grinning:

"Yer in luck, sir. Hapelles is hamiable. 'E'll see yer in is dressink-room. Please to foller me."

I was ushered into a small room behind the big stage, and there, in white tights, with a cloak thrown across his broad shoulders and a cigar between his lips sat "Joyous Green!"

But joyous no longer. His face was redder and coarser; his eyes had lost their brilliance; the expression of his features was morose and gloomy.

"So we meet again," he cried, with a mirthless laugh. "What a world it is!"

I stared at him, for the moment speechless.

"Behold the Perfect Man," he continued, "and take a cigar, they're perfect, too."

They were, in fact, perfectos of the most expensive brand.

"What are you doing *here*?" I asked.

"Putting my muscles to a new and original abuse. I make thirty pounds a week. Do you earn as much?"

"No."

"I thought not. Scribbling is shockingly underpaid. I've kept partial track of you in the magazines and elsewhere. You preserve, my friend, the illusions, but not the appearance of youth. Your back is bowed; your hair is thin and gray. Look at me."

He flung his cloak aside and sprang, theatrically, to his feet. The light from two incandescent lamps fell full upon his superb body. He had grown larger, more massive, but still retained that marvellous proportion of strength and grace, that admirable combination of bone, muscle, and sinew, which had inspired the "Discus Thrower," the masterpiece of Cabral.

"I see a change," I said, coldly.

"Well, am I not a creature of change, a chameleon? White, Green, Browne, Gray, and now Black. Let me introduce myself to you; Apelles Black, Professional Poser."

"Where have you been these seven long years?"

"I spent four of them in the Southern Seas. I heard the waves breaking upon the coral reefs of Tahiti. I saw the palm groves of Samoa, the volcanoes of Hawaii. Then I wandered through Chili and Peru. Finally, I met the enterprising Spinks and he tempted me with his gold. It is he who has exploited me as the Perfect Man. I must face my audience in five minutes. Will you wait and see me go through my tricks?"

"No," I replied, hurriedly. "Not to-night."

"Ah, the difference between the perfect man and the imperfect soul is too offensively salient. Good-night, *mon cher*, come and see me to-morrow at eight."

Accordingly, at eight I presented myself, determined to make one vigorous effort to rescue this brand from the burning. Apelles was awaiting me. His humor had changed. He appeared five years younger.

"I was blue last night," he admitted, "an ugly color. I saw a ghost. It gibbered at me as I talked with you. The ghost of what I might have been, eh? The *coulisses* harbor many such grisly phantoms! You evoked the spirit, but Spinks laid it with a check."

"Quit this cursed business," I said, with energy. "Come to Paris with me and take up drawing again. You are young; you have talent; the gift of color; a trained sense of the beautiful. All you need is two years under Bouguereau; two years, eight hours a day, of black and white."

"Very fine, *mon vieux*, but if I leave my dear Spinks I walk out of this a pauper."

"I have enough for two. Live with me."

"You have the best heart, old fellow, the kindest in the world, but your brain is soft, too. Your ideas are Utopian. I am unstable as Reuben. My grandmother was a Spanish Mexican, and I inherit from her a brown skin and a cursed habit of procrastination. I can appreciate the better, but I choose the worse. That, perhaps, is the unpardonable sin. I have paved a whole section, six hundred and forty acres, in Hades with my good resolutions."

"But you can resist temptation," I said, warmly. "You abandoned a cool five millions. You——"

"The Lacto-Peptide did it," he interrupted, with a grimace. "That and the Westminster Confession of Faith. If I had gauged the true nature of that woman I might have married her. The Italian has kicked the foolishness out of her, so I hear, but she would have ruled me, I suppose, with a rod of iron. No, no, you must let me go to the devil in my own way, and at my own gait. Perhaps," he added, slowly, "we had better not meet. You are terribly upsetting, do you know it, with your cut and dried code of ethics; your well-salted apothegms; your sober, serious face. Go your ways, *mon vieux*, and leave me to wallow in peace. We will crack one bottle for old sakes' sake, and part!"

I argued with him for ten minutes, and lost my temper. He rang a hand-bell and told the call-boy to send round some champagne.

"I'll not drink with you," I cried, hotly, seizing my hat. "I despise you too much. I could kick myself for wasting a thought upon you. You are rotten, rotten to the core."

He listened in silence, but when I turned to leave he barred the way.

"You are perfectly right," he said, coolly, "but I prefer to call myself names. I can do the subject justice; you can't! Good-night."

I hesitated. Something in his face moved me profoundly.

"I beg your pardon, Apelles. You are nobody's enemy but your own. I have no earthly right to reproach you. Here is my address in Paris. My offer to you remains open for six months. As the Perfect Man I have no use for you, nor you for me, but as Apelles, the painter, I would welcome you as a brother—Good-by."

As soon as my work, a comparison of certain MSS. in the library of the British Museum, was concluded I determined to return to Paris. London provoked my spleen. Go where I would, the name "Apelles" stared me in the face. The walls of the town were plastered with horrible advertisements. The Perfect Man met me at every corner. This shameful publicity angered me beyond measure. "I must take some drastic medicine," I reflected, "I must see this poser before I go. The sight of him, in public, will surely cure my absurd complaint."

But when I reached the Aquarium I learned, to my amazement, that Apelles had vanished. None knew whither! I interviewed Mr. Spinks, who foamed at the mouth with impotent rage, and denounced the Perfect Man in words which cannot be repeated.

"Black," he said, fiercely. "Black-guard would be the better name."

"Does he owe you money?" I asked, coldly.

"No, sir," replied the distinguished Spinks, "but he owes me *gratitood*. He paid up his forfeit, all he had, I reckon, but what of it? He's fooled me out of thousands; yes, sir, thousands! Why,

I'd signed papers to take him to New York. The women there would have gone crazy over his shape. His abdominal muscles were as good as a gold mine! In a year, one year, he'd ha' become famous!"

"Infamous," I suggested.

Mr. Spinks stared and continued:

"He's a fool, a damned, ungrateful, senseless fool. Oh, Lord, oh, Lord, what a fool he is!"

I returned to Paris rejoicing. My good Babette, the wife of the concierge, greeted me effusively.

"We have a new lodger," she cried, "a friend and compatriot of Monsieur."

"His name?" I asked, idly.

"*C'est drôle*," she replied, "but he has no name. He told me to call him Monsieur Blanc!"

The truth flashed upon me, and pushing Babette hastily aside I rushed upstairs. Apelles, with outstretched hands and smiling face, was standing at the door of my salon.

"Yes," he said later, "I have taken you at your word. I make no promises, no rash resolutions. I have realized, to my shame, that I cannot stand alone, but I lean on you. In my protean capacity I have rung change upon change. I have travelled a weary road from White to Black. Is it possible, I ask you, to retrace my steps?"

"It is possible."

"I hope so. I begin again to-morrow at Julian's. For a name, even a dog must have a name, I shall adopt that of Blanc. It suggests whitewash. *Blanc d'Espagne*. Honestly, I feel regenerate, but"—he sighed—"I know my weakness."

It is now September. For eight months Apelles has worked like a horse. Has he the staying qualities of that quadruped? That is the question.

THE POINT OF VIEW

SOMEONE who wrote a newspaper paragraph about the unwillingness of Dumas fils to connive at the posthumous publication of his literary relics, spoke of the fallibility of literary executors, and wound up with an allusion to the remark of Burns, that he did not want the awkward squad to fire over his grave. And was it Burns who said that? You knew it was, of course; but I confess that I had forgotten the saying and clean forgotten the application and authorship of it, so that though the words were really familiar when I read them, they were as good as new to me, and brought Burns back a human creature in plain sight and speaking. Ah, brethren, there was a man! What do I know of him, what do you know of him? unless you happen lately to have "read him up," or unless your memory is of a different quality from the gradual process of relinquishment which serves as mine. His poems we know, and somewhat about his circumstances, and about his various sweethearts, and what Walter Scott, who saw him once, said of his wonderful eyes, and about his predilection for alcohol, and his ill-contrived marriage, and what a misguided, unregulated son of nature he was. But of his mind and his humor, much as we know, it is not enough. We do not, and never can, know him nearly well enough as the man who could have deprecated, as he sank under the burden of his frailties and misfortunes, that inevitable volley of the awkward squad over his grave. With all our faults—with our reputed passion for publicity, our supposed desire to read everything about everybody in the newspapers, our preference of entertainment to instruction, and our tendency to gauge success by a money standard—with all our utilitarian processes we do

get out a greater proportion of what is in our good men nowadays than Burns's fellow-creatures got out of him. We know them better, use them more thriftily. Consider what we got out of Stevenson! The last spark of energy at that good writer's service was spent for us. How great his labor was, and done with what expenditure of gradually failing strength, appears in his letters to Mr. Colvin; but for every stroke expended he got his prompt material return in money that made practicable to him the only sort of life it was possible for him to live. Burns found recognition and appreciation as warm as any writer ever had. He was locally famous in his lifetime. His countrymen knew him for a great poet, and went duly and properly mad over him. But there was no market a century ago where poetry could be turned into gold. For twenty years Burns drudged at common work, and then died in poverty at thirty-seven, owner of a precious gift which could not lift him out of a squalid environment, or even bring him bread. Stevenson, a far frailer man, lived ten years longer and wrought at his art to the very last. That was partly because he was a civilized being and knew how to use and to preserve such strength as he had, but largely because he had access to a great literary market out of which he could get the money that enabled him to retain his spirit in its broken frame.

We hear it complained from time to time that literature nowadays has come to be too much a money-making trade, and that our writers, provided they get their so many cents a word, are careless of the quality of their deliverances. Stevenson was very cordially interested—almost as much as Tennyson himself—in the money his writings brought him, but ever with scrupulous diligence he strove to put

On a Saying
of Burns.

into them the best he had to bestow. Burns, poor man, was eager enough to win what meagre dole he could out of his poems, but the returns were too direfully scant, and failing to make a living as poet, he labored as a farmer, and failing there too, took office as an exciseman, and went the way that opened naturally in that vocation to his particular kind of flesh. One is bound to wish he could have been exposed to some of the demoralizing influences which are said to beset authorship in our day; that paragraphers might have spread his fame in two continents; that newspapers might even have published his likeness; that editors and publishers might have bid against one another for his poems; that a thousand readers might have known and read and paid tribute to him for every one that did. His verses might in some instances have been the more staid for it, but genius like his is hardy and would have had its say. It did have its say in spite of adversity, but adversity did not develop it, but quenched it long before its time.

IF there is any reason for disappointment in the two volumes of Matthew Arnold's letters that have been recently published, and that form all the biography we are to have of him, it is easily accounted for by the fact that the letters included are very limited in scope, and have evidently been most severely edited; and by the very quality which after all might have been expected in every strictly personal writing of their author. Nearly all of them are to members of his immediate

Matthew Arnold's
Letters.

family; and such letters, shorn, as they must be for publication, of the greater part of their intimacy, are apt to be left somewhat dry and meagre because we have not their whole atmosphere; because a man does not, except in rare instances, write to those who involuntarily supply all the knowledge of opinion, feeling, and circumstance—to those to whom he can talk *à demi mot*—in such a way as to make the most interesting reading for the world at large. And Mr. Arnold, by the very quality that made him the man he was, by the very terms of his creed, was as far as possible from the subjective natures that depict themselves involuntarily in any correspondence, intimate or other. His own personality was not to him the foremost thing in the universe; indeed, we are justified in thinking

that it interested him very little; while that kind of love of analysis of others which is likely to accompany the subjective and unduly introspective nature because it feeds it with material, was also foreign to him—or if not foreign he combated it. In spite of his unsurpassed power of characterization where he chose to use it, it is noticeable how little of it or of analytical comment there is in all this correspondence as compared with almost any other.

But if there is not as much direct expression of personality or opinion in these letters as would have been welcomed by many readers, there is the fullest reason in them for the renewal of our admiration of two qualities especially, which his friends must always have felt most strongly, but which the public may have lost sight of in other things. No additional illustration can be given of Matthew Arnold's exercise of the function of the critic in his own highest sense; of the singular lucidity of his every thought and performance, even if founded on a mistaken premise; of his value as a teacher of true sight and clear thinking, in literature at least; but these volumes illustrate anew his courage, and the largeness, that is the true humanity, of his aims. If there is any remnant left of the feeling that his was a donnish attitude, there is ample evidence in these letters to change it, if they are read thoughtfully. What he wanted was not that some of us should have the truth and patronize the rest with it; but that all should have it. He gave the great labor of his life for this, and against circumstances of which the discouraging nature creeps into these letters again and again—always met with the spirit shown in a sentence of one of the letters to his mother: "We are not here to find facilities, but to make them." To fulfil the old popular conception of him, his references to his task in popular education should be filled with the plaint of the fastidious scholar called from his pleasant fields by a disagreeable duty; instead of which it is plain that his work had, in Mr. Birrell's phrase, an "almost passionate" devotion and conviction behind it. That most significant paragraph from the paper contributed by Mr. Birrell to this Magazine just after Arnold's death—which Mr. Morley cites in the *Nineteenth Century* as "the most acute, just, manly, and felicitous of all the many criticisms of which Arnold has been the subject"—can hardly be

recalled too often. Mr. Morley quotes it in full, but that is no reason for not quoting it again.

"Liberalism is not a creed, but a frame of mind. Mr. Arnold's frame of mind was Liberal. No living man is more deeply permeated with the grand doctrine of Equality than was he. He wished to see his countrymen and countrywomen all equal: Jack as good as his master, and Jack's master as good as Jack; and neither talking clap-trap. He had a hearty un-English dislike of anomalies and absurdities. He fully appreciated the French Revolution, and was consequently a Democrat. He was not, like Mr. Gladstone, a democrat from irresistible impulse; nor, like Mr. Labouchere, from love of mischief; nor, like Mr. Morley, from hatred of priests; nor, like the average British workman, from a not unnatural desire to get something on account of his share of the family inheritance—but all roads lead to Rome, and Mr. Arnold was a democrat from a sober and partly sorrowful conviction that no other form of government was possible. He was an Educationalist, and Education is the true Leveller. His almost passionate cry for better middle-class education arose from his annoyance at the exclusion of large numbers of this great class from the best education the country afforded."

And later in the same paper, Mr. Birrell says again:

"The best of Everything for Everybody. This was his gospel and his prayer."

THE *London Graphic* published a short time ago some half dozen direct reproductions of photographs of scenes after one of the massacres in Armenia—reproductions made, that is, without any re-

The Photograph
in History.

touching or other intervention of the artist, and therefore giving precisely, with a certain ghastly crudeness, what the light of that morning in the Armenian village printed on the film. In one picture the bodies of men, women, and children, roughly collected for burial, lie in a little field; in another they are laid in long rows in a shallow pit. There are no "effects;" there is no dramatic grouping, such as the sketches of artist correspondents emphasize; there is nothing but this stark presentment of what actually lay before the camera, when its shutter clicked and it made the scene a part of recorded history for all time.

The *Graphic* printed a few impressive words with these photographs, pointing out that here, for perhaps the first time, photography gave its inexorable testimony in a historic case where all the world was studying and questioning the evidence; but in spite of this note I doubt if most of those who read it digested all the food for thought that the matter gave. I do not mean the Armenian massacre; that belongs to a larger topic, which is in no danger of neglect and is under discussion elsewhere than in paragraphs like this; but the appearance of the photograph in history. The phonograph, speaking in the future with the voice of a man a hundred years dead, is a possibility whose impressiveness has been noticed often enough; but to my thinking it is nothing to what the recording bit of sensitized glass or paper suggests.

And thou hast walked about (how strange a story!)

In Thebes's streets three thousand years ago,

Horace Smith said to the mummy. What if we had a plate a few inches square on which the Theban sun had printed those streets full of the action of a busy afternoon? What if we had a photograph of a thoroughfare or a courtyard on the morning of the last day of Pompeii? What if the shutter of a camera had been opened for a tenth of a second on Whitehall on a certain January day in 1649, or on the Place de la Concorde in the same month of 1793? There seems a ghastly kind of flippancy in mentioning possibilities like these last: they belong, perhaps, to the unspeakable; but we have to face the fact that analogous things are just what the men of a century or two hence will have in their archives. The recording man stops at nothing, and the human nature that knit stockings by the foot of the guillotine would point cameras at a king on the scaffold.

It is curious to wonder what will be the effect of this and other means of starkly authentic record on the race, and especially on the quality which we variously call sentiment or reverence or the idealizing quality. How will it bear all this? Will it diminish or increase as it is able oftener to see things without haloes or manufactured atmosphere of any kind? Or will it go on just as it always has, taken in the large; extracting the essential truth whether it is presented in the form of a work of art or some scratches on a pebble?

THE FIELD OF ART

HIGH BUILDINGS—THE PENNSYLVANIA ACADEMY'S EXHIBITION—GUSTAVE FLAUBERT—JOHN P. DAVIS.

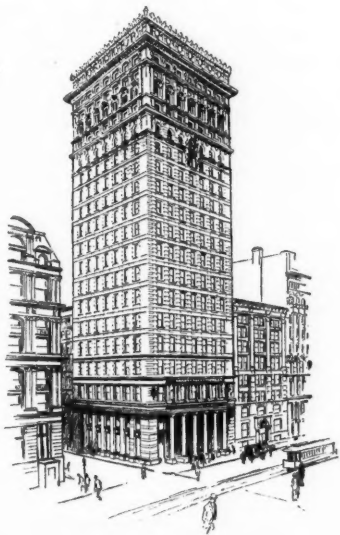


THE high business buildings were mentioned in these pages of the January number as parts of the natural landscape and not as architectural structures; but now that the subject of

their actual and possible architectural merit comes up, it becomes necessary to allude once more to their effect upon the spectator when viewed from a considerable distance—half a mile or more. Architects of standing and first-rate intelligence were discussing the Surety Building the other night, and agreed that its design was a failure so far as distant effect was concerned; for what was it but a box when seen from the ferry-boats? The details, they thought, should be so modified as to give stronger and broader shadows, and in this way tell their architectural tale. It is a fair question to ask these critics: What building do they know whose details are effective half a mile away? The answer must be that the gigantic *pilastrata* of St. Peter's could be seen at this distance when the sun shone full upon it; but that order is thirty-four metres high as the drawings scale, or say one hundred and thirteen feet. It is the common opinion of good judges that a colossal order like this does more harm than good, dwarfs the building to which it is applied, and the neighboring buildings as well, and, from the impracticability of investing the building with sculpture on the same scale, must needs be cold and bare. The order of St. Peter's dwarfs its one hundred and sixty feet of vertical wall to the

apparent size of a commonplace structure. If we can imagine the Surety Building with its three-hundred-foot wall divided into two orders with proportionate basement and attic, these two words being used in their architectural sense, we can imagine also how the architectural value of the building would be sacrificed to the bare possibility of a distant effect.

It seems as if the old and familiar principles of architectural design must be held to apply to the "sky-scrapers" as well as to other buildings, and that Nature must be allowed to dress them up in robes of light and shadow for distant effect, a thing which Nature understands. There remains, of course, the



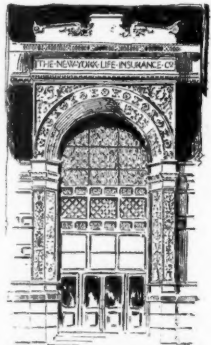
The American Surety Building.

question of sky-line, and the Surety Building might, of course, be treated with a pyramidal roof and sixty-foot chimneys rising from the walls to overtop the roof like a sixteenth century château. That experiment is yet to be tried; one of the competitors in the matter of this same Surety Building proposed to try it. It is yet to be tried in twenty-story buildings, but in St. Paul the building of the New York Life Insurance Company shows the result of the experiment on a somewhat smaller scale. The St. Paul building is, in its way, an architectural triumph. It has only eleven stories available for offices; but those who have tried to make a design out of even eleven stories will not say that they and their aggregate height of one hundred and fifty feet or so are easy to manage. The difficulty is, of course, that except for your basement story and, perhaps, your higher and more prominent ground story, the rest of your mass must be divided into horizontal layers of nearly the same height, importance, and distribution. The exterior must be divided into bands of the same width, each band divided into small windows with narrow piers between them. There is no way of escape from this, except the making windows of three or four stories into the semblance of one huge window; but this scheme always ends in confusion and failure. The St. Paul building is not marred by this serious fault. It is treated somewhat in the spirit of the German Renaissance, except that it is kept well in hand, and also that its detail has a refinement and delicacy rather fifteenth-century Italian than sixteenth-century German. The windows are nearly all square-headed, and had better have been so one and all, beautiful as the windows in the seventh story are in themselves. Two stories are in the roof, and their rooms are lighted by dormer windows, but the lower pitch of the curb roof is so steep as to pass for a wall. The story below these two serves for a *bahut* or super-cornice to start the roof from, and these three stories are masked by the decorative gables, which form the chief features of the front. The front of the building is divided into two masses projecting from a still larger mass in the rear and divided by a narrow courtyard. It is these two masses which are crowned by the gables; their corners are marked by emphatic quoins, the more pronounced because of stone, while the body

of the upper wall is of brick. Between the projections enclosing the front of the courtyard is a most exquisite Renaissance door-piece, which, of course, masks an entrance corridor.

It is to be regretted that the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts did not, in its recent exhibition, continue the traditions of the two preceding exhibitions in regard to hanging. The Salon of the Champ-de-Mars has shown the possibility of making a large art exhibition less ugly as an *ensemble* than of old, and one of the means is to hang each artist's work in a group, a space between each picture, and a greater one between each group, with not more than two or three rows of pictures. By following this plan the exhibition is smaller but choicer; there is infinitely less bewilderment and fatigue to the spectator, and better justice is done to the individual artist. One wonders what the old masters would have thought of a modern crowded art gallery with its curious juxtapositions and barbaric frames.

What a virile, magnificent talent is that of Winslow Homer! He is perhaps at his best in painting the ruder life and landscape of our country, the forest primeval, with its sombre pines and quiet lakes, camp life, and tragedies of the chase, or the ocean in its wilder moods, as in the three superb marines at the academy. What a vivid impression they give one of the roar and bang of waves, the weight of water in motion, and the solid black rocks that resist its advance. Truly there is hope for a country that has produced a painter of such uncompromising honesty. Such art is a good foundation for the future—all the better that it is sometimes a little rude. But Mr. Homer has other claims upon our admiration than his independence: his Americanism, so pronounced that one might call him the Walt Whitman of our painters; he is, besides, a paint-



Doorway of the New York Life Insurance Building.

er whose work may claim kinship with the best old art, whether Greek, Japanese or Dutch, for its decorative qualities, its feeling for line and color.

In Mr. Alexander's work we are transported to quite another world. Here are seen fair women in Parisian gowns, the sheen of costly fabrics and furnishings, an atmosphere of luxury and elegance. He has a fine perception of feminine grace, and unites in a manner exceedingly rare, sentiment, that "mystery without which there is no charm," and the solidier qualities of realism. For his figures, with one or two exceptions, are very real; they exist with their recognizable surroundings, and are not phantoms in the land of anywhere-you-please. They are delightfully modern, but with all his evident admiration of Whistler and the great French *modernistes*, Mr. Alexander is always himself, for which we should be thankful. His canvases are pictorial in the best sense of the word, and are most happy in their arrangement of line and mass, in their charming and varied tonality, and subdued but full color.

Altogether, without specifying other work, of which there was much of interest and value, suffice it to say that the pilgrimage to the Quaker City fully repaid the art lover. Among the exhibits in the sculpture gallery were examples by St. Gaudens and Warner, a charming group by Miss Bessie Potter, and an excellently well-characterized figure of Eakins the painter, palette and brush in hand, by Samuel Murray.

THERE are golden words in the correspondence of Gustave Flaubert—words full of interest and inspiration to the artist and lover of art. There is denunciation and lamenting over the times, like that of the Hebrew prophets of old; with Flaubert the half-hearted or trifler, the inefficient or mercenary artist is a villain, and his works misdeeds; he cannot express too strongly his disdain for successful ineptitude, and this

severity seems uncalled for or grotesque to those to whom art is not everything. With Flaubert, art was not one of many interests, but the only one of importance, and everything else was secondary. He planned a

book with the title "*Monsieur le Préfet*," affirming that no one had ever understood what a comic, important, and useless person is a prefect.

Though Flaubert was an artist in words alone, these sayings are applicable to all forms of art—little matter the material, whether it be phrases or colors used to express; to make visible and tell others what one feels and sees. "Let us try and see things as they are, and not wish to be cleverer than the good God. Formerly sugar was found in sugar-cane alone, now it is extracted from nearly ev-

erything; it is the same with poetry, let us find it everywhere. There is not an atom of matter that does not contain it, and let us form the habit of considering the earth as a work of art, of which we try to reproduce the processes in our own."

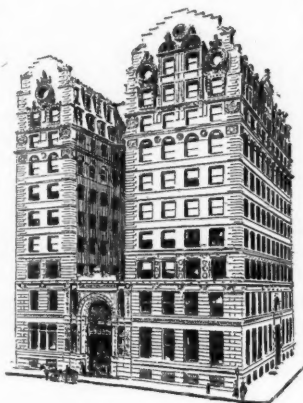
"The conditions under which Greek art flourished will never return, and to attempt to wear their clothes is folly. It is not chlamydes that we need in the north, but furs. The antique form is insufficient for our needs, and our life is not in accord with their simple airs. Let us be as thorough artists as they, if possible, but in another manner. Instead of laboring to reproduce old forms, let us strive to invent new ones."

"What fills me daily with indignation, is to see placed in the same rank a *chef-d'œuvre* and a crime. Little men are exalted and great ones abased; nothing is more stupid or immoral."

"It is by aspiration that we are worth considering; a soul is measured by the amount of its desire, as one judges in advance of a cathedral by the height of its spire."

"Success is a consequence and should not be an end. I have never worked for it, and do so less and less, although I desire it."

"A work of art worthy the name and



The New York Life Insurance Building at St. Paul, Minn.

wrought with conscience, is not appreciable, has no commercial value, and cannot be paid for."

"I write (I speak of a writer who respects himself) not only for the reader of to-day, but for all the readers who may appear as long as the language endures."

"For an artist there is but one principle: sacrifice everything to art. Life should be considered only a means, nothing more, and the first person ignored should be the artist himself."

"Be regular in your life, in order to be violent and original in your work."

"The important thing is to keep one's soul at a high altitude, far above the mire of earth. The pursuit of art should give one pride; one can never have too much."

"Talent alone is not sufficient; without character a work of art, whatever one does, will be always mediocre; honesty is the first thing necessary."

IN these latter days, when the mechanical processes of reproduction have attained a degree of efficiency undreamed of when photography was first brought to the aid of the wood-engraver, it is worth noting that this advance, instead of being the death-blow to the older and finer art, has but emphasized its special qualities, and is indeed dependent upon it for many of its best effects.

To the careful observer it will be very evident that the best of the process plates owe much of their brilliancy and finer contrasts of light and shade to a delicate retouching by the hand of the engraver.

This aspect of the case is dwelt upon with considerable satisfaction by one of the oldest and most experienced of our American wood-engravers, John P. Davis, whose engraving of Miss Cassatt's painting serves as a frontispiece to this number of the *MAGAZINE*. Mr. Davis began his apprenticeship forty-five

years ago when few artists knew how to put their own work on the block in a way that would satisfy the prevalent restricted ideas of the capacity of wood-engraving.

The best work was done in England, where the principles of Bewick, the father of all modern wood-engraving, were being followed with varying degrees of success. There was one man there whose influence has been most powerful on the art in this country, of whom Davis says: "From out the English school, like the spire from a church, erect and pointing hopefully upward, stood the art of Linton. Much as we ought to admire, much as we might wonder at the juicy, toneful, deep-colored work of the English engravers in general, every youthful American engraver who felt an interest in his work modestly averred that he had studied Linton. Linton came to America and was found to be an artist. It was the artist's side of an art which he expressed, and this, so unlike our mechanical utterance, was what appeared marvellous."

Linton's influence was an inspiration and gave a new aspect to the art, but the application of photography, which opened the way for transferring a painting directly to the prepared wood surface, was the real basis of wood-engraving as we know it to-day. With this came a demand for men who could do more than merely symbolize the work of the painter; the engraver could now make use of all methods by which an accurate copy of the original might be reproduced in the wood.

Mr. Davis's name has been a prominent one in the development of the "American school" of wood-engraving, and he has followed his art through its many phases with undiminished enthusiasm; he has been the secretary of the Society of American Wood-engravers for a number of years, and was one of the judges of engraving at the World's Fair in 1893.

ABOUT THE WORLD



The Horseless
Carriage.

THE unkindest cut of all that the horse has received in this century of newfangled machinery is surely the horseless carriage. Driven from the saddle-girth by the all-pervading bicycle, he is now to be discarded from the shafts, if we may believe the gentlemen whose editorial articles supplement the meagre news of Monday morning newspapers. No more lame horses, expensive stables and ghastly hay bills, intolerant coachmen and tardy feeding stops, say these hair-trigger prophets. The seven-hundred-mile race between Bordeaux and Paris for carriages sufficient unto themselves, the more recent trials at Tunbridge Wells, in England, and the Chicago races on Thanksgiving Day and over the larger course to Muskegon, in America, have, indeed, demonstrated more than the theoretical feasibility of several different inventions. The, to our yet unaccustomed eyes, extremely awkward-looking "auto-locomotors" succeeded in trundling off some fifteen miles an hour over good, level roads, and four or five on the up-hill stretches. A spanking road horse will do about half as well on even ground, and scarcely better on the climb. But the great and final advantage of the machine is its endurance; properly baited with a few pints of oil every one hundred and fifty or two hundred miles, it will run an unwearying course until overtaken by the fate of the deacon's one-horse shay. Every variety of power has been tried in the effort to get the maximum work from a motor of minimum weight—electricity, steam, petroleum, gas, gas-explosions, springs, and what-not—and oil seems to have won in

the experiments that have been made. The petroleum-driven carriage, weighing three or four hundred pounds without a load, can be run at an expense of one cent an hour; when it is considered that this tax comes only during the actual use of the vehicle, whereas the horse must have his oats three times a day no matter how much he is loafing, no one will object on the score of economy to the large initial cost—over one thousand dollars at present—of the automatic wagon.

So far things certainly look dark for the horse. In this age he should have but little chance against a rival that can go faster, farther, and more cheaply. Even in their crude stage of construction and aside from advertising purposes, the horseless carriages can be already used to advantage on good roads for the local transportation of express parcels and such traffic. Several responsible manufacturing establishments have begun the work of introducing their several brands to the American market, and we actually see the ungainly affairs puff and rumble along our city streets. What will, what can Mr. Ruskin say—seeing that he has exhausted on railroad trains the possibilities of condemnation—if he is fated to live on into a generation of steam wagons!

But notwithstanding these portentous appearances, the autumn Horse Show seems to have rather gained than lost in fascination and importance. And quite aside from his position as a figure in society the horse has his faithful friends and admirers who will continue to saddle and harness him maugre all the bicycles and devices for "auto-locomotion" for a long time to come. To tell the truth, all mankind may, with great clearness, be divided into two parts—those who understand horses and those who do not. There are peo-

ple who will drive or ride a nag all day, nay, who may own one and use it for years, whose powers of observation are not sufficiently enlisted in the details of the animal to distinguish it from any strange horse in the next stall, unless there be some gross difference in color. Such equestrians will be content to see a fine horse, with nerves, eyes, muscles, and possibilities for good or evil, cashiered in favor of the dead certainty of a peripatetic steam-engine. The second, smaller and—aside from horse-dealers—more noble group of individuals cannot so much as enter a fortuitous close cab without taking unconscious note of the stockings, the withers, the size, and the facial expression of the creature between the shafts. One whose sympathy with the Houyhnhnm stands this test, has felt the thrill imparted by the responsive spring of a glorious saddle horse, has enjoyed mental conversations with the shapely, all-expressive ears of the sensitive creature, has been fairly exalted by mere proximity to the splendid spirit of a hard-driven thoroughbred, and has quivered with the same heady drink which brilliant frosty mornings have brought to the smoking muzzles of his dancing bays, with their flashing eyes and strong, curved necks—but is it not absurd to defend a good horse from a horseless carriage? Each will have its appointed duties, and no one will be so glad as the man that makes a friend of his nag that a nerveless substitute has been found for the straining, scrambling, jaded creatures which afford such heart-breaking scenes on the icy cobble-stones of the city.

IF Mr. Lowell establishes communications with the Martians, they should be interviewed at an early stage of the conversation with respect to their gratifying success in canal-building; for on this particular planet, the earth, it must be classed with meteorology and the other inexact sciences. Notwithstanding the large experience of the past few years in digging and operating such important waterways as the Suez Canal, the Manchester Ship Canal, the great Kiel affair, the complicated system from Lake Superior to the Atlantic, and other works of scarcely less magnitude—there is the widest divergence between the honest views of different engineering authorities who have recently investigated those gigantic projects on the isthmus

of Panama. The original estimates of the capital necessary to complete the Nicaragua Canal swelled gradually to \$75,000,000. Before long the more conservative financiers decided that \$100,000,000 was none too little. The reports of the Nicaragua Canal Commission, which have been so much discussed this winter, put the probable cost at \$133,500,000; and Mr. Colquhoun, the correspondent of the London *Times*, is wise enough to allow himself a leeway of some \$50,000,000 over the hundred million mark. The last-named authority firmly believes in the feasibility of the Nicaragua route, and in its great advantages over the ill-starred Panama enterprise. But immediately we are warned that the Panama Canal is to be rapidly advanced, that three thousand eight hundred men are at work on it, and six thousand more are soon to be added. Its abettors even promise completion in six years. This rather disheartening news to the Nicaragua projectors is reinforced by the tenor of the commission's report, though these gentlemen warn us that it would require far more time and money—some eighteen months and \$150,000—than has been at their disposal, to make any study of the situation claiming final authenticity.

Even as to the value of the great work, assuming the practicability of construction, there is a curious difference of opinion, which is scarcely to be accounted for by the prejudices arising out of individual interests. In the year of our Lord 1492 one Christopher Columbus was keenly alive to the advantage of a "Western Passage to Asia," and his zeal would have been several degrees higher if he had been aware of the existence of a whole new continent south of Cathay. And these schemes for digging through Central America are for nothing more nor less than a final attainment of the western water passage that Columbus did not find. Now, to be sure, the Suez Canal gives England's preference to the Eastern passage; and for her, the Panama cut would mean only access to the Pacific coasts of America. Against that, too, would be arrayed the advantages that the Yankees would gain in the sea-voyage to China, Japan, Australia, and New Zealand, not to speak of Ecuador, Chili, and Peru. It sounds cheerful to hear that the canal would put New York shippers in communication with 500,000,000 people who are now

Some Canals
of the
Next Century.

beyond the practical reach of the Yankee argosies; but there are sceptics who cannot argue from these lordly figures to the certain number of tons which, at a fair rate of toll, would pay interest on \$150,000,000. In the United States, however, such critics very generally advocate the completion of the waterway, even though it be unprofitable commercially, on account of its strategic importance.

If the Nicaragua Canal were finished in the seven years which he deems sufficient, Mr. Colquhoun calculates that by 1905 the yearly shipping would amount to 7,000,000 tons; and at the rate charged by the Suez concern—\$1.75 per ton—this business would return a net profit of six per cent. on his extreme estimate of \$150,000,000. The theorizing engineers and diplomats find room to differ even on the question of ownership and control. A great majority of Americans and many Englishmen appreciate the advisability of vesting the management in one strong government, which must, of course, be the United States. The Venezuelan controversy ought to make it easier to settle this phase of the canal question rather than more difficult, in spite of the many opinions to the contrary which have been heard during this rather curious disturbance over the "Monroe Doctrine." The final settlement of the Venezuelan dispute ought to clear the ground finely for an amicable arrangement in Central America. But in another way the canal projects have been greatly hindered by the international bickerings of the winter; for the financial and engineering problems are so stupendous as to demand a very large portion of the attention which the capitalists and the government have to bestow, whereas the public mind has been monopolized by Venezuela, Armenia, and South Africa.

America is not alone in present wrestlings with majestic canal schemes. France is discussing a waterway from the Atlantic to the Mediterranean, while a still greater engineering work is contemplated by the Russians, in the canal from the Baltic to the Black Sea. The latter is to begin at Riga, and following the Dwina, Dneiper, and Beresina rivers, will find its southern terminus at Kherson. The European papers assert that this canal has been finally mapped; it is nearly a thousand miles long, is to have a minimum depth of thirty feet, a bottom width of one hundred feet, and a surface width of two hundred.

It should be completed in five years if the Russian Government can raise the necessary 200,000,000 roubles. Grave fears are expressed by British journalists that this canal is to be valued more from a strategic than from a commercial point of view. Its dimensions, say they, do not savor of peace; the wheat barges of Central Russia may furnish part of its traffic, but warships of the first class will also be able to go from the Baltic to the Crimean shores in six days.

EVER since the confusion which attended that memorable structure in the plain of the Chaldees, there have been special practical vexations connected with the most exalted edifices of men. One account has the Babylonian effort humbled by fire, while another authority insists that the tower was blown down. The tough and elastic steel framework of our modern "sky-scrapers" will not give much ground for the second theory when the traditions of Chicago are pondered in the minds of men a few thousand years hence. But it is becoming more and more usual for meditative and observant citizens to select those offices, *ceteris paribus*, which command an immediate view of nearby and not unattainable housetops, if they are determined to avail themselves of the undeniable luxuries in the twenty-story building. For these titanic structures, with their metal skeletons, present certain invitations to catastrophe, even in their "fire-proof" state, that are not found in the more modest and inflammable houses. Several costly experiences have shown that the metal girders of a building, as yet unattacked by flame, will expand in response to the heat from a neighboring conflagration, even across a respectably wide street, to such an extent as to force apart the beams from their resting-places and cause a general collapse.

Firemen complain, too, of the steam generated by water thrown on the vast system of iron beams—a result which may fatally impede their work. The evident remedy for these defects in the monster steel buildings is the careful sheathing of all metal supports in practically non-conducting brick and cement.

Some experiments along these lines are being made in Europe which promise to have value in solving the problems of our big

A Halt Called
on "Sky-
scrapers."

office buildings. In Vienna a test was made of fire-resisting material by enclosing two iron beams, together with alloys melting at various temperatures, in a sheathing of brick and mortar, and, with the requisite stress of weight on the column, subjecting the whole to a tremendously fierce fire. After cooking two hours and a half, the heat was so intense that no examination could be made until the next day; it was then found that the iron had suffered absolutely no harm, that the melting alloys proved a temperature of only 150° Fahr., inside the sheathing, and that the brick work had only crumbled at the edges for an inch and a half. But while this shows the great need for protecting the iron framework, it is still merely a precaution—not a final remedy; “fire-proof” is clearly but a relative term. Those who have made a first-hand study of fires, and who have delved in the literature of the subject, too, are one in the opinion that utterly unforeseen conditions are likely to develop in every large conflagration—such as the generation of explosive gases, and powerful fire draughts, which upset all the calculations of the builders.

Chicago, the nursery of giant buildings, now has an ordinance restricting the height of future edifices to 130 feet, and the city Fire Department has been put through its paces

this winter to see what would happen if it were necessary to fight flames on top of the loftiest sky-scrapers with the present engine power. The minds of Chicagoans were relieved by the performance of an engine which achieved the summit of the Masonic Temple—the tallest building in the world—a feat which means that the water was pumped through a stand pipe 323 feet high. St. Louis has also taken alarm; she proposes to restrict the height of her buildings to 125 feet. Of course the fire danger is not the only argument for moderate dimensions. “The blessed sun himself” is excluded from the already too dismal streets when they wander at the bottom of such iron cañons as we are rapidly building. But the fire-reason is a serious one, and comes home to us with the more force when we are reminded by the people who manipulate figures that New York, for instance, suffers from three times as many fires in a year as the Parisians can boast, although the French capital has a third more population. With an additional cost of only ten per cent. to furnish the most effective fire-proof qualities known to builders, it seems strange that large, flimsy, and unprotected buildings should still be constructed—there being no longer that incentive in the early days of roast pig and the period recorded by Elia.



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APRIL 1896
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From a copyrighted photograph made in 1895 by
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LORD LEIGHTON,

LATE PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

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